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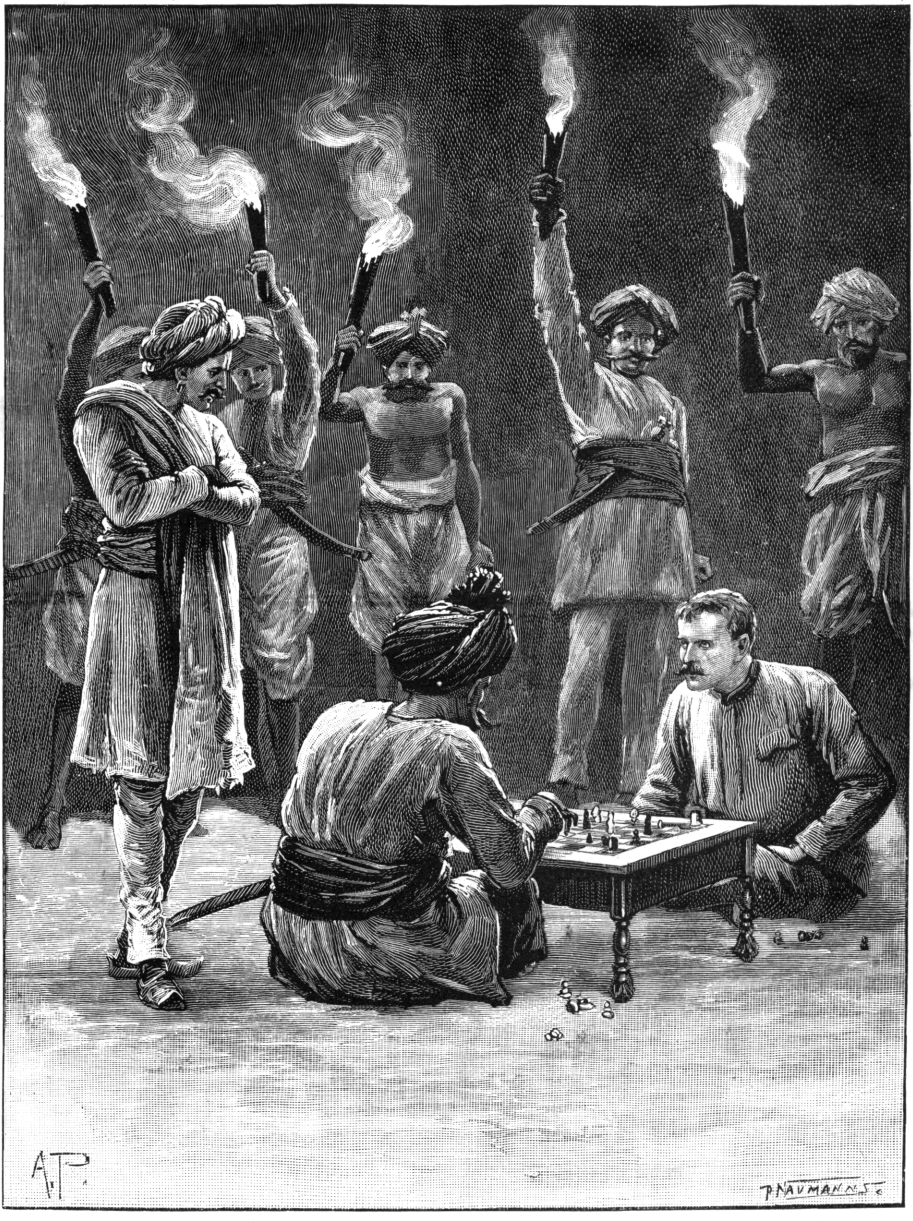
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THE BLACK KNIGHT.



BEING THE ACCOUNT OF AN EXCITING GAME OF CHESS.

By Raymund Allen.

A STORM of wind and rain had come on suddenly, and, as there were no cabs to be got near at hand, there was nothing for it but to set out on foot. I was going to dine with old Colonel Bradshaw, whose acquaintance I had lately made at the local chess club, and I was due at half-past seven, so I pulled my coat collar up to my ears and started off through the muddy streets. Several times in the course of my exceedingly unpleasant walk the foulness of the weather had given rise to a wish on my part that I had invented some excuse for staying by my own comfortable fireside. Once arrived, however, the cheery welcome of the old soldier quickly dispersed all regrets for my own hearth, and restored me to the good-humour necessary for the proper appreciation of a good dinner.

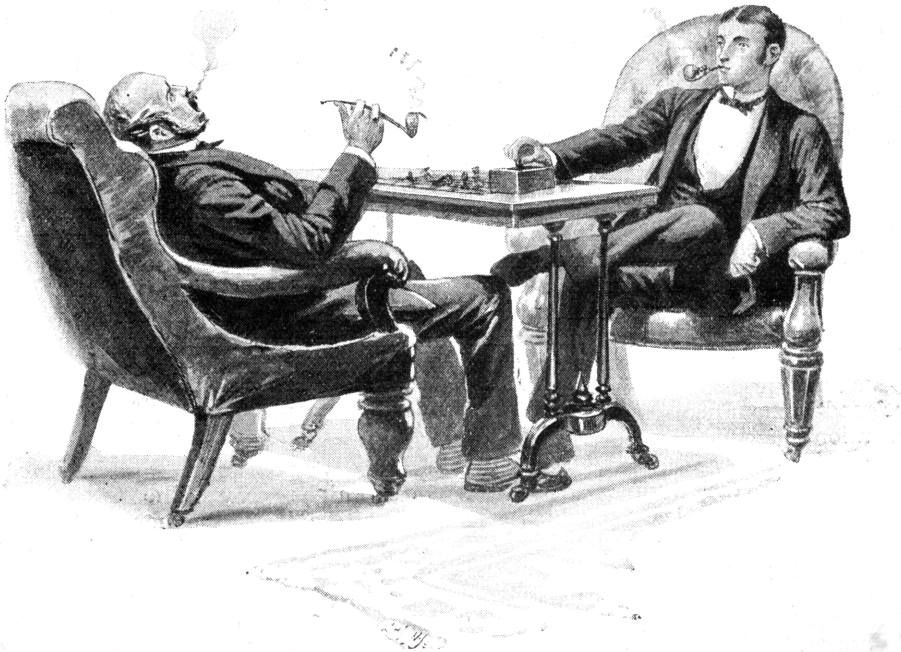
Colonel Bradshaw had served in India during the time of the Mutiny, had received a severe wound in the left leg, which still caused him to limp, and had led to his comparatively early retirement from the service. He had returned to England on his retirement, and had lately leased a snug little house in our town, which he apparently intended to occupy for the rest of his days in the quiet enjoyment of peaceful obscurity. I had made his acquaintance, as I have said, at the chess club, where, I believe, he used to spend most of his evenings, and where he had earned the reputation of a decidedly strong player. I had not as yet encountered him over the board.

In his note of invitation, the Colonel had asked me to bring my men with me, as he had left his own at the club-rooms, on the occasion of a match for which they had been called into requisition, and it was accordingly my set of chessmen which we now arranged in the customary order of battle. To my annoyance, however, I found that one of my black knights was missing, and I cast my eyes round the room in search of some article on which we might for the occasion confer the spurs of knighthood. On the Colonel's writing-table, acting as a paperweight, I saw the very object we were in want of—a black knight. Not of the orthodox Staunton pattern, it is true, nor indeed were its grotesquely protruding eyes and maliciously grinning mouth characteristic of any pattern with which I was familiar ; but still it was undeniably a black chess knight, and would serve our turn admirably. My host hesitated, and even seemed the least trifle

annoyed when I suggested the expediency of pressing it into the service. The beast certainly looked incongruous among my Stauntons, but something in his human eyes and lifelike expression of malicious humour caught my fancy, and I asked to be allowed to play with the black men. The Colonel acquiesced, but declined the privilege of first move, which usually goes with the white. We accordingly drew for the move, and I won it.

Led partly by my fancy for the black knight, and partly "to take my opponent out of the books," I began the game by making the paperweight first take the field. As I did so, I fancied my host gave a little start, and, as he certainly appeared to be annoyed at my irregular opening, I was sorry that I had begun by a move which I supposed he objected to on the ground that it generally leads to a close game. He said nothing, however, and the game was continued for some time by very ordinary moves on both sides, and presently I began to be absorbed in the study of the position and in the endeavour to gauge the strength of my opponent. For a time he seemed to play a decidedly good game, and, in spite of continuous concentration on my part, to maintain some superiority of position. Presently, however, he embarked on a series of moves which appeared to give me a decisive advantage and to have no more rational object than the capture of my swarthy champion at a ruinous sacrifice of his own pieces. This eccentric proceeding puzzled me, and, added to his previous hesitation about using the substitute, excited my curiosity. So, relinquishing the object of winning the game in the ordinary way, I devoted all my skill to the defence of my king's knight, as though it were a *pièce coiffée* with which I was pledged to give checkmate. Rooks were sacrificed for bishops, and bishops exchanged for inoffensive pawns, while the kings stood disregarded on their knights' squares, and the fight raged hotly round the black knight, who seemed to bear a charmed life and sprang nimbly about the board, always evading my opponent's headlong attempts at his capture. At last, in desperation, he offered the bribe of the white queen, but I obstinately refused to part at any price with my dusky cavalier, and a few moves later brought the game to a successful end with a smothered mate, the very bone of contention inflict ng the deathblow.

The Colonel leaned back in his armchair and for some minutes continued silently to blow out thick clouds of smoke. After a pause, during which his brow was compressed into a frown, as though by the contemplation of some bewildering enigma to which he could not find the clue, he broke



"THE COLONEL LEANED BACK IN HIS ARMCHAIR."

silence with the remark, that "there were more things in heaven and earth—" and then again relapsed into silence in apparent forgetfulness of my presence. As he made no further remark for some time, I rose from my seat, and, muttering something about its being late, prepared to take my leave. "Wait a moment; look here," said the Colonel, rising to stop me with the air of a man who has formed a sudden determination, and pointing to the board, "I daresay you wonder what on earth I was driving at in that game?"

"Well, you appeared to me to be driving mainly at that outlandish black knight instead of at my king," I replied.

"Exactly, and perhaps I ought to apologise for having spoilt the game by giving way to an absurd fancy; but if you will sit down again and refill your pipe, I will tell you a curious experience which I had many years ago in India, and which you will perhaps admit as an excuse for my eccentric play to-night."

"Nothing I should like better," I replied; "for I confess you have considerably roused my curiosity."

"Well then, I think I can partly satisfy it;" and my host threw a fresh log on to the fire, stretched himself in the chair, and began.

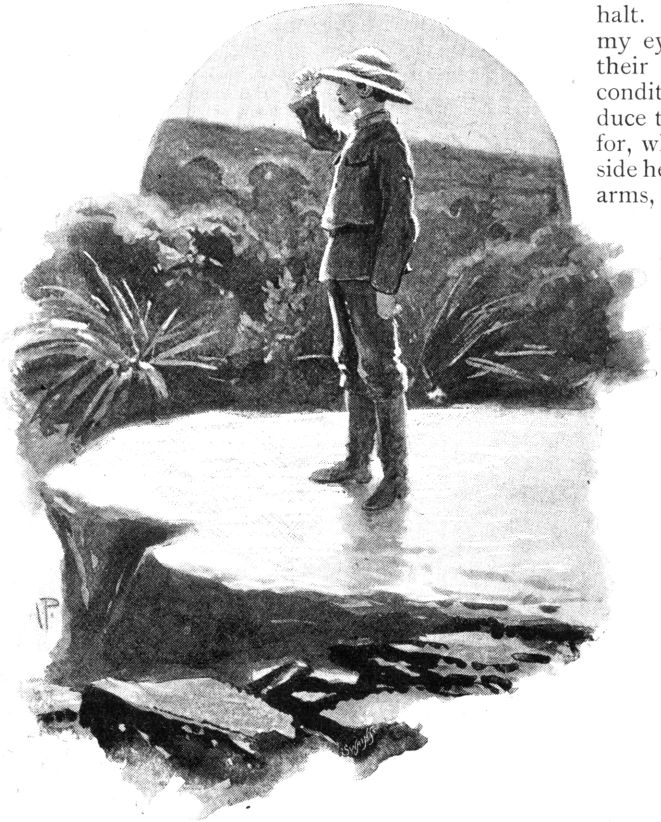
"I don't know whether you take any interest in such subjects as hypnotism, thought-reading, and so on; but, if you do, you may perhaps be able to form some scientific theory to explain my story. Personally I used to be very unbelieving in such matters, but my scepticism was considerably modified by the adventure I am going to tell you of. Very well, then. On one occasion in India, many years ago, I had got leave from my regiment for a few weeks in order to join a shooting expedition which had been got up by one of my greatest friends, a man many years older than I was then, and of much higher rank in the service. When, however, I arrived at our appointed meeting-place, I found my friend, the General, preparing for a more warlike excursion against a marauding tribe who had lately been extending their cattle raids across our frontier. The shooting expedition having fallen through, I readily accepted the General's suggestion that I should accompany his force as a volunteer, and see some sport of a more exciting kind. A common risk, even when comparatively insignificant, inclines men to readier cordiality towards the companions they may shortly be going to lose, and I was soon on excellent terms with the other officers, who were as pleasant a set of fellows as I have ever met. Nothing of any interest happened till we were across the enemy's frontier and the force was encamped one night under a brilliant moon on a hill overlooking a thickly wooded valley.

"I was strolling round camp with a cigar, when I was joined by one of the younger officers, who, not being on duty, was refreshing himself after the day's march in the same way, and we continued our walk together. We stopped to admire the view at a point where we could look down on the valley, and presently we fell into an argument as to whether a bright surface which caught the moonlight in a glade of the wood below was water or a smooth slab of rock. It happened that my companion particularly prided himself on the keenness of his sight, and a few days before had won a small bet from me on the subject. I, too, thought that I had good eyes, and, feeling sure that he was wrong in his contention that he could detect a gentle ripple on the surface in dispute, I offered him a second bet that it was rock, and proposed to settle the question by myself going down to the spot. He accepted my bet, and, as he was not at liberty to leave the camp, I gaily started down the hill alone, telling him with a laugh to have the stakes ready by the time I returned, and never for a moment supposing that I was running any risk in the affair.

"I rapidly made my way down over the short grass of the hillside, and, marking the direction of the spot in question, soon plunged into the darkness of the wood, the cavernous depth of whose shadows was enhanced by an occasional glint of moonshine. I am not naturally superstitious. I have no particular aversion to midnight graveyards or haunted rooms, but I must confess I felt an uncommonly disagreeable feeling of something like dread when I got inside that wood. Everything was absolutely dead and still. Not the faintest rustle of a leaf, not the crick of an insect, nor murmur of water, but dense and awful blackness! It excited my nerves. I almost imagined I saw black shapes moving under the trees, though it was quite impossible that anything not luminous should show against such an inky background. I felt my way cautiously, stopping constantly to hear if anything was moving near me. What cracks the twigs under my feet gave!

What a resounding crash reverberated in the gloomy shades when my foot set a loose stone rolling! My nerve was gone, and I felt horribly uncomfortable. I would gladly have paid my bet to be back again in camp, but I was bound to go through with my search now that I had once begun, and I should make myself a butt for the wit of the regiment if I turned back half-way to confess myself scared by the dark. After a longer time and with more difficulty than I had anticipated, I reached the slab of rock, for such it proved to be. Here I was clear of the trees, and I stood for a few moments in the bright moonlight, so that my friend above, who I knew would be watching for me to emerge from the shadow, might see that it was not water on which I stood. Then I turned, and struck out energetically for the camp.

"I had not, however, pushed my way far through the undergrowth when I was tripped up suddenly by what I at first took to be some stout creeper or protruding root. I fell forward on my hands, and had not time to get on my feet again before I learnt that it was no accident which had overthrown me. Before I had time to offer the least resistance, or even to utter a shout for help, I felt myself seized round the neck by a grip like a vice; a few seconds more, and I was gagged, bound, and carried off through the forest, quickly, but in silence. As soon as subsiding astonishment left room for any other sensation, I felt a paroxysm of rage, as well against my own folly in running into such a trap as against my sudden assailants, whom I cursed none the less heartily for my inability to utter a sound. The futility of passion under the circumstances gradually subdued me, if not to philosophic fortitude, at least to sufficient calmness to speculate on my probable fate and on the chances of escape. For some time I seemed to be borne down hill and over irregular ground; then we must have emerged from the jungle on to more even ground, for the pace became quicker and smoother. This may have gone on for some twenty minutes or half an hour, and then my captors came to a halt. I was set on my feet, and my eyes and mouth released from their bandages. This change of condition did not, however, conduce to my comfort or reassurance; for, while an armed native on each side held me firmly by my pinioned arms, a third presented a huge horse-pistol at my head at a yard's distance. For a few instants I endured an agony of suspense. I involuntarily shut my eyes, and waited for the bullet to crash through my brain.



"IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT."

"I have met many men who have at some time or other looked death pretty closely in the face, and you must often have heard it said that a man's mind at such moments reviews in a flash long periods of past time with an almost supernatural vividness of perception, but I didn't feel anything of this. I only felt that I might be dead in another second, and then, with a determination to 'die game,' which was rather an animal sensation than an articulate thought, I set my teeth and opened my eyes to

meet those of my enemy. The pistol was still directed at my head, and the grim Indian still kept his finger on the trigger. I faced him defiantly, and, as though unwilling to change a dramatic situation which interested him, he still kept the same menacing posture, while I longed for the flash and the end before my nerve should fail.



"THE PISTOL WAS STILL DIRECTED AT MY HEAD."

"At last he spoke. He spoke a dialect which I only imperfectly followed, but I understood him to say that if I tried to escape I should be shot on the spot. I felt no confidence that I was not being reserved for a more horrible death, but the instinct of self-preservation kept me passive. When at last the pistol was lowered, and I no longer stood in momentary expectation of death, I looked round me and perceived that I was in the middle of a group of some half dozen Indians, and as many horses. On to one of these latter I was lifted, and secured in the saddle by leathern thongs, my captors not choosing to give me the chance of escape by leaving me the management of my horse.

"After about an hour's hard riding, during which the rapid motion and the blowing of the cool night air on my face and hands acted as a sedative on my racked nerves, we reached the encampment of the hostile tribe against which the expedition had been sent out. And now came the strangest part of my adventures; the part which bears on my eccentric play to-night."

Here Colonel Bradshaw paused to stir the smouldering log in the grate to a bright blaze, and then, staring into the fire and keeping the poker in his hands as he leaned forward in his chair, went on with his story, more slowly at first, but with growing animation of voice, which gradually rose to the eloquence of excitement as he seemed to forget his immediate surroundings, and to live once again through the distant scene he was describing.

"The human brain," he resumed, "is incapable, I imagine, of continuing to experience any intense sensation for very long. It reaches the maximum tension, and then one set of perceptive faculties becomes deadened. The previous incidents of the night had exhausted my capacity for fear, and, as I was led before the chief of the tribe to hear his decree concerning me, I awaited the decision with indifference. I was keenly alive to every detail of my surroundings, and noted the expression of every face, and yet I seemed somehow to have lost my own individuality; to be watching myself as an actor in a scene with which I had no personal concern, but only looked at from some outside point of view. The moon was now hidden behind a hill,

but some twenty torches lit up the spot with their lurid flames. The party that had caught me had obviously been sent out to reconnoitre the movements of the English force, and the chief had been beguiling the time of their absence with nothing less than a game of chess.

"I was the less surprised at the nature of his pastime, as I knew that the game was widely spread in India, and had played it with natives myself, and knew in what points their game differed from our European rules. The chief's antagonist was a man whom I imagined, though I can't say exactly what suggested the idea, to be the priest of the tribe. He was shorter than the others, but his face suggested an extraordinarily active mind, and this, combined with his regularity of feature, would have made him a strikingly handsome type if it had not been for the fearful malignity of his expression. I wish I could give you some faint idea of that man's face, for it was the most terribly sinister face I have ever seen. His back had been turned towards me at first, but from the moment when I met the scrutiny of his black deep-set eyes, which glared on me with a look of mocking, triumphant devilry that must have been borrowed from the fiend below, I was fascinated, and could see nothing but that one diabolical face. If there is any truth in the Eastern belief in possession by evil spirits, a demon looked through that man's eyes. A shiver ran through my frame as I met his gaze, and I felt that he was exercising some subtle influence over me, against which every fibre of my body, every atom of my being, stiffened in revolt. I felt that unless I exerted the whole of my will-force in resistance to the dread spell he was casting over me, I should lose myself in his identity, and become the creature of his wicked will. It was not physical fear that I felt. I had passed through that stage, and I believe I should have met death with firmness, but I felt that my whole personality was at the death-grapple with that fearful being—a mysterious deadly struggle, fought in neither act nor word, with the powers of darkness impersonated.

"While all this was going on in me, the chief must have been listening to an account of my capture, though I was unconscious of any words being spoken near me, till the priest turned from me to him, and, pointing to the chessboard which stood on a sort of low table, made a suggestion which at first I did not fully grasp. Its meaning was soon made clear to me, however. I had some knowledge of their dialect, and most expressive pantomime conveyed the rest. I was to play a game of chess with the chief; the stakes, my life against a safe conduct to the English lines. Never before had I encountered so terrible an opponent, and never in the history of the royal game had so fateful an issue been fought out on the battlefield of the sixty-four squares. I took my seat opposite the chief, and the torchbearers formed a wide ring round the table, looking, as the dancing torch-flames shone on their dark faces and limbs, like so many stalwart statues of bronze. Within the circle, and a little behind the king, stood the evil priest, motionless, with folded arms, including me and the board in his keen, hateful gaze. I knew exactly where he stood before I looked at him, and again I felt the same dread fascination working on me that I had felt when I first set eyes on him. The chief moved the pieces indeed, but I was conscious in some subtle way that it was against his attendant's mind that I was pitted—that the former was scarcely more than an automaton under the thraldom of the priest's marvellous will, and the game itself only a sort of emblem or shadow of our inward contest of mind and personality.

"I played appropriately enough, with the white pieces, and the game itself might have afforded an expressive symbol of the antagonism of the light and dark races, of the clear, bright West with the mystic, sombre East, but the thought did not occur to me then. To me it was rather a struggle between the intangible powers of good and evil—a realisation in my own self of the eternal struggle of the universe. We played very slowly, and in absolute silence. No word was spoken nor sign made when either king was checked. Hour after hour the priest kept the same motionless posture behind his chief, who played with the same monotonously mechanical movement of the hand, the same vacant mesmerised expression on his face. Hour passed after hour, unmeasured by any clock, unmarked by any change except in the position of the pieces on the board. The chief, or rather the priest, played well; and, though time after time I seemed on the point of gaining a decisive advantage, some unforeseen move always deferred my victory.

"One piece in particular repeatedly thwarted my combinations. Again and

again it constituted the weak point in a series of moves which should have brought me victory. Again and again, when, after straining every faculty of my brain, I made my move and raised my eyes to watch in the priest's face the effect of a stroke to which I saw no reply, a faint mocking smile would curl for a moment his cruel lips, and the black knight would be moved once more, threatening dangers which I had overlooked, and dashing my premature hopes to the ground. It was as though some secret link existed between that particular bit of bone and the grim, ghoulish spectator of our game. Piece after piece was taken from the board and dropped on the sand at our feet ; the ranks of pawns grew thinner and thinner, but still that one black knight, now the only piece left to my antagonist, sprang over the board, evading my deep-laid plans for his capture. The opening was long passed, the wavering fortune of the middle-game had waned with the long hours to an end-game. The inexorable moment which must decide my fate was close upon me.

"I turned for a moment from the board to ease the throbbing fever of my brain. A black veil of formless mist hid the stars and gave back the earth's heat, till I gasped for breath, and drops of nervous sweat ran down my forehead. There was a stifling oppression in the still air, as in the minutes before the first lightning flash darts from the charged thunder-cloud. The chief moved, and I spurred my flagging energies once more to the study of the game. Suddenly I seemed to be gifted with extraordinary powers of calculation. I shut my eyes, and saw mentally the position change through every possible variation like the moving pattern of a kaleidoscope. I could have announced a mate. I knew, to the exclusion of any doubt, that I must win. I made my move, and then, concentrating every particle of the hatred and loathing with which the diabolical priest had inspired me into one flashing look of defiance, I tried to hurl from me the cursed influence of his malignant spirit and to crush it into subjection to mine. His face changed with a hideous contortion of defeated evil purpose, and then the whole devil in him rose to one supreme effort in answer to mine. He passed his hand lightly across his eyes, and leaning over his chief scored his forehead with a malevolent frown, the glare of his glittering eyes seeming to pierce to the brain of the head they nearly touched. The new spell began to work on the chief. An uneasy, puzzled look came into his face, and this time it was with an uncertain, vacillating movement that he raised his hand to play. Again I looked at the priest. His expression was more bitterly mocking and more exultingly fiendish than ever as he directed my glance by a movement of his own to the hand which hovered over the board. His treacherous design was transmitted in a flash to my mind by some unexplained interaction of our brains.



"HIS FACE CHANGED WITH A HIDEOUS CONTORTION."

An illegal move with the black knight, in defiance of the rules of the game, was to snatch the nearly won victory from my grasp. I saw the fatal square on which the piece would be placed, and I felt that if it reached it I was lost. There were no spectators to whom

I could appeal against the glaring illegality, unconscious, no doubt, on the part of the hypnotised chief, and I should never be able to convince him afterwards of having won unfairly. I must prevent the move.

"The struggle entered on the final phase. I had shaken off the priest's mesmeric influence over my own will; now I must wrest the chief's will from the same thraldom by the exertion of a counter influence. It was the critical moment, the culminating point of conflict which must at last be decisive. The chief's hand raised the black knight slowly from the board, and as it began more slowly still to descend, I exerted all my power of will in one burst of straining endeavour to compel another move than the false one the priest intended. Every nerve in my body seemed strung to cracking. The wonderful sensation of my individuality, of the intangible essence which constitutes self, wrestling grimly for life with the demon-possessed priest, became intensified till my brain reeled. The chief's hand came slowly, slowly down; wavered as though uncertain on which square to place the piece. One final effort of will exhausted my faculties of brain and volition.

"The ordeal was over; light had triumphed over darkness as day had risen on night. I knew the priest's influence had been overcome, his spell cast off, without the evidence of the chess-board; I saw him fall backwards on the ground, every muscle of his body twisted in horrible contortion, as though some invisible power of the air were wreaking its vengeance on his ghastly, spasm-shaken form. The gruesome sight ended quickly, the violence of the seizure was resistless; the muscles relaxed, the limbs stretched out, and he lay a corpse.

"How I parted from my strange entertainers I can't tell you. I only know that the chief honourably fulfilled his pledge, and that, as I galloped away with a guide for the English camp, over the fair, green earth, the woods and fields dancing to the breeze in the sunlight, the bright clouds carrying my thoughts to the depths of the blue expanse they sailed in, I experienced a new sensation of keen, ecstatic enjoyment of life for its own sake. All nature seemed to have a fuller, better meaning to me than ever before, to be the physical expression of boundless power and happiness moving with all-inclusive purpose towards some eternal end, and I myself was filled with a thrilling vitality in the consciousness of being a part of the joyous whole."

The Colonel made a long pause, and then, with a reluctant sigh, as he dismissed the wide expanse of glorious landscape which lay stretched out before his mind's eye, to return to the commonplace of his immediate surroundings, he picked up the paperweight from the board, and replacing it on the writing-table, concluded:—

"Later in the day, and after my return to the English camp, I found this little fellow in a pocket of my coat. Whether I had put it there myself or how it got there I don't know, and to what extent the incidents of the night were coloured by my own excited imagination is a chess problem I must leave to your own solution."

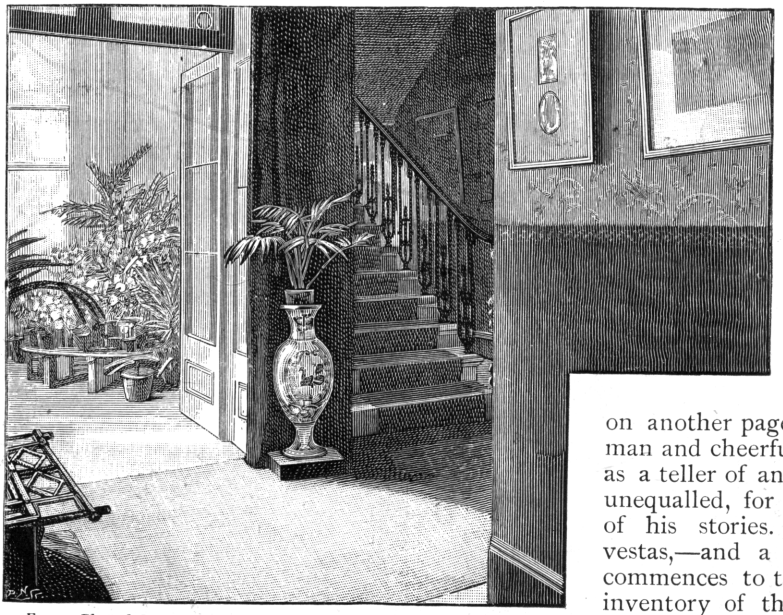


Illustrated Interviews.

No. X.—MR. F. C. BURNAND.

THIS is not the first time that a resident of The Boltons, Kensington, has "spoken" in these pages. On the last occasion of a visit to what Madame Albani's little boy happily refers to as "our village," it was to take tea and notes with the famous singer. About a dozen doors from Madame Albani's the figures 27 are painted on the portals of a large white house. No. 27 stands for the London residence of Mr. F. C. Burnand—Ramsgate, by the bye, is his country abode. A veritable volume of correspondence passed between Mr. Burnand and myself before we met—a budget of humour which prepared me for the chat which was to follow. It was all through the influenza. It claimed both interviewer and interviewed for its own, fortunately only for a limited period. But even influenza cannot overcome humorous instincts. Mr. Burnand cracked jokes and forwarded them under cover to me, even whilst he lay in bed—he couldn't help it—until at last he wound up the series of fun *à la* influenza, by hoping that I was, like Charles II. when he came back to the throne once again, "thoroughly restored!" Then he made the final appointment. He wrote—"'How'—that's your affair; 'When'—Thursday next, 12 o'clock; 'Where'—27, The Boltons."

Thursday, 12 noon. Scene—27, The Boltons. I am discovered. Enter Mr. Burnand, followed by the household pet—a remarkably fine creature with a noteworthy tale; but I am requested to take no notice of the cat's tail, as it is the history of its owner—that is, of course, Mr. Burnand—I am there to learn. Mr. Burnand wears a lounge jacket and the familiar tie loosely hanging from the neck. He is of medium height, and strongly built. His hair is grey, and carefully parted down the middle. His face is ruddy and his expression happy, with an irresistible twinkle about the eyes. For his appearance in past years we must refer our readers to the portraits of celebrities on another page. He is a merry man and cheerful companion—and as a teller of anecdote is probably unequalled, for he acts every one of his stories. Cigars, and wax vestas,—and a journalistic bailiff commences to take his customary inventory of the contents of the house.

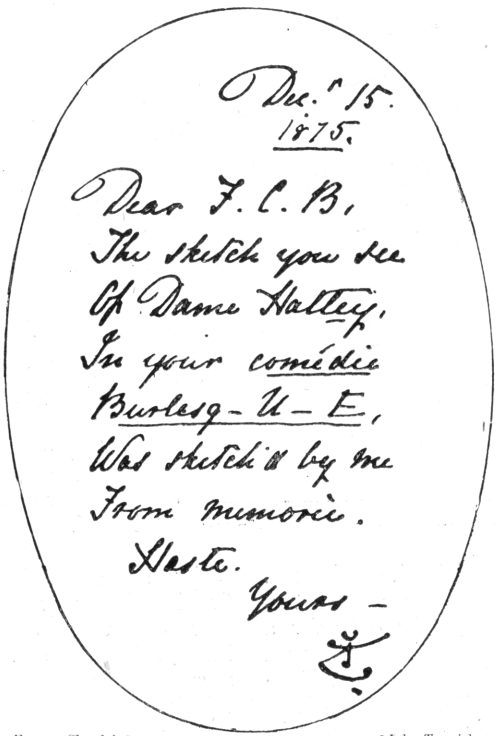


From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The entrance hall contains Chinese vases filled with palms. Over the fireplace is a very early oil painting of Mr. Burnand, with note-book and pencil in hand, by the late J. Prescott Knight, once secretary of the Royal Academy. Some of the sketches are particularly good. Just by the door is a pen-and-ink sketch on a sheet

of writing paper by Sir John Gilbert, dated May, 1877. It is a Cavalier, "treated in a cavalier manner." Another clever drawing by the same artist, done a year later, represents an inn of the medieval era, with the landlord rushing out with the bill, at his heels a dog "of the Middle Ages" barking, and a knight galloping away on horseback, with his fingers extended, and very rudely placed in close proximity to his nose. It is called "Tick." Sir John Gilbert writes underneath, "The artist, anxious to serve and please his employer, has given to the subject suggested the grandest and most thoughtful care. In truth, it is one which calls for the deepest consideration, principally because of the novelty of the subject: never before has a gallant knight been so depicted. Let it not be seen. Hide it, destroy it—the designer is ashamed of it." The explanation of it all is written on the picture by its present owner: "Sent to me by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in consequence of my *Punch* notice about his 'Ready' picture in Royal Academy, 1878, wherein I suggested that his next subject should be *Tick*. — F. C. B." Just then a wire-haired fox-terrier, the property of one of Mr. Burnand's sons, rushes up as a reminder to note a couple of canine etchings by Harding Cox.





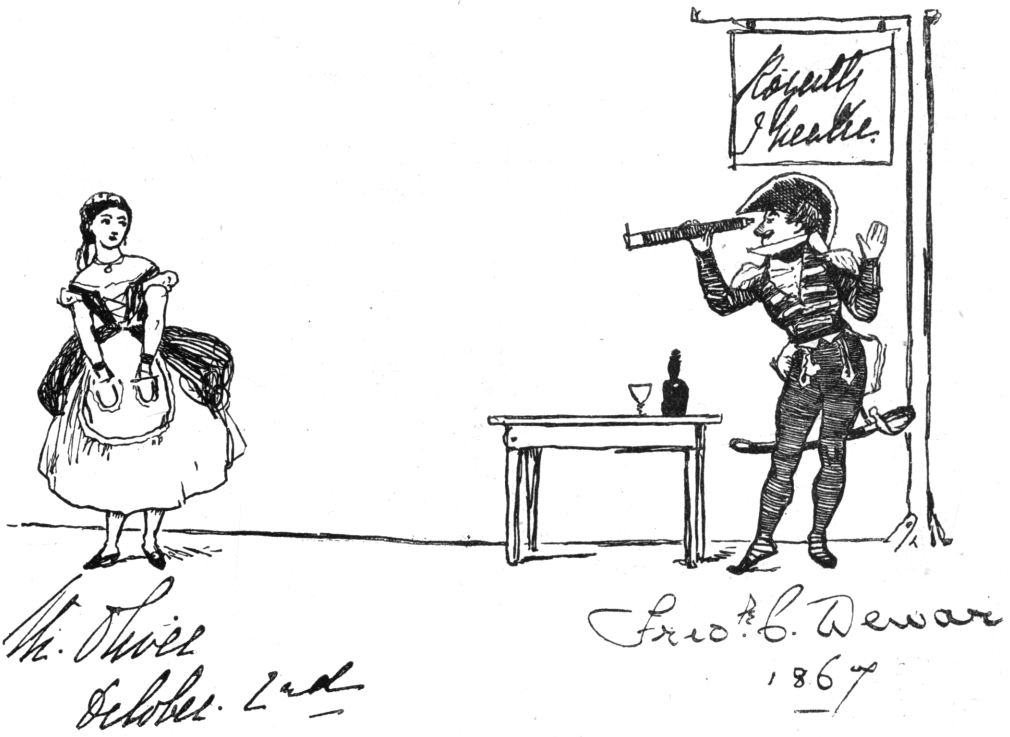
From a Sketch by} DANVERS THE DANCER. *{John Tenniel.*

Nearer in the direction of the conservatory is a black and white of Miss Dorothy Dene, by Sir Frederic Leighton, a delightful little group of Dutch children by G. H. Boughton, and hard by a couple of pictures, reproduced in these pages. They are reminiscences of Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," which had a run of over four hundred consecutive nights at the Royalty Theatre. The first is by Fred Walker, and shows Fred C. Dewar as *Captain Crosstree*, and Miss Patty Oliver as the dark-eyed *Susan* (see next page). Their signatures are appended.

In this burlesque a low-comedy actor, who was a marvellously clever dancer also, named Danvers, played *Dame Hatley*. His feet moved at such a rate that when John Tenniel went to see it he chronicled the effect of the dancer's feet, as seen in the other drawing, writing below it—

Decr. 15, 1875.
Dear F. C. B,
The sketch you see
Of *Dame Hatley*
In your *comédie*
Burlesq—u—e
Was sketched by me
From memorie.
Haste,
Yours,
J. T.

The drawing-room is a quiet, pretty apartment, lighted by a huge chandelier suspended in the



SKETCH BY FRED WALKER.

centre. The walls are of cream and amber. The mirrors are many, some in white enamelled frames, others in crimson plush. The windows are draped with lace and rose-coloured curtains.

The portraits are not numerous — these pictorial reminders of friends are for the most part at Ramsgate —but one notes an excellent likeness of the Pope, an early cabinet of the owner of the house, and another of Mr. Toole as *Paw Claudian*. On a table is a great album containing reproductions of some of the works of art in the collection of Theophilus Burnand, Esq., uncle of Mr. F. C. There are some grand examples by Goodall, Cooper, Cooke, Horsley, Sant, &c., including Roberts' great work of the "Interior of Milan Cathedral."

The dining-room looks on the garden,

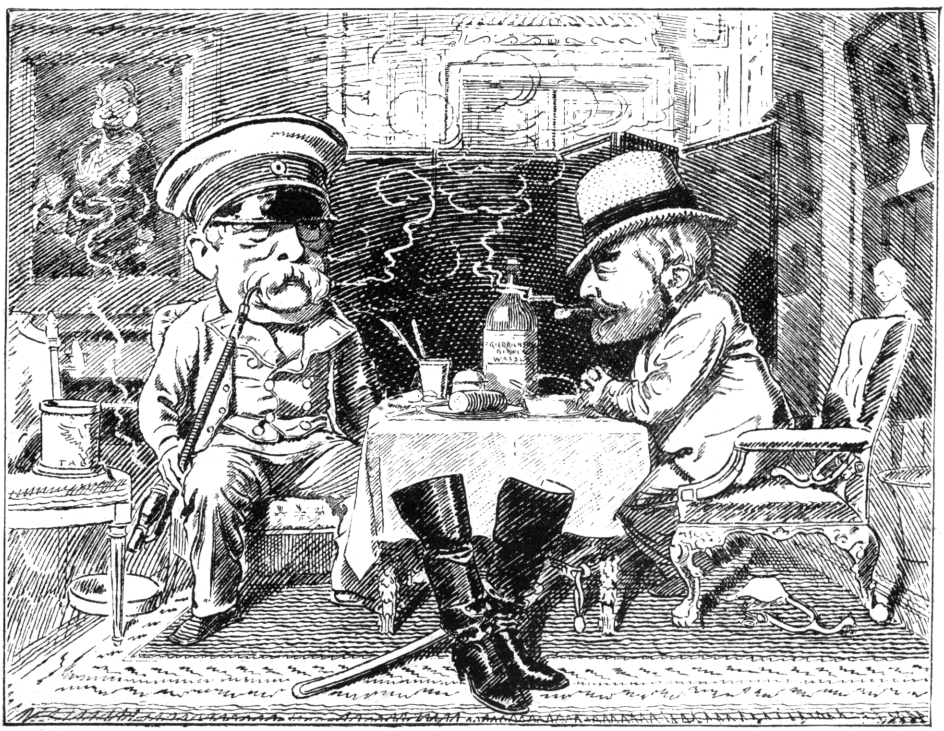


From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

where the trees are just shooting out their first welcome to the return of spring. The walls of this room are of a calm pale blue. Silver cups and tankards are set out on the oaken sideboard, flowers—the tiny narcissus and yellow lily—fill the vases on the mantelpiece, and the "latest out" in books are lying about. Over one of the bookcases are a trio of sketches by Linley Sambourne, the centre of which shows Mr. Burnand smoking a cigar with Bismarck, and now publicly seen for the first time. Mr. Burnand went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and this was sent to him by Mr. Sambourne in remembrance thereof. As a matter of fact, the two B's never met, but for all that the picture is a very "happy thought." An etching by Professor Hubert



Sketch by] THE TWO B S. *[Linley Sambourne.*

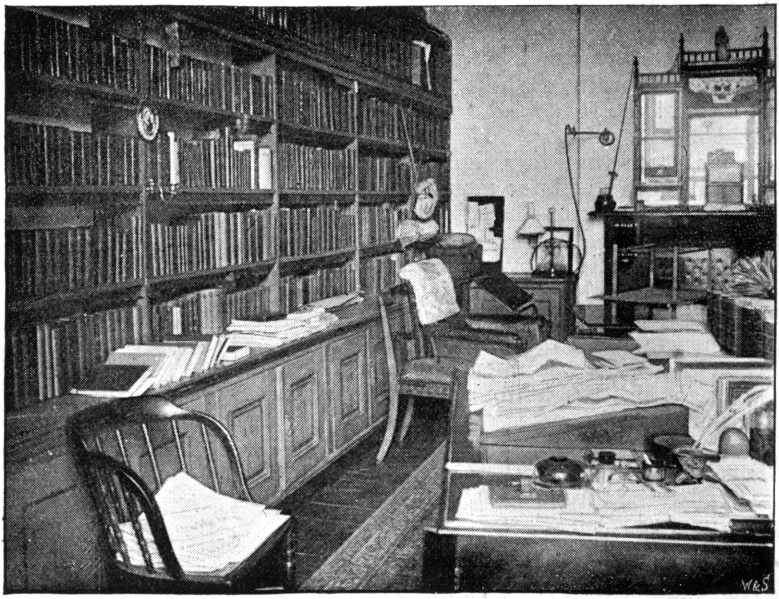
Herkomer of Mr. J. S. Forbes, the chairman of the L. C. and D. Railway, hangs on the walls, and considerable space is taken up by the same accomplished artist's striking life-size picture of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Just beneath this is a crayon drawing of Mr. Burnand's mother at the age of fifteen, which we here reproduce. Upstairs in Mr. Burnand's dressing-room is a delightful painting of the same lady by A. E. Chalon, R.A., done in 1834. I could not help looking upon this room and the adjoining bedroom with some considerable curiosity. Mr. Burnand has only been an occupant of the house for a few months. This room was once occupied by Miss Elliott, who afterwards became Mrs. Osborne.



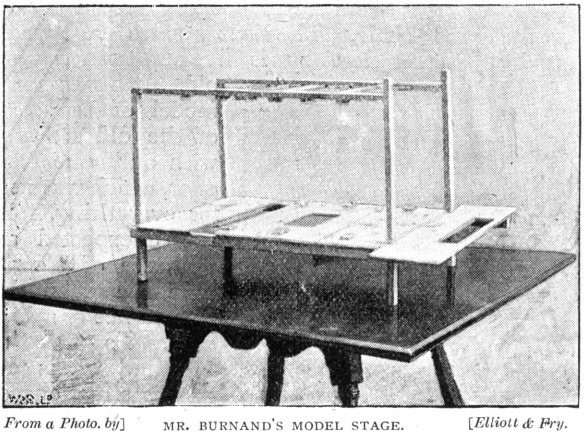
From a] MR. BURNAND'S MOTHER. *[Painting.*

The study is to the left of the entrance hall, and is made bright by a small glass conservatory in the window. The writing table is a large one. The letter-clips are suggestive. One takes the shape of a huge silver "B," the other is a silver anchor twined round with golden ropes. On this table a double row of books are set out — the back row comprising a dozen or more standard dictionaries.

The chair occupied by Mr. Burnand when writing is of black ebony — when reading, a distinctly comfortable-looking brown leather easy-chair. The little wooden stage which stands close by is five-and-twenty years old. It is an exact model of the stage of the old Royalty, with only one trap-door, which was used for everything, from the unexpected appearance of a sprite to the sudden disappearance of a banquet. To-day Mr. Burnand works out all his situations on it when play-writing. He uses figures for his characters, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and, in the old 'New Royalty' days, Patty Oliver would often have these wooden characters dressed up in diminutive silks and satins. I counted a dozen pipes on the mantelboard—from a small meerschaum to a weighty cherrywood. All round the apartment are bookshelves, with convenient cupboards below.



From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] MR. BURNAND'S MODEL STAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Ah! that snuff-box," exclaimed Mr. Burnand, as I took up an old gold Empire box, on the lid of which was a bouquet of diamonds. "It was a legacy. It belonged to an old friend on whom I was continually playing practical jokes when stopping at his house. He had a habit of always keeping the box by the side of him at the head of the table, to which his hand used to wander in search of it continually. On the occasion of a dinner party, I hid the box. Dinner proceeded. My host's fingers wandered to the customary place—he was in a great fidget—the box not there, of course. He appealed to us, but we knew nothing about it. He left the room in search of it—it was nowhere to be found. Just as I was leaving I drew him on one side and said quietly, 'My dear old chap, just a little testimonial I want to present to you!' and put the snuff-box in his hand.

"'Ah!' he chuckled, 'you seem very fond of that snuff-box.' He must have gone to his room that very night and made an addition to his will, for many years passed before he died, and—he left me the snuff-box."

A set of boxing-gloves and single-sticks are picturesquely arranged on one of the book-cases. Mr. Burnand is as fond to-day of a fencing bout or a little "play" with the gloves as he was when he was at Eton, where he was taught to become useful in this direction by a Corporal Munday.

Mr. Burnand began life as a baby just seven months before Her Gracious Majesty ascended the throne. The latter event was in June, 1837, and the former in November, 1836. Mr. Burnand claims to be a "cockney"—he was born somewhere within the sound of Bow Bells, and was christened Francis Cowley. He was sent to school when barely seven years old, and at his third school, at Paul's Cray, Kent, he shared a bed-room with a schoolfellow who had a marvellous memory, and when lights went out they would lie awake together whilst the youth would whisper to little Francis plot after plot of Scott's novels. Francis used to dramatise them and act them. His first real dramatic effort, however, was at Eton.

"I went to Eton," said Mr. Burnand, "soon after I was thirteen. I did my fagging very well. Fagging! an excellent thing. It cannot fail to give a boy a vast amount of respect for his superiors. I well



MR. BURNAND AS "POPPLE."

remember the pain I felt when I had to expend five shillings in the purchase of my own birch. I wish I had kept that birch—it would have been an excellent reminder. I lived in the Rev. Gifford Cooksley's house. He was a very funny fellow. He was wonderfully kind-hearted—so kind-hearted, indeed, that if he had a fellow birched he would not see him for a couple of days afterwards. Cooksley was very fond of theatricals. He often took a party of us—some seven or eight—to the old Windsor theatre. He paid all expenses—seats in the dress circle, and a supper afterwards. After the performance we would go on the stage and chat with the actors. If there were any children playing he always had sixpence for them. Well, I wrote a play called 'Guy Fawkes Day,' and it was produced in Gifford Cooksley's own room. This same piece was also played for one night only at the Worthing Theatre soon afterwards. The manager was to have a benefit, and he called on a relative of mine asking for his patronage. The condition of granting it was that 'Guy Fawkes Day' should be produced. It was.



MR. BURNAND AS "RUMTIFOOZLE."

"I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when I was 17, and remained there until 20, when I took my B.A. degree."

I shall probably be correct in saying that though studies were not forgotten acting was ever remembered. It was there that he started the famous Amateur Dramatic Company, of which he is still a member, and only recently the Honourable James Lowther set a movement on foot for the painting of the founder's portrait, a commission having been given to Mr. C. M. Newton, the artist. At Cambridge Mr. Burnand wrote some of the brightest and merriest farces ever conceived. They had the true ring of humour about them. He hands me a little volume. It contains some of the many pieces he wrote whilst at Cambridge. "Villikins and his Dinah" was the first, in which the author played *Gruffin;* another was "In for a Holyday," in which Mr. Burnand played *Mr. Gustavus Popple*, a young gentleman retained between ten and three by Government; "Romance under Difficulties," in which the author appeared as *Timothy Diggles;* and "Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fayre Imogene," in which Mr. Burnand acted a prominent part. Through this little volume are scattered criticisms in ink and pencil. Here are some suggestive remarks made on the fly-leaf respecting "St. George and the Dragon! An historical-comical-but-still-slightly-mythical burlesque":

"Wednesday the 20th February, 1855."

"First night of the burlesque. Alf Thompson obliged to throw up the *King* on account of being ordered off instanter to the Crimea on the 19th. (3 p.m.) Thornhill took the part. The first act, with the exception of *St. George's* speech, song—Tuftee's song — and the last chorus, hung fire; Kelly utterly forgetting his part, and the prompter being among the chorus he (Kelly) was a 'gone coon.' Act II. *Zara* took, but the duets between *Zara* and *Dragon* went flatly. 'Oh diddle do' encored *dubiously*. The Bones dance encored dubiously. *Fanny Frail*, great success. Scene 2nd, very fair. 'Cheap Chesterfield.' Scene 1st, Act III. *poor, and Mr. F. C. Burnand slightly forgot his tag which*——." It is chronicled that the second night of burlesque was better. "Mr. Kelly got on very well, and having discovered the jokes in

the day time they were taken in the evening."

Mr. Burnand told with great gusto of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor for permission for the first performance.

The worthy Vice-Chancellor was in a hurry, as he had to attend a "meeting of the Heads." Was it a Greek play? Good gracious, no; it was "Box and Cox." After the query as to the Greek drama, young Burnand was afraid to tell him the title, and therefore merely said, "We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton."

"Fellow of Trinity?" asked the Vice-Chancellor.

He was not.

"Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is *not* a Fellow of Trinity? What is the name?"

"*Box and Cox*," replied the undergrad.

Fortunately time prevented the Vice-Chancellor from asking if Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity, and he went forth and laid the matter before "the Heads." The permission was denied. But Mr. Burnand and his fellow Thespians were not to be put down by the Heads. They got a couple of rooms at "The Hoop Hotel," and after having ladders placed handy for escape in case the college authorities got wind of the occurrence, a start was made. From that day the club has remained one of the most successful of all amateur societies. Here is the first programme:—

A.D.C.

This evening will be presented

A FAST TRAIN! HIGH PRESSURE!! EXPRESS!!

Colonel Jack Delaware	Mr. G. Seymour.
Griffin	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Biffin	Mr. A. Herbert.

To be followed by

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

Chesterfield Honeybun	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Crank	Mr. W. Smith.
Mrs. Houghton	Mr. C. Digby.
Mrs. Crank	Mr. T. King.
Mrs. Jewell	Mr. R. Johnson.

To conclude with the Burlesque Tragic Opera,

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artaxominous (*King of Utopia*) ...	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Fusbos	Mr. T. King.
General Bombastes	Mr. James Beale.
Distaffina	Mr. C. Digby.

Army, Courtiers, &c.

Acting Manager—Tom Pierce, Esq.

Stage Manager—N. Yates, Esq.

Prompter—J. Shepherd, Esq.

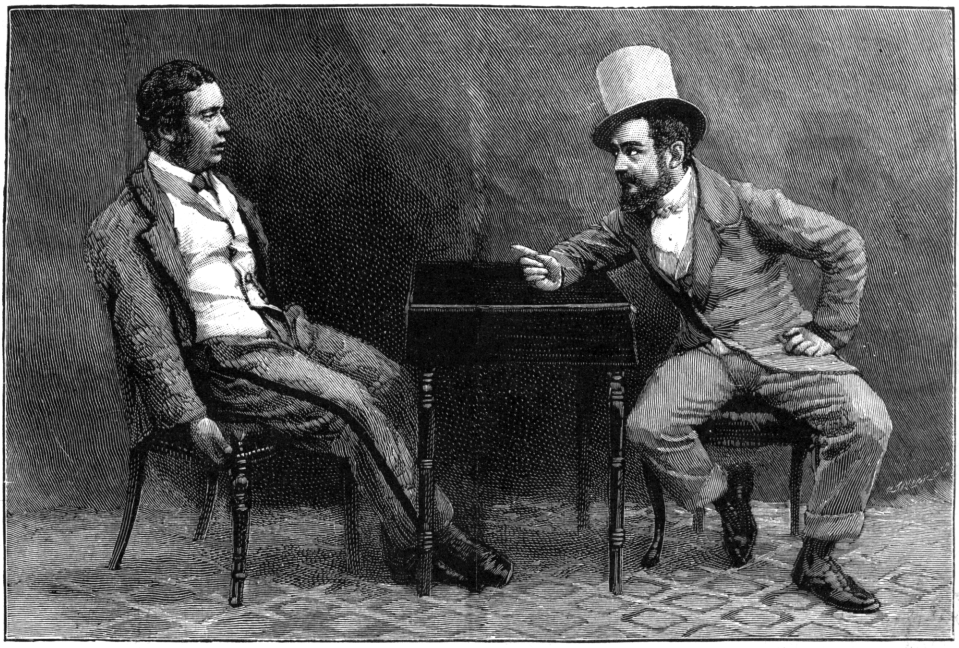
Scenery and Appointments by S. J. E. Jones, Esq.

Many of these names were *noms de théâtre*. *Mr. A. Herbert* was General FitzGerald, whilst *Mr. Tom Pierce* was Mr. F. C. Burnand. It was under the name of "Tom Pierce" that he wrote many successful plays. The portraits reproduced in these pages show Mr. Burnand in many of the characters which he played at Cambridge—as *Popple*, in "In for a Holyday"; as *Mephistopheles*, in "Alonzo the Brave"; as *Jumbo*, in "Turkish Waters"; as *Rumtifoozle*; and as the *Ex-Chicken*, with Mr. Quinton Twiss—a celebrated amateur—as *Benjamin Bobbin*, in "B. B.," a farce written by Mr. F. C. Burnand in conjunction with Mr. Montagu Williams. Mr. Burnand still has the MS. of the original plot of "Alonzo the Brave," produced at Cambridge.

"Well," Mr. Burnand continued, in his happiest mood, "I took my degree, and left



MR. BURNAND AS "MEPHISTOPHELES."



QUINTON TWISS AS "BENJAMIN BOBBIN." MR. BURNAND AS THE "EX-CHICKEN."

Cambridge. I may tell you that during my last year at Cambridge I determined to adopt the Church as my profession, and an uncle of mine promised me a good country living, which was at that time in his gift. My studies were commenced under Dr. Harold Browne, and continued at Cuddesdon College, under the Rev. H. P. Liddon —subsequently Canon Liddon. However, I finally found myself in the Seminary of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, of which community Dr. Henry Edward Manning—the late Cardinal—was the head. I have seen Cardinal Manning—remember, I am speaking of the days when I was at Bayswater—put up his fists and spar and hit out most scientifically with all the fun imaginable. In his quiet way he would say, as he 'let go' his left at an imaginary foe, 'Ah! I think I could do it.' I must confess to commencing a play even whilst I was studying there. I finished my reading, and left. Previous to doing so, I went in to see Dr. Manning.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'and what are you going to do?'

"'I'm not quite sure, Dr. Manning,' was my reply.

"'Ah!' said the Doctor, 'I'm afraid you have no vocation for the priesthood.'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no vocation—at least, not for the priesthood.'

"'I don't understand,' the Doctor exclaimed; 'what you mean by a vocation for anything else. This is a great question, and one concerning the soul.'

"Then I went straight at it. 'Well, Doctor,' I said, 'I rather thought of going on the stage.'

"'Why, you might as well call cobbling a vocation,' the Doctor said, surprised.

"'Yes,' I replied, quietly, 'there would be more *sole* in it, wouldn't there?'

"I can see him now laughing. He let me go.

"Shortly after that I went to Edinburgh, where I met my old Etonian school friend, Mr. Montagu Williams, and acted at Mr. Wyndham's—Robert Wyndham, not Charles—Theatre. Then I stayed a good time at Esher with George Meredith. He had just written his first book, 'Richard Feverell'—a work never beaten by himself. I have a first edition of it. I came to London, and went to the Bar—not with success. I did a little at the Clerkenwell Sessions. Why did I give up the Bar? The following is the reason: I made a fearful hash of a case of forgery in which the wife was committed with her husband. I had to defend the wife, Besley was for the prosecution. It will show you how much I knew about the ways of the court when I tell you that I actually asked

Besley what to do. He wrote back on a slip of paper, 'Just get up and say, "Coercion by husband."' I did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, at once discharged her. The ungrateful woman was so cross at being separated from her husband that she took off her boot and threw it at me. With the throwing of the boot I threw up the Bar.

"I was then playwriting. My first piece was produced at the St. James's, under the direction of Chatterton and Miss Wyndham. It ra n a hundred nights—a very considerable run in those days. I got £25 down, and £2 a night for it. How did I get my first commission? I will tell you. At one time of great distress and difficulty I had to sell all my books. I thought to myself, 'I've got four plays printed, why should they not bring me a little coin?' I called on Mr. Lacy in the Strand, and he gave me £8 for them. I had a MS. of 'Dido,' which I had shown to Mr. W. B. Donne, the Licenser of Plays. He advised me to show it to Robson. Robson had just produced a burlesque on 'Medea,' so could not manage it. I gave the MS. to Lacy to look over. Shortly afterwards I had a letter from him asking me to come down to his shop. It seems a Mr. Chas. Young had been struck by the piece. Young was an Australian comedian. He liked one of the parts, and promised to show it to Chatterton, one of the then lessees of the St. James's. Chatterton accepted it. At this time I did not know a soul in the literary world. Then I wrote 'B. B.' with Montagu Williams, another piece—'The Isle of St. Tropez'—with him for the Wigans, and I was writing burlesques pretty frequently for the Olympic.



MR. BURNAND AS "JUMBO."

"Robson was unequalled as a comedian. He was a great study, with wonderful flashes of real wit at rehearsal. He played in 'B. B.,' and I may tell you that it was his personality which suggested the part to Montagu Williams and myself. At rehearsal Robson used to make us laugh so much that we couldn't get on, and a farce taking forty minutes to play would often take three hours with him to rehearse. In the midst of a passage he would shout, 'Oh! oh! I've thought of such a funny thing! Now supposing,' addressing a brother actor, 'I put my left hand on your shoulder just in that part. Now let's run through that little bit again!'

"We did as he requested, and at the situation Robson would put his *right* hand on the other actor's shoulder, which, of course, reversed the positions. When we remonstrated with him it was always, 'Oh, the other wouldn't have done at all!'"

It will be a surprise to many to know that Mr. Burnand's connection with *Punch*—of which paper he was destined years after to become the Editor—commenced when he was at college. He was a capital draughtsman, and recorded his impressions pictorially on the fly-leaf of any book he could lay his pencil on. There are, in Vol. xxviii. of *Punch*, a couple of pictures, with no signatures, drawn by Leech, the original drawings for which were sent to Mark Lemon—then the Editor—by Mr. Burnand whilst at Cambridge. One is on page 28 of the volume. This is entitled, "Friendly, but Very Unpleasant":—

Lively Party (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella): "Halloa, Jones!"

Disgust of Elderly Party, whose name is Smith.



Dean. "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he was irritated the DEAN *by his conspicuous moustaches).* "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

MR. BURNAND AND THE DEAN.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."]

The "Elderly Party's" face is just as Mr. Burnand drew it; the other is Leech's own, and, therefore, all the more remarkable. The second picture, here given, is still more interesting. Though Mr. Burnand knew neither Leech nor Mark Lemon, when he sent the drawing he requested John Leech to be kind enough to copy the Dean exactly, as it was a likeness of the Rev. Mr. Hedley, Senior Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge, while the youth was a burlesque presentment of himself. Owing to Mr. Burnand's going in for acting, he had sacrificed a very small moustache.

Mr. Burnand had very little difficulty in getting on the staff of *Punch*. Whilst engaged in playwriting he also did considerable journalistic work, and amongst other journals was with the late Henry J. Byron and Mr. W. S. Gilbert on *Fun*. Tom Hood was editor then, and the proprietor a looking-glass manufacturer named Maclean.

"Maclean," said Mr. Burnand, "used to smile very broadly, and show a set of teeth that led Byron to call him *Maclean teeth*. I took a very good idea to Maclean. It was to imitate the popular novelists of the day, and I drew out the first sketch for his inspection. He wouldn't see it. I wrote to Mark Lemon and asked him to see me. He did; he saw me and my notion at once. The first was to be a burlesque of a page in *The London Journal*. Sir John Gilbert was illustrating that paper at the time.

"'We'll get Gilbert to do the pictures,' cried Lemon. Gilbert undertook the work, and so it came about that he had to burlesque himself! Millais did a picture for it, so did 'Phiz,' Du Maurier, and Charles Keene.

"Keene! I never knew Keene tell an anecdote in his life. He couldn't. He could recollect something about a story, but could never get through it. There he would sit, pulling away at his little stump of a pipe, and all of a sudden break out into a laugh and chuckle, and endeavour to contribute his anecdote something in this style:

"'I can't help laughing'—chuckle. 'I once went to see'—chuckle—'somebody—I forget his name, but *you'll* know—about twenty-five years ago'—chuckle. 'When I say twenty-five I mean two or three years ago'—chuckle. 'I was going from'—chuckle—'what's that place? Ah! I forget, but it was on a 'bus. There, it was the funniest thing you ever saw'—prolonged chuckle—'I was outside—no, it was inside, when suddenly the man said to me——'

"'What man, Charlie?' we would ask.

"'Why, *the* man. He said to me—no, it wasn't me. Ah! well, it's no matter'—chuckle.

"'Well, what made you laugh, Charles?' was our question.

"'Why, the'—chuckle—'the—the joke!'

"'What joke?'

"'Well'—chuckle—'I hardly remember the joke; but—*it was about that time!*'

"Poor Keene had an anecdote which he always wound up with, 'They *were* Ribston pippins,' but nobody ever knew what the story was about, or where it began.

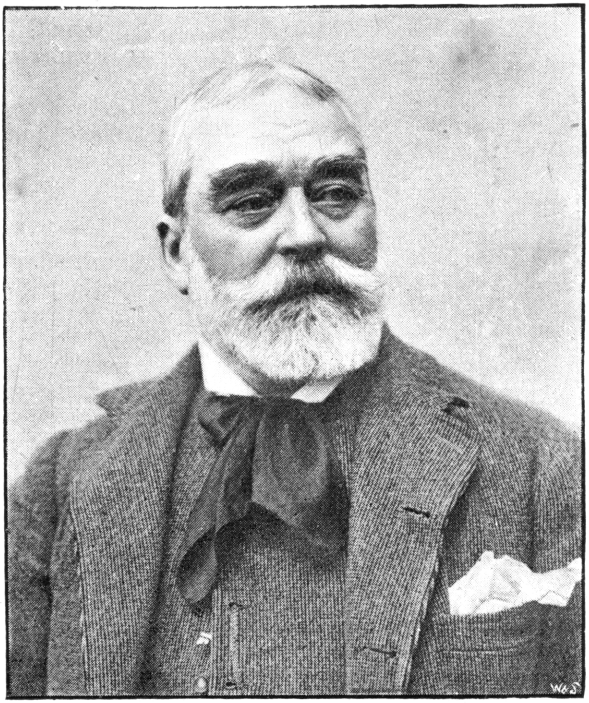
"Oh, yes, I knew Thackeray well. Thackeray sold me once. It happened at his house at Prince's-gate, on the occasion of

my first visit there. He had his study fitted up with bookshelves all round. Thackeray would invariably lead up the conversation with a reference to some poet. I thought him in error one day, so I said, 'I don't think that is the quotation.'

"'I think so,' replied Thackeray. 'But there are his works on that shelf,' pointing to the door, on which were arranged shelves, as I thought; 'mount the ladder and see for yourself.'

"I did so, made a grasp for the volume, and found they were all dummies! Thackeray was delighted."

To-day Mr. Burnand sits in the identical chair once occupied by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor, the latter of whom he succeeded as editor of *Punch* in 1880. It is an old-fashioned wooden armchair. Every Wednesday night the famous *Punch* dinner is held. About fourteen sit down at the ancient table, on which are cut the names of everybody—cut with their own hands—who have been privileged to find a seat there. One visitor invariably creeps into the editor's room—the *Punch* cat. It is the biggest cat in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, and when Mr. Burnand is working it always perches on his chair. The *Punch* dinner is a suggestive meal. Everybody there contributes some idea. After dinner the members of the *Punch* staff go into committee on the political and social topics of the day. The result of this deliberation is the cartoon and second cartoon, or "Cartoon, junior," of the next number.



From a Photo. by] MR. BURNAND. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It is a remarkable fact that only one mishap in the principal cartoon has happened during Mr. Burnand's editorship. It was at the period when Khartoum was supposed to be all right and General Gordon safe. All England was expecting Gordon's release, and *Punch* appeared with a picture of him — triumphant. Mr. Burnand was on his way with Mr. Sambourne to an exhibition of pictures in Bond-street. Suddenly the newsboys were heard shouting. Their rapid and often unintelligible utterances were misunderstood by Mr. Burnand, who turned to his companion and said, "Well, we are all right with the cartoon."

But the boys drew nearer.

"I don't think that is what they are crying," Mr. Sambourne said. "I'll get a paper."

The paper contained the news of the death of General Gordon.

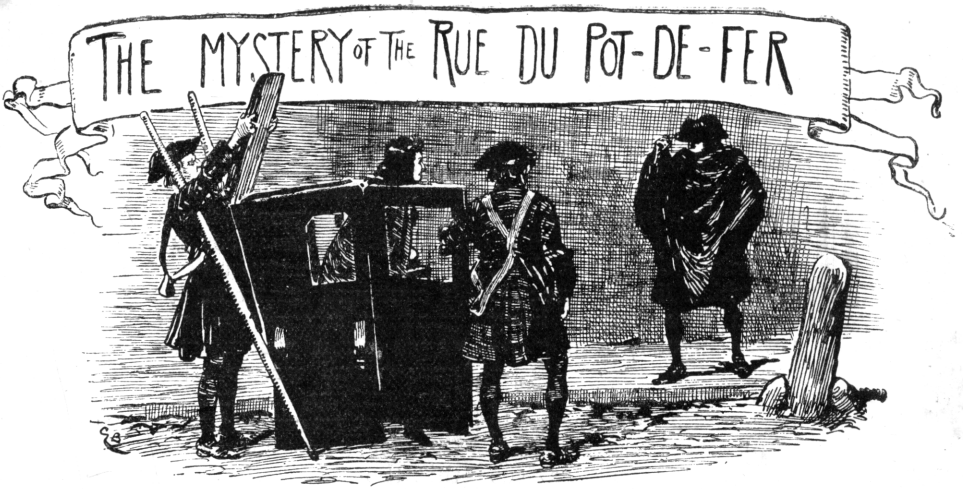
A Parisian paper, in commenting upon the prediction in *Punch*, said the cartoon "showed what all England was expecting."

I was just leaving The Boltons, and shaking hands with Mr. Burnand.

"How does one become a humorist?" I asked.

"Oh!" was the reply, "it comes from having a serious turn of mind and not yielding to it!"

HARRY HOW.



A TRUE STORY, TOLD FROM THE LETTERS OF MADEMOISELLE AÏSSÉ.

By F. Bayford Harrison.

Part I.—The Invalid in White.

JEAN FRANÇOIS ISEZ, the famous surgeon, had retired to his apartments after a professional round, and had hardly begun to eat the dinner which his old servant, Manette, served to him, when a note was brought to him. He inquired who had brought it, but the concierge had not noticed the messenger. It was one afternoon early in April, 1727; the place was Paris; and Isez was the most fashionable doctor of his day, and much in request among the fine ladies and gentlemen of France.

The note, a sheet of white paper written on in pale ink, and in a very small, uncharacteristic handwriting, contained these words:—

"M. the surgeon J. F. Isez is prayed to betake himself this afternoon, at six o'clock, to the Rue du Pot-de-fer, near the Luxemburg."

There was no signature.

M. Isez threw on him his cloak with the velvet collar, called a sedan chair, and hurried away to his unknown patient.

By the time that Isez arrived at the Rue du Pot-de-fer it was quite dark. The oil lamps, swinging here and there, gave but little light. On one side of the street were the doors of old-fashioned houses; on the other a few shops and *cabarets*, succeeded by a long, high blank wall. As Isez' chairmen picked their stumbling steps over the cobbles, they sounded loud in the silent street, and they saw no living creature save a few dogs and cats prowling about and sniffing at the heaps of refuse thrown in the road.

But when they had proceeded about half the length of the wall, they became aware of a man's figure, standing motionless. This man, as soon as he saw Isez' chair, approached and said, "Do I speak to M. Isez?"

"Yes, I am he," replied the surgeon.

"You are late. It is long past six o'clock."

"I have only just received the note. I came at once. I did not even wait to finish my dinner."

"Dinner!" the man repeated, in a tone of infinite contempt. "Follow me."

The stranger led the way. He was plainly clothed in black, and Isez could judge nothing from his manner as to the meaning of this adventure.

They went a few steps along the street, and then the stranger opened, by some secret means, a narrow door in the wall, and motioned to Isez to enter. The surgeon did so, the door closed behind him, shutting out the man who had acted as his guide.

He found himself in a small courtyard, and facing him was the entrance of a house, a porch with a row of pillars, showing white through the darkness.

A porter appeared, and ushered Isez into a wide hall, paved with marble, from which a fine staircase led to the upper stories.

There was nothing remarkable about the porter, and Isez believed himself to be in the hôtel of some noble or wealthy gentleman.

"Monsieur is expected on the first floor, if he will give himself the trouble to mount," said the porter, indicating the staircase.

Isez went up. Facing him was a door, half open, through which light shone; he passed by it into an ante-chamber hung with white. It was singular, even startling.

The walls were covered with white velvet; chairs and sofas were of the same material; the carpet was of plain thick white wool, and every step which Isez made left a deep depression. A small table of white wood supported a white china lamp which burnt but feebly. Of other furniture there was none.

A lackey was in this room, a young man tall and handsome, clothed entirely in white—coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, shoes, all in dead-white material; his hair was thickly powdered and carefully curled, and tied with a white silk bow; white lace ruffles at his neck and wrists; his skin was of a peculiar white tint which struck the professional eye of Isez as being morbid and diseased.

"M. Isez," he said, coming to meet the surgeon, "be so good as to wipe your shoes." And he handed him a linen duster which lay beside the lamp.

"It is not neces sary," answered Isez; "I have only just got out of my chair, and my shoes are not muddy."

"Nevertheless," returned the lackey, "it must be done as a precaution. Everything in this house is of extreme cleanliness, and you must be so good as to wipe your shoes."

Isez shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. He rubbed his shoes with the duster, and showed the man that hardly a speck of dust came off on the cloth.

The servant bowed gravely. "This way," said he, moving down the narrow room, towards a door opposite to that by which the surgeon had entered.

Through this door Isez passed into a larger apartment, hung with white silk. It contained handsome furniture of white wood upholstered in white silk. The carpet was of roughly-woven silk. There were several marble tables; china vases, lace curtains, alabaster candlesticks, and various other ornamental articles decorated the room; and Isez saw at one glance that that though all was of the same uniform shade of white, yet all was in the highest degree handsome and expensive.

A second lackey approached, also a good-looking but pallid young man. He, too, was powdered and curled, and clothed in white; but whereas the first servant had worn cloth, this man's garments were of thick ribbed silk. By this time Isez was growing somewhat accustomed to the dazzling white tones all around him, and also to the air of mystery which pervaded



"BE SO GOOD AS TO WIPE YOUR SHOES."

the house. He was not surprised, therefore, when the lackey handed him a second linen cloth and bade him wipe his shoes a second time. He did it in silence, and found not even a suspicion of dust.

This ceremony ended, the servant opened another door, and ushered Isez into a third room.

Again, the room was entirely furnished in white. The walls were hung with fluted satin; the sofas and chairs were covered with broché satin; the carpet was of satin, on which was a raised pattern of flowers in velvet; a large bed with heavy satin curtains and thick quilt stood at one side of the room. A dressing-table was in the bay-window, from which every breath of air was excluded by voluminous draperies. The atmosphere was heavy, as if never purified by sunshine or breeze, but always lighted up by white wax candles in girandoles against the walls.

The inhabitant of this chamber was a strange figure which sat in a fauteuil beside the fireplace of white tiles, on which burnt an open fire of coal and wood—the only touch of colour and brightness which Isez had seen in the ghostly house. A tall, stout person this appeared to be, wearing a white satin nightcap, and a white satin dressing-gown lined with white fur. A white mask covered his face, of which only two pale-blue eyes could be seen.



"A WHITE MASK COVERED HIS FACE."

As soon as this extraordinary, fantastic figure saw Isez enter, he said in a monotonous, hoarse voice, "The devil is inside my body."

Isez waited to hear more, but not another word followed. He remained standing for some time, but nothing was said by the patient, who did not even raise his eyes again, or look at the surgeon. As well as Isez could judge, three-quarters of an hour passed without a single remark on either side.

A table stood beside the invalid. On it lay a heap of gloves. He took up a white silk glove, and slowly put it on his left hand; then he put one on his right hand. Over these he put a pair of satin ones; next a pair of kid ones. By this time his hands looked enormous. The fourth pair were of white velvet; the fifth pair of fine wool; the sixth pair of ermine. The hands appeared now as those of a giant. Isez watched these doings with interest which deepened into alarm. As soon as the six pairs of gloves were on, the invalid began to take them off again, with much deliberation folding them neatly together in pairs. At length reappeared his waxen, unwholesome-looking hands.

Isez was furtively glancing round the room. In one corner stood a sword in a white scabbard; in another a musket with the stock painted white; two pistols of white wood mounted in silver lay on a side table. Isez was unarmed, and did not like what he saw; he found himself trembling, and dreaded lest he should fall. Although he had not been invited to do so, he seated himself.

A silence ensued, lasting a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time the phantom pulled a bell-cord which hung near his chair. The two white lackeys entered.

"Bring bandages," said the wooden voice to them.

The men went out, and returned with several strips of linen.

"Bleed me," said the figure; "take five pounds of blood."

Isez started back, astonished at the quan-

tity. "But, monsieur," he cried, "what physician has ordered you to be let such an enormous quantity of blood?"

"Myself."

The surgeon did not know what to do. He dared not disobey, with those lackeys and those firearms all around him; yet he could not follow out instructions which would kill the patient. He thought that to bleed from the foot would be less dangerous than from the arm.

"Warm water, if you please," he said to the lackeys; one of them brought it in a white china basin. The other then knelt and took off the phantom's fine white-thread stockings; then a second pair; and so on, until six pairs had been drawn off, as well as a pair of white fur slippers lined with white satin. Then the surgeon beheld a beautiful leg and foot, as white and delicate as those of a woman.

He began to bleed; very shortly the patient appeared unwell, and likely to faint.

"Take off his mask," said Isez, "and give him air."

The lackeys interposed, and prevented Isez from touching their master. He was laid on the floor; the surgeon bound up the foot. Presently the invalid began to recover.

"Let them warm the bed," he whispered.

This was quickly done with a white metal warming-pan, and the sick man assisted to place himself in the bed. Isez felt his pulse and perceived that all was well again, and the servants left the room.

The surgeon went to the fireplace and wiped his lancet on some of the linen strips, wondering what could be the explanation of this strange adventure, when he suddenly heard steps behind him, and glancing into the mirror over the mantelpiece, beheld the patient fling himself from the bed, and, with one bound, place himself beside the terrified surgeon, who almost dropped with horror and astonishment.

On the marble chimneypiece lay five crowns. The phantom figure took them in its waxen fingers and held them out to Isez.

"Are you satisfied with the fee?"

"Yes, yes, monsieur," replied Isez, trembling, "quite satisfied."

"Then go!"

Isez did not require to be told twice. He took to his heels, and ran into the outer apartment. There the lackeys awaited him.

He gazed from one to the other.

"Is this some foolish pleasantry, some bad jest?" he asked, growing angry now that he found no bodily harm was intended him. "What does this mean?"

"Monsieur," answered one of the men, "of what have you to complain?"

"Have you not been well paid?" asked the other; "have you been injured?"

Isez found that he had nothing really to complain of; he shrugged his shoulders.

The lackeys took each a flambeau and led him with all due ceremony through the narrow antechamber, down the



"THE LACKEYS AWAITED HIM."

stairs, by the hall and the courtyard to the little door into the Rue du Pot-de-fer, where his chair awaited him.

Very thankful he was to leave the strange, phantasmal house, and to arrive safely at his own abode. He could not understand the meaning of his adventure; whether some ghastly secret was imprisoned in that white chamber, or whether the whole affair had been a practical joke. At all events, the five crowns in his pocket were real enough. He resolved not to speak to anyone of what had happened. A doctor is privileged like a priest in confession; he would keep his own counsel. So he went to his bed, and had fantastic dreams.

In the morning, before he was up, Manette was called down to speak with a young gentleman, who inquired how M. Isez found himself, after his blood-letting of a white man.

Manette knew nothing about the matter. "But I will inquire of Monsieur;" for her curiosity was aroused on her own account.

"Madame need not trouble herself," said the young man; "it is of no consequence." And bowing politely, he disappeared down the Rue de l'Aubépine.

Manette returned to her kitchen, pondered a good deal, and while her master took his coffee, told him of the young gentleman's visit. Isez perceived that his adventure was known. His tongue was untied, and he talked of it wherever he went. It became the theme of Paris conversation during a few days, and came to the ears of the King, who was as much perplexed and amused as other people. The Cardinal de Fleury sent for Isez, and made him tell the whole story with his own lips.

Mlle. Aïssé,* writing to Madame Calandrini soon after the adventure, says:—

"There have been a thousand conjectures, but none seem probable; for myself, I believe that it was a practical joke of some young men, who amused themselves by frightening the surgeon."

It was quite true that the surgeon had been frightened. Probably those persons who laughed at his fears would have been still more alarmed had they been in his place. A day or two after the adventure Isez found time to walk along the Rue du Pot-de-fer; he found that the door by which he had entered the mysterious house had disappeared. The blank wall was there, blanker than ever. This was strange; and Isez was unable even to find any traces in the wall to indicate where the door had been. Moreover, Manette, who knew every street in Paris, and whose eyes, though aged, were remarkably keen, declared that there never had been before, and never was afterwards, any door whatever in that blank wall.

The fashionable surgeon might almost have forgotten his adventure in the Rue du Pot-de-fer had it not been kept in his mind by other singular persons and strange events.

Part II.—The Horseman in Black.

A summons came from the Duc de Gesvres, and Isez had no choice but to obey it immediately. This famous invalid was perpetually in need of a doctor, and as his ailments were incurable, he was a valuable patient.

When taking leave of the groom of the chambers, after seeing the sick man, he ventured to remind him of the fact that the Duc owed him a large sum of money.

"You are right, monsieur," was the reply, "and M. le Duc has instructed me to pay you fifty louis on account."

Isez would have preferred the whole amount due to him, but thought it as well to take what was offered. He placed the money, in notes and gold, within the purse hanging under the skirt of his coat, and then started through the dark night on his homeward journey.

Soon after leaving the Château of St. Ouen, the road passed through a small but thick wood. Isez could hardly see the track, and held his bridle very slackly, trusting to the eyes and the sagacity of his horse to find the way in safety. Isez was feeling comfortable after a very good supper and very acceptable payment; he was thinking over the white invalid of the Rue du Pot-de-fer, when suddenly a man clothed in black, and mounted on a black horse, sprang from among the trees and seized the bridle out of the surgeon's hand.

"Your money!" said the highwayman.

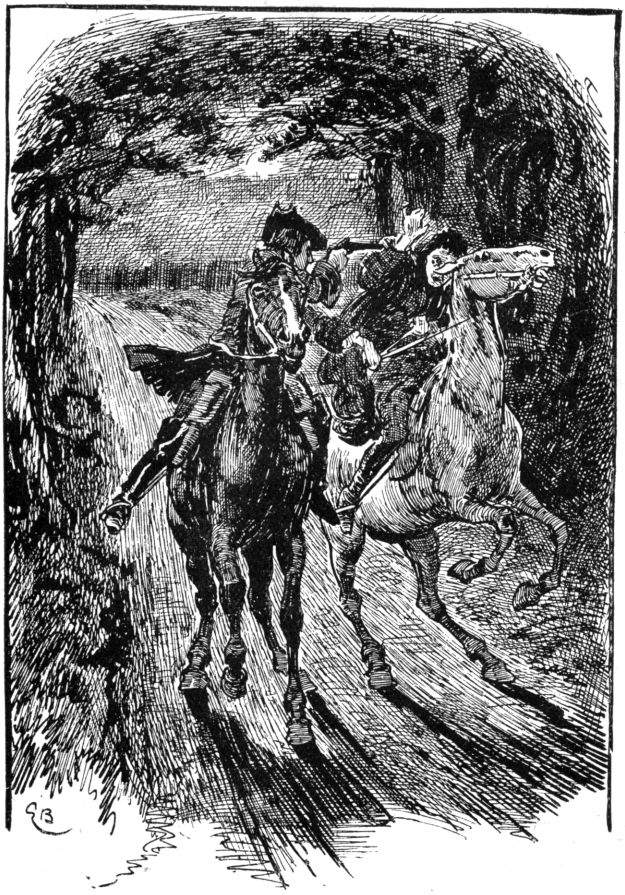
"No, no," gasped Isez, terrified and powerless.

"Your money!" repeated the robber, holding a pistol to the surgeon's head.

His teeth chattering too much to allow him to expostulate, and unarmed as he was, Isez, never very valorous, gave up his purse containing the fifty louis.

The highwayman then pulled out Isez'

* The story, up to this point, may be read in the Sixth Letter of Mlle. Aïssé, in the Édition arranged by Eugène Asse, and published by MM. Charpentier et Cie., Paris, 1873.



"'YOUR MONEY!'"

watch, to which was attached a gold seal, and transferred them to his own pocket. Next, he bade the unfortunate man dismount, and grasped the bridle of the surgeon's horse.

"You can walk home. Good-night."

And away rode the robber, humming an air from the ballet called "Les Eléments," while poor Isez stood on the path, deprived of his money, his watch and seal, and his trusty steed. What could he do in the middle of a dark night, and a league from the outskirts of Paris? There was nothing for it but to go on foot, and, very sadly and wearily, he began to walk. He was too much distressed to be able to think clearly, and he hardly noticed how he was going. But soon he emerged from the little wood, and found himself on an open road.

A short distance brought him to a house—a good, though not grand house—with an iron gate in the middle of its front.

"I will ask whose house it is," said the surgeon, "and beg permission to rest awhile and recruit myself."

When he knocked at the gate, an old man-servant responded to the summons.

"My good friend," groaned Isez, "I have been robbed by a highwayman. Will your master allow me to come in and rest awhile?"

"We cannot admit strangers," answered the man; "it is late."

Isez groaned again. "What is the name of your master, my friend?"

"He is M. le Colonel Hénon-Durant."

"Ah, is it so! Then he knows me well. We were good friends long ago. Tell him that Jean François Isez craves shelter for the night."

The janitor retired, and presently appeared the Colonel, a brave and good man, for whom Isez had the highest respect and the sincerest affection. At once the surgeon was led in, and brought to a pleasant room, where supper was laid.

"I give you welcome," said the Colonel, courteously; "pray be seated, and partake of supper. We will wait no longer for my son, who is late this evening."

Isez thanked his host, but declined to eat, only accepting a glass of claret. He told his adventure, and the unfortunate loss of his money and purse.

"My purse and my house are at your disposal, my good friend," said Hénon-Durant; "remain here this night, and to-morrow accept such a sum as may serve your necessities. You can repay it at your convenience."

Isez thanked the Colonel with gratitude; and had begun to inquire as to the family of his friend, when a young man entered whom he at once recognised as the highwayman who had robbed him.

"My son, Eugène," said Colonel Hénon-Durant, presenting the youth to Isez.

The latter was too much astonished to utter a word, except to plead fatigue and to ask to be shown to his room. The Colonel attended him to the door of a bedchamber, and there left him.

Alone, he felt utterly bewildered. Was he in the house of a cut-throat? Was the

father as bad as the son? Was the brave, generous old soldier an accomplice with a highwayman? or was Isez deceived by an accidental likeness between the robber and Eugène Durant? His first thought was to rush away from this dangerous house. But every door was by this time barred, and he dared not attempt it.

The surgeon gasped for air. He opened the casement and let the cool breeze blow on his forehead. While standing by the window he heard, as he thought, the whinnying of his own horse. He responded by a whistle which he often employed to cheer the faithful animal. A further whinny made it certain to Isez' mind that his horse was in the stable of Colonel Durant's house, and that there was no room for doubt of the identity of Eugène Durant and the black highwayman.

But Isez could not bring himself to believe that his respected old friend was to blame in the matter. Goodness is not always hereditary. Troubled and alarmed, the surgeon could not lie down, but sat through the night in an easy-chair, and as soon as daylight appeared, quietly left his room and sought that which on the previous evening the Colonel had pointed out as his own.

When Isez opened the door he saw a plainly furnished apartment, and on the curtainless bed the figure of the fine old officer, sleeping calmly and restfully. This sight confirmed Isez in his opinion that Colonel Durant knew nothing of his son's nightly robberies.

"Durant, my dear old friend," said Isez, in a low voice, "will you listen to me for a little while?"

In a moment Durant was wide awake. He sat up, and saw by Isez' countenance that something was wrong.

"Durant, I have a sad and terrible thing to say to you; can you bear to hear it?"

"Speak plainly, what is it?"

"Dear friend, it was your son who robbed me last night."

"Great heaven!" muttered the Colonel; "impossible!"



"IT WAS YOUR SON WHO ROBBED ME."

"It is better," said Isez, speaking rapidly, "that you should learn it from me than from the law, which would be less merciful than I am. Sooner or later, he must fall into the hands of justice. That your son should take up this abominable trade is almost incredible——"

"Impossible!" sighed the poor father again, and fell back on his pillow insensible.

Isez fanned him, and sprinkled his face with water, and presently saw him recovered from the swoon.

When his strength returned, Durant sprang from the bed, hurried on some clothing, and rushed towards the door, crying, "The coward, the thief! My son a robber! My son a highwayman! My son a felon! I thank God that his mother is dead, and that he has no sister. I will not have such a son. He shall die. Let me pass, Isez, let me pass! I will kill him!"

And, thrusting aside the surgeon, who tried to restrain him, Durant rushed from the room, and up the stairs into the apartment where the young man lay sleeping, or pretending to sleep.

On the table near the window lay Isez' watch, and his seal bearing his monogram.

The father paused to examine them. There was no doubt of the infamy of the handsome young fellow, who now was standing in the middle of the floor, clothed in the black garments which he had worn the previous night.

"Wretch! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel; "is it for this that I have been the most loving of fathers? How long have you pursued the trade of robber? But you shall pursue it no longer!"

Eugène Durant saw that he had lost the game. He pushed past his father, but at the door was met by Isez, who barred his way. At the same moment, Colonel Durant saw that two pistols lay beside the watch and seal. He lifted one of them; there was a flash; and his son fell bleeding into the arms of Isez.



"THERE WAS A FLASH."

Not even this pitiable sight—his son murdered and weltering in his blood—could assuage Durant's anger. He poured out fierce words, and filled the house with his cries of rage and reproach. It was only when Isez, staunching the wound, removed one after another the blood-stained rags, which the silent servants brought to him, and when that handsome young face grew whiter and calmer, when the eyes took a fixed glassy stare, and the lips trying to speak could but whisper; it was only when death shadowed the face and figure of his child, that Colonel Durant ceased to utter reproaches, and bowed his head in sorrow.

"Father," murmured the pallid lips; "forgive me, if you can."

Durant made no reply.

The dying man spoke again, but no one could hear what he said.

A second time he tried to make himself heard, but in vain. Isez leaned over him and listened; he caught only the words, "Rue du Pot-de-fer."

And then, without another sound or sign, with only one great gasp, the youth died.

Durant was as one stunned. He was led away by his servants, while Isez disposed decently on the bed the corpse of the wretched young man. He had hardly finished this task when Durant came into the room, dressed in his uniform and wearing his orders, his bearing erect, his gait steady, and his eye firm and clear.

"Our horses are ready," said he to Isez, "your horse and mine. You return home. I go to the authorities to give myself up for murder."

What could Isez reply? They rode away together, and as soon as they entered Paris the Colonel went off at a trot, while Isez rode on quietly to his home. He found Manette much alarmed by his absence during the night.

"Was the Duke very bad, dying? Or did you fall in with highwaymen?" This she asked with a smile. Isez made no actual answer, but asked for his coffee. As usual, the old woman was a long time preparing it, and when Isez found fault with her she echoed his complaints, and endorsed his threats. But at length she brought the

coffee, so well made that he forgave her all delays, and while he drank she talked.

"I have made up my old quarrel with the *concierge*, monsieur. She is a good woman, and has a brother who lives in the Rue du Pot-de-fer. As soon as she mentioned her brother I made it up with her."

"But why?" said Isez; "do you want to marry him?"

"Ah, monsieur must have his joke," laughed Manette; "no, but I could not rest until I found out about the house where monsieur went that evening in April. The brother says that the door by which monsieur entered was never there but the one night. A bit of the wall was knocked down, and a door set up; and after monsieur had been and gone the door was taken away, and the wall rebuilt with the old bricks, so that no one could see that any tricks had been played with it."

"Ah, my good Manette, but why all that mystery? And is there no front to the house?"

"Of the reason for the mystery I know nothing; but the brother says that the front of the house is No. 7, Rue du Pèlerin."

"Perhaps," returned Isez, indifferently; but he went out immediately and took his way to the Rue du Pèlerin. He felt persuaded that when Eugène Durant spoke with his dying breath those words, "Rue du Pot-de-fer," he referred to the house where Isez had found the white invalid. There must be some connection between that strange being and the young man who had so disgraced himself, and had come to so tragic an end at the hand of his own father.

No. 7, Rue du Pèlerin was an ordinary-looking house, standing flush with other middle-class houses, and having nothing remarkable about it. The jalousies of the windows were closed, and the whole place appeared uninhabited. A stout, middle-aged woman appeared to be the *concierge*. She was unwilling to admit Isez; and it was only after long parleying and many assurances that he had been there before as surgeon to an invalid, that she allowed him to enter. As soon as he had permission to do so, he ascended the stairs, and on the first floor found the doors all locked and barred. He knocked several times, but no reply came. He was about to ascend another flight and make further efforts, when a man came running down the stairs, and was recognised by Isez as one of the lackeys whom he had seen on the night of his adventure.

"Monsieur," said Isez, addressing the man, who was now in ordinary dress, "I have come to inquire after the health of the gentleman in white. It is about time that he was again let blood."

"He has given no orders on the subject," was the man's reply.

"I have also a message for him," said Isez; "I spent last night at the house of Colonel Hénon-Durant."

The countenance of the man showed surprise and interest. "Come with me." They went up the stairs and entered the ante-chamber, where now the white furniture was soiled and shabby.

"Be seated, M. Isez," said the lackey, "and tell me what you have to say."

Isez then told the story of what had happened on the previous evening, but without naming the name of the black horseman. As he spoke he saw that the man's interest was aroused and increased. At the point of the robbery a cunning smile played over the face of the servant, but at the account of the death of the young Eugène Durant the man held his breath and listened with the most eager excitement.

"What—what was the name——?"

"Eugène Hénon-Durant, son of Colonel ——"

"It is he!" exclaimed the man. "Dead, dead!"

"Your master?" said Isez.

"My master, and dead—all over—the strange masquerade, the rollicking life, the escapades on the roads, the purses of gold, the splendid furniture, the practical jokes, the magnificent suppers—and he is dead, and all is over! Well, better that than a madhouse, to which it must have come at last!"

"Was he then insane?" asked Isez.

"At times. Oh, his life was a strange one. Perhaps for a week living quietly with his father; then some night he would take to the road, either with us or alone, and he would ride in here in the early morning with money and valuables, and he would send us out to bring in all that was expensive and delicious, and we would feast and gamble and live the wildest life while the money lasted, after which would begin again the round of Colonel Durant's quiet home, and the road once more. And he is dead, and what shall we do?"

"On that evening in April," said Isez, "when I was last here, was the young gentleman in his right mind?"

"Sir, drink and play made him often

insane. He had once a wild fancy to fill this house with everything white; and when that was done, he found himself ill at ease, and sent me with a note to summon you to bleed him. After that evening funds got low. Our whiteness was quickly smirched. He and I robbed many a traveller, and many a mail. My fellow-lackey generally kept house here with the *concierge* guarding the front door, and a porter guarding the garden entrance. But if Eugène is dead, then all is over. We must take care of ourselves. Sir, we must go, lest the officers of justice find us."

With those words the man passed into the second room. There sat the other lackey, practising some trick by which to cheat at cards.

"Eugène is dead; let us save ourselves!"

The two men went into the bedroom—formerly that of the unhappy Eugène. They snatched up the firearms which stood in the corners, and opening what looked like the door of a cupboard, stepped out on a landing of the main staircase. They ran down, and Isez saw them no more. Whether they continued to act as highwaymen, he never knew, but he thought that they were hardly likely to repent and amend.



The surgeon gazed with a sort of sad wonder on the soiled white furniture, on a heap of dirty white gloves, and another of dirty white stockings. Drink and play and insanity explained the mystery of the Rue du Pot-de-fer, as they explain many another mystery. Shaking his head as he went, Isez left the ghastly apartments, and by the main staircase arrived at the hall door. It stood ajar, as it had been left by the lackeys. Isez closed it, and walked away.

Mlle. Aïssé, in writing * of the murder of Eugène Hénon-Durant by his father, says that the Colonel "went immediately to ask for pardon; everyone was of opinion that it should be granted. A good man finding his son to be a highwayman is overwhelmed with such grief that his brain may well give way under it."

But Jean François Isez never forgot the invalid in white, and the highwayman in black—one and the same miserable young man.

* Letter IX.

In Leadenhall Market.

By Arthur Morrison.

LEADENHALL MARKET is a changed place since fifteen years ago. Broad arcades and plate-glass fronts stand where stood and tumbled those singular shops in which no man could tell exactly where the main structure of the building left off and the hutches, boxes, boards, benches, and stock began; where the ways were devious and men's elbows brushed as near either side as they may have done any time since the market was founded by good Sir Richard Whittington, in the year of our Lord 1408. Other things have changed beside the shops; by statute of 1533 no beef might here be sold for more than a halfpenny a pound, nor mutton for more than a halfpenny half-farthing. Nowadays this good old law is defied shamelessly.

But the demolition of 1880 left us something. It did not sweep away everything of hutches, boxes, boards, baskets, and smell; thanks be to the Corporation for that they left us Ship Tavern Passage.

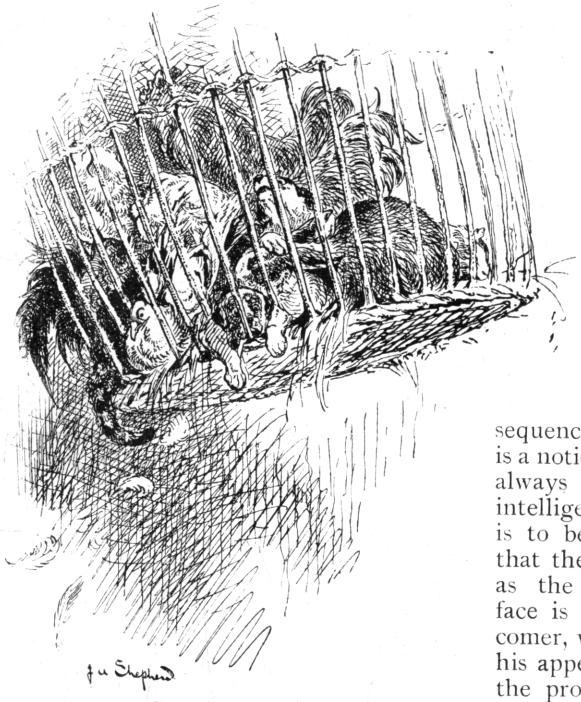
Dear old Ship Tavern Passage! Cumbered with cages, boxes, and baskets, littered with straw, sand, and sawdust; filled with barks and yelps, crows and clucks, and the smell of mice and rabbits! What living thing, short of a hippopotamus, have I not bought there in one of those poky little shops, the door to which is a hole, framed round with boxes full of living things, and guarded by tied dogs perpetually attempting to get at each other across the opening. In the days when the attic was devoted to surreptitious guinea-pigs, when white rats escaped from the school desk, and when grown sisters' dislike of mice seemed insane, then was Ship Tavern Passage a dream of delight.

What a delightful door is one such as these to a boy! Here is a box full of pigeons—puffy pouters, neckless and almost headless. On top of this another box full of rabbits—mild-eyed nibblers with tender pink noses, with ears at lop, half-lop, cock, and the rest. On this, again, there are guinea-pigs; and, still higher, a mighty crowing and indignant cock, in a basket.



"FRAMED ROUND WITH BOXES."

What differing emotions do the inscriptions on many boards convey to different minds! "Small reptiles on hand" is an inspiriting

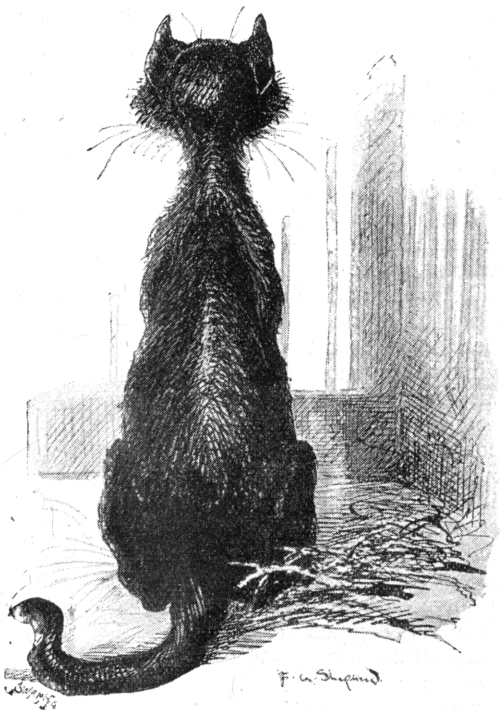


"A WICKER CAGE."

legend to the schoolboy who keeps green lizards and tame snakes; but his sister, his mother, or his aunt—well, she shudders, and instinctively rubs the palm of *her* hand on her muff. She turns with relief to the milder announcement, "Gentles always in stock," and, sorely misled by the name, wonders why Johnny, instead of nasty lizards, can't keep a dear little, pretty, tame gentle, with soft fur, and trustful brown eyes; afterwards being much edified to find that she has recommended the addition of maggots to the juvenile vivarium.

Nobody knows how well animals of different species may agree together till visiting Leadenhall Market. Here you shall often see hung up in one of those wicker cages, of shape like a haystack, a congeries of cocks and hens, ducks, guinea-pigs, and puppies that shall astonish you by its amiability. They do not fight, being bound together by a bond of common interest—the desire to get out. They cannot fight, if they want to, being packed much too tightly; wherein we see how bodily tribulation and discomfort may bring about moral regeneration and peaceful manners. Indeed, we have here, in these cages and boxes, a number of small nations or states; for, no matter how amicably the inhabitants of each may exist together, beaks and claws are ever ready to reach out whenever possible for attack between the bars of cages adjoining.

All the stock isn't kept in crowds, however. It doesn't do. Here is an old tom-cat, for instance, who would scarcely be a safe companion for half a dozen doves, or white mice; a handsome, wicked-looking old chap who won't allow any liberties. And here is another, just as wicked-looking, and not at all handsome. He has begun to despair of anybody ever buying him, and is crusty in consequence of being a drug in the market. It is a noticeable thing that every animal here, always excepting the cats, shows a most intelligent and natural anxiety as to who is to become its owner. They all know that they are here for sale, quite as well as the shopkeeper himself; and every face is anxiously turned toward each new comer, while a rapid estimate is taken of his appearance, dress, manners, disposition, the probable character of his house, and the quantity of table-scraps therein available. All this, as I have said, with the

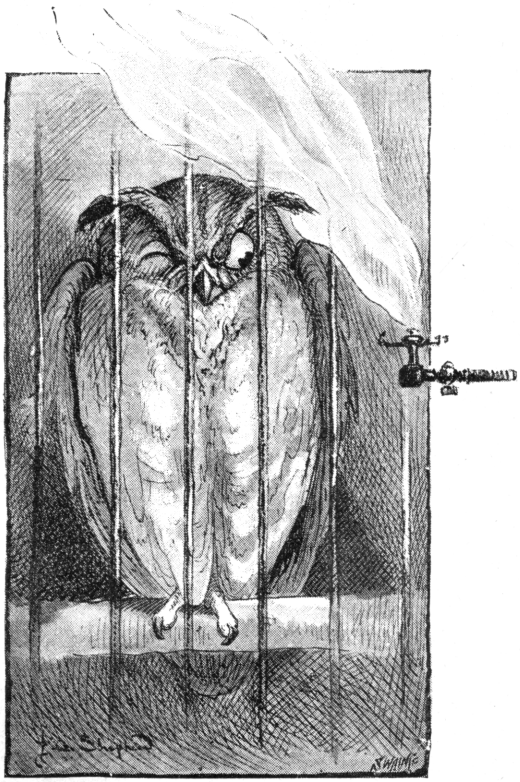


"A DRUG IN THE MARKET."

exception of the cats. A cat has too high a sense of his own dignity and worth to betray any such degrading interest in human beings. Therefore he stares calmly and placidly at nothing, giving an occasional lick to a paw, and receiving whatever endearments may be offered from outside with the lofty inattention of a cast ornament. He does this with an idea of enhancing his own value, and of inflaming the mind of the passer-by with un uncontrollable desire to become connected with so exclusive a cat; quite like the cook on show at a registry office, who lifts her nose and stares straight ahead, to impress the newly arrived lady with the belief that she isn't at all anxious for an engagement, and could scarcely, in any case, condescend so far as to have anything to do with *her*. At the same time, like the cook, the cat is the sharpest listener, and the most observant creature in all this shop, in his own sly way. Watch the casual air with which he turns his head as a stranger passes the shop—to look, of course, at something else altogether, upon which he finally allows his gaze to rest. Note, too, as he gazes on this immaterial something, how his ears lift and open to their widest. The stranger has come about a dog. The ears resume their usual aspect, and the gaze returns to the same far-away nothing as before.

But this unhandsome ruffian has waited so long, and has been disappointed so often, that he shows signs of losing the placidity proper to his nature. Being an unusually good mouser, he has a certain contempt for such cats as have nothing to recommend them but their appearance; and the natural savagery of unrecognised genius is aggravated by the sight of white rats and mice across the shop, where he can't reach them and prove his capabilities. So he makes vicious snaps and dabs at boys who poke their fingers between the bars, and will probably swear horribly at the next lady customer who says she doesn't want that horrid-looking beast.

This is not a place where any animal fond of a quiet life would come of its own accord. Here is a most respectable owl, whose ideas of the order of things are seriously outraged by its surroundings. A quiet wing-stretch at night is out of the question, because of the cage; and any attempt at going to sleep during the day in that whirl of yells, crows, barks, and light is—well, there! But he has been put high up in the darkest available corner by a considerate tradesman, and makes a shift for forty winks now and again. He is justly indignant at things in general, and meditates upon them in solemn sulkiness in the intervals of his little naps. As the proper centre of the universe, he contemplates the rebellion of its conditions against his comfort with gloomy anger until he falls asleep. Whenever he does this a customer is sure to arrive, and wish to look at something hard by his corner. The dealer extends a match to an adjacent gas-jet, and, with a pop, a great flame springs into being a foot from the owl's beak. Promptly one eye opens, and projects upon that gaslight a glare of puckered indignation. You observe, he never opens but one eye—the eye nearer his object of attention. "Why take unnecessary trouble?" reflects the sage; and,



"A GLARE OF PUCKERED INDIGNATION."

sooth to tell, in that one eye is gathered enough of wrath to put out any flame produced by any but the most impudent of gas companies. And though this flame be unaffected, still let us learn from this feathered philosopher, when the world gets out of joint, and all things tempt us to anger—to wink the other eye.

Other birds here, besides the owl, like a quiet life, and don't get it. All such pigeons as lie within boy-reach are among these, as well as some within man-reach. It is notorious that no pigeon can show his points, or even his breed, properly, unless stimulated and prodded thereunto with clucks, whistles, sticks, and fingers. "Bill," says a boy, "look at this'n; tumbler, ain't he?" and he does what he can to make the victim tumble by means of a long lead pencil brought against the legs. "No," observes his companion, sagely, "he's a fantail, only he won't fan"; and thereupon tries a prod with a stick. This failing to produce the desired effect, it seems evident that the luckless bird must be a pouter, so that another prod becomes necessary, to make him pout. But he won't pout, and, as he won't make the least attempt to carry the lead pencil, even when thumped with the stick, obviously he can't be a carrier. The shopkeeper coming out very hurriedly at this stage of the diagnosis, the consultation is promptly removed to some distance off. More pretentious connoisseurs than these contribute an occasional poke, with an idea of getting the bird to show his height; and, altogether, from the retiring pigeon's point of view, Leadenhall Market might be a less exciting place.

But some pigeons are used to excitement,



THE PUBLIC—FROM A PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW

and no boy who whistles along through the Market is half sharp enough to beat them. Look about you, young and green pigeon-fancier, and see, if, perchance, there be a bird about here which you remember at some time to have loved, bought, and lost—all, perhaps, in a single day. If so, he is probably one of the sort I mean. He lives a gay and fluttering life, staying a day or two with everybody, but always returning to one place. He is what a fancier, careless of his speech, will call a "dead homer," in spite of his being so very much alive and locomotive that human sight, week after week, fails to follow his course. He is a man-of-the-world sort of pigeon, this. Knows his way about London—ay, and any



"A DEAD HOMER."

amount of the country round it—as well as ever did Mr. Sam Weller. He knows people too, and their little ways; with the number of owners he has had, a very slug must become a knowing card. Look at the innocent old chap. If you be unskilled in avian physiognomy, what more simple and guileless creature could you carry home from here, with the certainty of keeping him obediently with you for ever? But he who once has owned and lost him sees within the eye of rectitude the wink of absquatulation. The rogue recognises his old buyer again, but makes no sign; so skilled in human nature is he, and so contemptuous of it, that he allows for the offchance of being bought again, and taken to a place which will revive old memories as well as bring a change of air and diet, and from which the road back is familiar. For there is an owner to whom this otherwise fickle bird is ever true, and from whom nothing short of solitary confinement can keep him, an owner who fully reciprocates his affection, and receives him back after each excursion with a delight which springs from the cornermost depths of his trousers pocket.



"OF UNINVITING ASPECT."

But the chief article of living merchandise here is the dog; so much so that the customary greeting of the dealers is, "Want to buy a little dawg, sir?" regardless of the rest of their stock. You observe that they always mention a *little* dog, although dogs of all sizes, kinds, colours, and shapes are here to buy. This may possibly be because just now the fashion largely runs to little dogs—fox-terriers and the like; but I rather think it is said with a view of conveying, by a wily sophism, an idea of the pecuniary smallness of the suggested transaction—just as a tradesman talks of a "little bill" or a card-sharper of a "little game." Once having engaged the victim by the administration of this fallacy—well, it only remains to do business with him, the manner of which business it is easy to learn by the practical expedient of buying a dog.

Nervous men do not like buying dogs at Leadenhall Market. "I'll show you the dog to suit you, sir," says the dealer; "just step this way," that way being into the shop. But at the door of the shop stands, sits, or hangs about on the end of a chain a certain bulldog of uninviting aspect. He isn't demonstrative—never barks or snaps; he just hangs his mouth and looks at you. It is wonderful to observe the amount of shyness acquired by a man not naturally bashful by the mere help of this dog's presence; at times it really seems a pity that some of it cannot be made to last. People who have never been known to refuse an invitation before hesitate at that of the dealer; because, even suppose Cerberus passed, the shrinking visitor must, with all the nonchalance and easy grace possible, walk the gauntlet between two rows of other dogs, straining to get at each other across the avenue, at the further end of which stands the dealer. After which he must be prepared to hear that the dog to suit him is being kept on the roof of the house, at the other end of many black and crooked stairs, also populated, in unexpected places, with dogs; and, possibly, after his disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hairbreadth 'scapes, to find that the dog doesn't suit him at all.

Every living creature here knows that it stands for sale, and speculates upon its prospective owner; that has already been said. Of course, the dogs show it most, and of the dogs the fox-terriers more than any. Come up a side alley, where a window gives light to a bench carrying a dozen. There they sit, ears acock, heads aside, eyes and noses directed intently towards the door. You are standing within two feet of



"WATCHING FOR THE NEXT CUSTOMER."

them, but they don't see you—they are watching for the next customer in at the door. You rap at the window or call; not one takes the trouble even to turn his head. You are not a customer, and it is only with customers that they have business. Personally I don't believe that all this is due to an interest in the visitors; I know the raffish, rat-catching ways of these fox-terriers, and am confident that they have bets among themselves—something in the nature of a sweepstake—as to who will be taken away next. Or perhaps each of these anxious little dogs is straining his eyes, and his chain, and his neck after that master who has been absent for many, many days, and who *must* come back to him soon—who *can't* have deserted him.

Certain men are seen hereabout whom nobody would expect to see anywhere else, and about whom I have a theory. These men are the exceptions that prove the Darwinian doctrine of the evolution of the human species through the monkey. In their descent from the primordial protoplasm they must have boldly skipped all the species between dog and man, so that now they carry as much external affinity to their last quadruped ancestors as other people do to the monkeys. Indeed, when you come to know them, you find them to be men of such enterprise and resource that this skipping business is just what they would have done with half a chance. Some keep shops, some help the shopkeepers, and some are free-lances. There is not a dog in the whole world that they will not undertake to get for you, at the right price, at a day's notice; if you were to demand the Dog of Montargis they would undertake to fetch it, even though they were driven to lie about its identity when produced. There is no end to their enterprise, and scarcely any to their number of big pockets. Out of these pockets stick puppies' heads, until the whole creature assumes the appearance of a sort of canine kangaroo broken out in a general eruption of pouches, with young ones in each. They are very good fellows, some of these, as a man with



"BUY A LITTLE DAWG, SIR?"

any of the characteristics of a good dog must be, so that I mean no harm when I say that I have seen many a wire muzzle which would fit the features of some of them admirably, were man as unkind to man by police regulation as to dog. And I am convinced that the reason they all wear large coats is to conceal little tails—rudimentary, perhaps, but still tails. This survival from primeval ages is not at all an affliction—on the contrary, a comfort. They quietly wag them when they have "done" a customer rather more than usually brown. This while preserving faces of the severest virtue.

Do they still sell silkworms in Leadenhall Market? I fear not: I miss the signs. In some of the old alleys the privilege was extended to boys of purchasing the eggs—little brown specks spread over a bit of paper—which were kept in a box in a warm place and never came to anything. I must have bought many pints of these eggs; the dealers probably had them in by the peck, for I verily believe they were all turnip-seed.

Singing birds are not so numerous here as they used to be—they have migrated, I believe, with a considerable reinforcement from Seven Dials, to Club Row; but an inconvenient and amusing rascal such as a jackdaw or a magpie is easy to find. If any man live a sad life—a life environed with constitutional blues—let him buy a jackdaw. The mere sight of a jackdaw scratching his head, with his leg cocked over behind his wing, is enough to cure a leaden indigestion. But when, after having one wing cut, for the first time he attempts to fly—well, the recollection brings a stitch in the side.



"WAITING TO BE BAGGED."

Now and again, during the hunting season, one may see here a fox, waiting to be bought, bagged, and set going before some pack not very far from London, where a find is out of the question. He is an impudent rascal, and will probably be hunted a good many times before encountering a kill. Maybe he has been here before; in that case, he has a poor opinion of human creatures generally, and rather enjoys his situation. He has just run up to town for a day or two, to see a little life, and presently will go back again and take a little exercise with the hounds, to put himself into condition. Then, perhaps, when he tires of country life, he will look up again for a bit, and take a little more dissipation. It's very pleasant, as a change, to live here under cover and be waited upon, but he wouldn't think of staying more than a few days—that would bore him.

A singular property of this place is the improvement effected in the shape, breed, points, and general value of an animal by the atmosphere. If a man take a dog there to sell, he will find that in the opinion of an expert dealer, who ought to know, it is too leggy, poor in the coat, bad in the markings, wrong in the size, out in the curve of the tail, too snipey in the head, outrageous in the ears, and altogether rather dear at a gift. But go in there a day or two afterwards to buy that dog, and you will be astounded to hear of the improvement that so short a sojourn has effected. It has good, clean, stocky legs, a wonderful coat, perfect marks, correct size to a shade, a tail with just the exact sweep, a good, broad head, unequalled ears, and altogether is a preposterous sacrifice at fifteen guineas. Marvellous, isn't it?

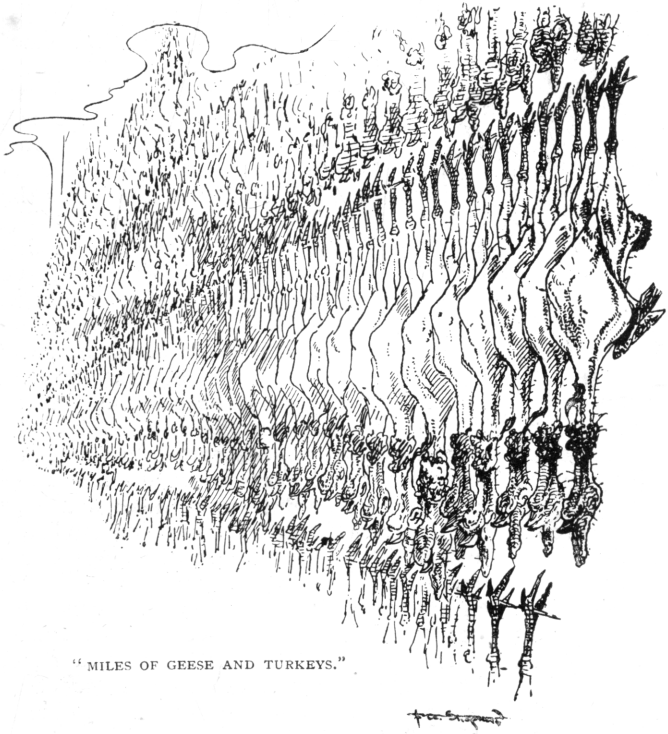
Since they are here offered for sale, one

may assume that boys still keep guinea-pigs, although for the advanced boy of to-day such pets may well seem too slow. They are most unintelligent, eat their young, and, so long as plenty of parsley is forthcoming, think very little about their owners. Once having failed to hold one up by the tail till his eyes dropped out, one would expect a boy's interest in these animals to vanish, but a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are rum, rum thoughts, as Longfellow ought to have said. Wherefore they still keep guinea-pigs. Probably they still keep green lizards and snakes; they used to do so. A friend of mine has to try to earn his living as a barrister, which is a very sad thing. It is all owing to his keeping snakes as a boy, and letting a few of them get adrift in the house of a maiden aunt. She left the premises at a moment's notice, and sold the furniture. This was only funny. Then she left all her money to a missionary society, and that was serious.

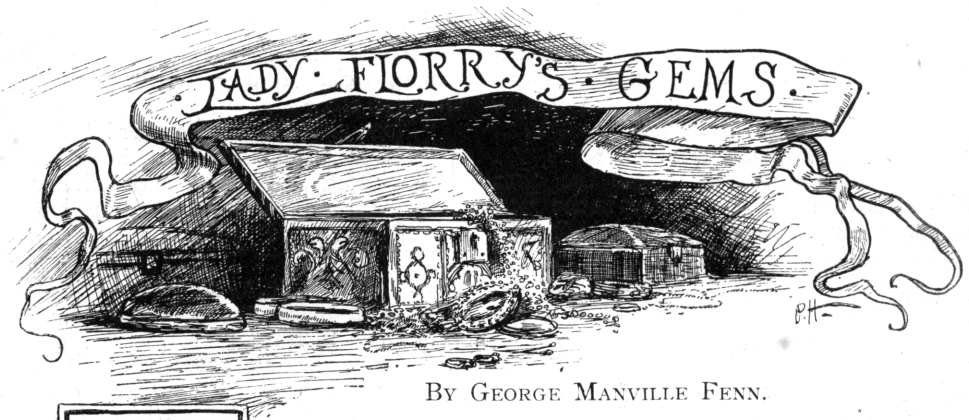


"LIVING MERCHANDISE."

Leadenhall Market, as one used to know it, is going, going; but let us hope it will never be quite gone. Long may the living merchandise resist the inroads of serried ranks of hooks, whereon hang many, many miles of plucked geese and turkeys; birds of no feather flocking together to minister to man's alimentary desires, instead of to his love for those weaker creatures which are so many ages behind him in the tale of evolution, or which have branched off by the way!



"MILES OF GEESE AND TURKEYS."



By George Manville Fenn.

CREAK! *crawk!* And then *thud! splish! splash!* and a horrible echoing, whispering sound, as the water drawn up by the two men at the winch rose some ten feet higher, where each bucket in turn was caught by a check and reversed, to pour its contents into a huge cistern to supply the drinking water at the Castle.

I, Charles Lester, had climbed the down after my early morning visit to the sea beneath the cliffs, where a plunge down into the clear depths had sent an electric thrill through me. There I had swum and dived for ten minutes, dressed in the warm sunshine, and tramped back over the cliff slope where Lord Gurtleigh's flock of Southdowns were nibbling the short dewy herbage and giving their mutton a gamey flavour by crunching up the thousands of tiny snail-shells as well.

I was satisfied with the look of the flock, laughed to myself as I thought what a farmer, bailiff, and general man of business I was growing in dear old Dick's interest, and had then gone round so as to pass through the gardens and let the men see I was about.

"I know they'll call me a nigger driver," I said to myself, "but they've all had too easy a time of it during Dick's minority, and things have been shamefully neglected." And then I mused on my plans respecting the management of the estate as I went back to the Castle, making up my mind that as Gurtleigh had placed everything in my hands, I would have none but good men about the place. Everything should be honest and above board; and so it fell out that I was walking back to my room, through the yard, at seven o'clock that bright summer morning, meaning to do a couple of hours' writing and account reading, when I heard the squealing and creaking of the wheel in the well-house with its high-pitched roof.

I turned sharply, entering the great stone-paved, wet place, where a man was grinding away on either side of the opening, and came plump—that's the correct word, and his appearance justified it—upon Brayson, the butler, standing there, slowly sipping a tumbler of water, and looking as clean-shaven and smooth as if he were by the sideboard in the dining-room, waiting at one of the meals.

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning, Brayson. Stop! Look here, my men, why, in heaven's name, don't you grease that wheel?"

The men ceased turning, and the one nearest touched his forehead.

"Be no good, sir. Her squeal again dreckerly, all on account o' the water."

"Then, grease it again, or oil it, or something!"

"Never have been greased," said the man on the other side, slowly, and in a way which seemed to say "What business is it of yours?"

"Then let it be done before to-morrow morning," I said sharply. "The whole of the machine is eaten up with rust. Where's your common sense, men? Why, your work will be as easy again.—Do you do this often, Brayson?" I said.

"Every morning, sir," he replied obsequiously. "Winter and summer, I always have a glass of this water first thing. Finest drink in the world for your health. Will you try a glass, sir?"

"Well—yes."

Before I had finished speaking, he was

rinsing the tumbler in a freshly filled tub; then, taking a clean napkin from his pocket, he wiped and polished it, finally, as one of the buckets rose out of the black, vaporous depths of the opening enclosed by the framework of the winch, he signed to the men to stop, and dipped the glass full, holding it for a few minutes in the open doorway, while a frosty dew rapidly formed on the outside of the tumbler.

"There, sir," he said solemnly, and he handed it to me as if it were a glass of his lordship's choicest champagne.

I took the glass and drank its contents.

"Capital water, Brayson."

"Finest glass in the country, sir."

"And nice and cool."

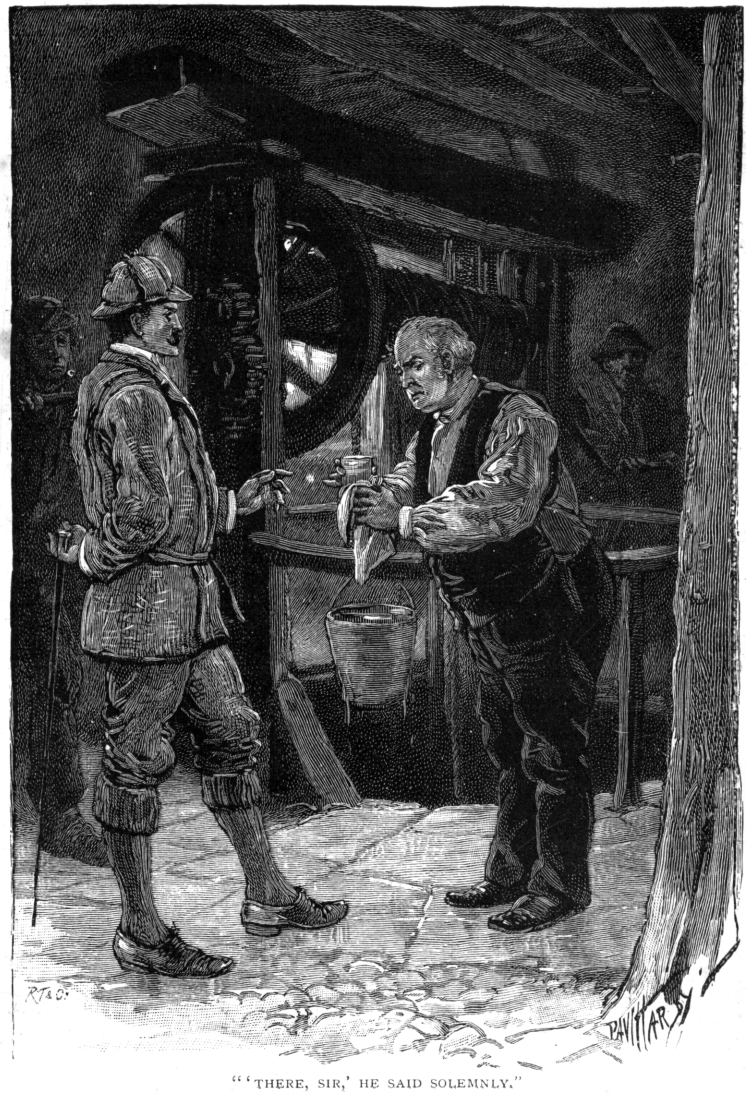
"Always the same, sir, winter or summer. Comes from so deep down. It's just a hundred feet."

"Now, after the dry weather?"

"Never alters, sir; just keeps to the same height, and there's about eighty foot of water down there; never-failing supply."

"Humph; cut right down the solid chalk," I said, as I gazed into the black depths of the huge shaft, which was about ten feet in diameter, and breathed the cool, damp air which rose.

"Yes, sir, and she's never foul," said the man nearest to me. "I've been down when they mended the bottom wheel. Can't do that at Sir Romney's place; two men choked there only last year."



"'THERE, SIR,' HE SAID SOLEMNLY."

"Year afore," growled the other man.

"Oh, weer it? So it weer."

Then the winding went on as I peered down into the gloomy place, listening to the dull, heavy plunge of the buckets as they reached the water, and then to the echoing, splashing, and hollow musical sound as the water streamed and dripped back when they rose.

"Clumsy arrangement," I said, as I turned away with a shudder; for the place was creepy and terrible and strange. "There ought to be a force-pump turned by a pony or a donkey, as at Carisbrooke. Oh! by the way, Brayson," I continued, as I was crossing the yard toward the gates, "I want to go over the wine-cellar."

"The wine-cellar, sir?" he said, and his fat face changed colour.

"Yes, to take stock. His lordship talks of laying down a fresh supply. Have your cellar book ready, and we'll begin at once." There was a slight dew on the man's face, or I fancied there was, and I said to myself, as I went round to the front:

"Master Brayson has been helping himself to a few bottles of port, and I've got to find him out. Deuced unpleasant, all this running tilt at the servants; I wish I had gone on reading for the law."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER breakfast I rang for Brayson, and began my inspection of the wine-cellar.

That took up the greater part of four days. Result: I had Brayson into the little library which was given up to me as my office, Lord Gurtleigh having merely reserved to himself the right to come of an evening and smoke a pipe.

Brayson came in looking very pale and sodden. In those four days he had lost flesh; and, as he stood before me, the miserable wretch perspired profusely and was trembling.

"Now, look here, Brayson," I said gravely, "you are aware that Lord Gurtleigh has placed everything in my hands."

"Yes, sir, his lordship told me so."

"Exactly. Well, I am very sorry to have to exercise my prerogative so soon; but I must make an example. You were in the late Lord Gurtleigh's service fifteen years, and for the past seven years you have had sole charge of that valuable cellar of wine which has been shamefully plundered. What have you to say?"

His lips moved, but no words came.

"Nothing? Well, I have a little to say. Give me your keys. I shall have the plate examined at once. His lordship will be extremely loth to have you prosecuted, but you must leave here; and I can only say, how could you be so mad as to throw away so good a post?"

"Oh, for God's sake forgive me, sir!" he cried passionately, and crying now like a child. "I'll confess everything, sir. The plate is all right, sir—I swear it is, sir; but I did take a little wine.

"A little, man! hundreds of dozens are missing."

"Yes, sir, it's true, sir; but have mercy on me, sir. I'll turn over a new leaf, sir, and be the best servant his lordship could have, sir. I did sell some wine, sir; I was tempted, sir. No one ever wanted to know about it before in all these years."

"And now the day of reckoning has come."

"Yes, sir; but I will mind, sir. For Heaven's sake forgive me, sir. I've a wife and family, sir; and it's ruin to me. You know it is. I can never get another place with a character like that. I'll be the best of servants, sir. I'll be your slave, sir, and I'll confess everything, sir, and show you



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE FORGIVE ME, SIR."

what's been going on in the stables, and at the farm, and in the garden, and about the hares and fezzans, sir."

"I can find out for myself," I said, sternly; "and Lord Gurtleigh wants an honest butler, not a contemptible tale-bearing spy."

"Of course, sir; of course. But, Mr. Lester, sir, have mercy on me, sir. Indeed I'll turn over a new leaf."

"Then go and turn it over, man, and don't grovel before me in that way. Let me see that you do repent. But, mind this, if the slightest act of dishonesty comes to my ken, there will be no more mercy."

"God bless you, sir; thank you, sir," he sobbed out. "I——, I——."

He could say no more; but broke down, and stood with his face working.

"Sit down, Brayson, till you are more composed," I said, quietly. "There is cold water in that carâfe; take some. Don't let the servants see you in this condition."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," he whispered hoarsely, and the glass tapped against the bottle as he poured out some water and drank it.

"Weak, drinks more than is good for him—excepting the cold water from the well every morning to steady his nerves," I said to myself as soon as Brayson had gone. "Well, I hope he will turn out right, and that I have made a friend."

CHAPTER III.

THE months glided on, and after a great deal of anxiety I could honestly feel that I was getting Gurtleigh's little kingdom into a fair state, when one night we had a shock. I was in the little library, poring over some papers sent down by his lordship's solicitor, about which a reply was needed. I had been speaking to Dick about it over our coffee, and he had replied, "Well, you know best. Don't bother me! Go and get it done, and then we'll have a quiet cigar. I'll join you in an hour."

He joined me in half that time, dashing into the library excitedly.

"Charley, old man!" he cried. "Quick, there's something wrong!"

"What!" I cried as excitedly. "Lady Florry——"

"Yes," he panted, "went up to her dressing-room. The door was locked. There must be——"

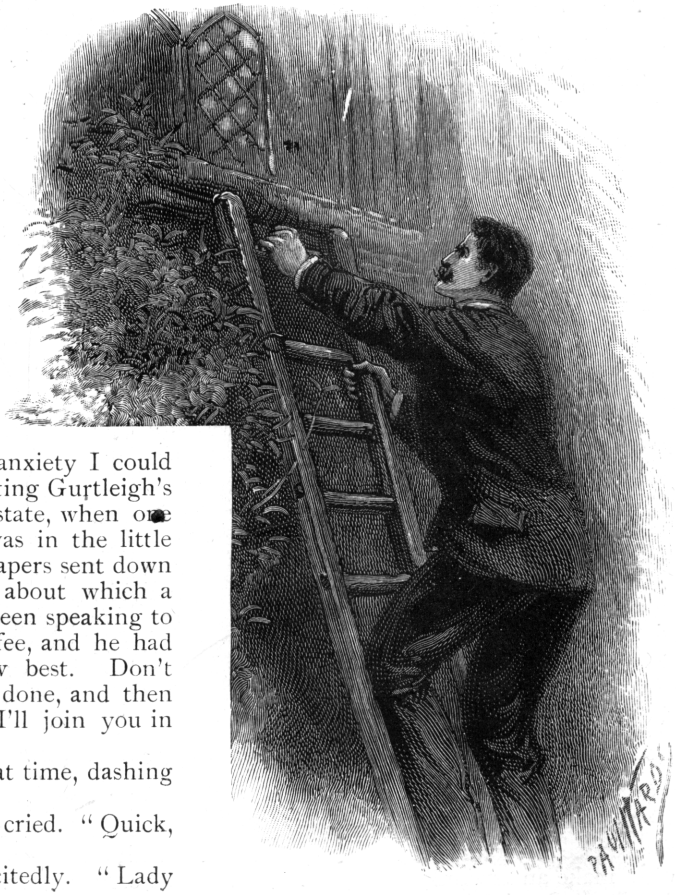
"Burglars!" I cried. "Quick, call the servants! Go up and guard that door, and send someone round to me!"

"Where are you going?"

"Under your windows," I cried, throwing open the one at the end of the room; and, springing out, I ran round to the front of the house, fully expecting to see one of the farm ladders reared up against the broad stone balcony which ran along the first floor. There it was, in the dim light, which was sufficiently strong for me to see that the window was open.

I did not hesitate a moment. "Burglars are always cowards," I reasoned, and I ran up the ladder and dashed to the window, thinking, though, that I should be awkwardly situated if our visitors had revolvers.

But no shot welcomed me as I stepped in, took a little match-box from my pocket,



"I RAN UP THE LADDER."

struck a light, and held it above my head. Nothing to be seen, so I stepped forward, lit the candles on the toilette-table, and peered about.

"Hullo!" cried a voice behind me, and Lord Gurtleigh sprang into the room. "Anyone there?"

"No," I said, "we are too late."

A minute's search proved that I was right, and then we turned to the door, which was carefully bolted on the inside; and, as we threw it open, there stood Brayson, the footman, and a couple of grooms, while voices behind us told that help was ready below, the gardeners and stablemen having been called up.

"Mind!" I shouted, running to the window, "keep back on the grass; there may be footprints there—I shall want to examine."

Then I stood thinking for a moment before issuing my orders as promptly as I could, sending grooms off mounted to summon the police, and then ride on to the railway station, and ask for help to detain any suspicious-looking people; while the gardeners went to scour the grounds and rouse the keepers, watchers, and people at the nearest farms.

It all proved labour in vain, and towards morning I sat fagged out—after despatching a telegram to the county town and another to London—talking to Lord and Lady Gurtleigh.

"I wouldn't care twopence," said the former, "but they've got jewels that are priceless. All poor Florry's pearls, which came from the Guicowar of Badjar Aman, and the old family diamonds."

"Don't fret, Dick, dear," said Lady Gurtleigh, quietly; "it's a great pity, but I will not mind. I daresay Charles Lester will get them back for me."

"Bless your faith," I cried, unable to repress a smile, in spite of my chagrin; "what a wonderful man you two think I am!"

"Well," said my old college chum, giving the table a rap with his fist, "wonderful or no, I do say this, if anyone can get them back it's dear old Charley here."

"Indeed!" I said, "then my dear Lady Florry, try and be resigned, for your jewels are gone for ever, unless the detectives can run the scoundrels down."

"What, have you sent for the detectives?" cried Gurtleigh.

"Of course."

"How delightful," cried Lady Gurtleigh, clapping her hands, "it will be like reading a romance."

"Humph!" ejaculated Gurtleigh, "she's not going to break her heart about the jewels."

"I should think not, indeed, dear," she cried, merrily. "They haven't killed us to get the nasty things. There now, you two poor tired creatures are to smoke a cigar each, and I'll ring for some coffee."

She rang, and Brayson appeared looking sadly troubled and bearing a tray.

"I took the liberty, my lady," he began.

"Oh, Brayson, how good of you!"

"Yes," said Lord Gurtleigh; "but, I say Brayson; you should have brought the brandy too."

"I did, my lord, I have it outside here on a tray."

"All your doing, Charley," said Gurtleigh as soon as we were alone, "that chap's getting quite a moral, as they say down here. Here's to you, dear boy, and I hope Florry is right."

The police were soon on the spot, and at once created a revolution among the servants, who threatened to leave in a body on finding that they were suspected. The upper-housemaid being particularly demonstrative and full of angry demands that the police sergeant should search her box.

But they did not trace the thieves, neither did they make any discoveries through the pawnbrokers or diamond merchants, and the months rolled on, and it was summer once again.

"It isn't your fault, old man," Gurtleigh said to me one day when they were down at the Castle again, after spending the winter in Italy, "and, look here, I taboo the topic. Whenever we meet, you begin going on about those confounded jewels. I don't mind now, and Florry doesn't mind, so let them rest. Anyone would think they were yours, you make so much fuss."

But I could only think about those lost stones, and Lady Gurtleigh's words that if they were found it would be by me. How I had pondered over their loss, and suspected different people, but only to feel guilty afterwards of misjudging them. For again and again I had felt convinced that the theft had been committed by someone who knew the place and our habits; hence I argued that it must have been one of the out-door servants—groom, gardener, farm labourer, or perhaps even a keeper. I grew more convinced of this as time glided by; for it seemed to me that those jewels must be buried or hidden somewhere, with the

thief waiting his time till he could find an opportunity for disposing of them safely. I don't know how it was, but the gardener excited most of my suspicion, and I used to go about the grounds at all hours pondering upon likely places where they could have been buried—under newly planted trees, in vineries, under forcing frames, in pots or tubs in the conservatories. Then the labourers, the men who could be handy with ladders, had their turn in my suspicions, and, with my monomania increasing, I wandered about haystacks and farm buildings, peered under thatches and eaves, and pondered over the tiles and stones of floors.

"Those jewels never reached London!" I used to declare to myself as I wandered about with my walking-stick (one made of steel, heavily varnished, and so sharp at the point that I could use it as a probe to thrust into the ground amongst roots, or into stacks or thatches, in the hope of discovering the hidden gems). There were times when I told myself it was all imagination, especially when I was wearied out and felt that I had searched everywhere, and one night I thought that I would follow Lord Gurtleigh's advice, and give the matter up.

Result: I woke the next morning, and went down to the sea for my plunge in the deep hole beneath the cliffs determined to proceed, and with a peculiar belief that sooner or later I should find those gems.

CHAPTER IV.

A GREAT change had resulted from my management, I must own. The people about the place had found out that I was not to be trifled with, and it was quite cheering to find how they settled down to the work. But I did not relax my vigilance. I was out early every morning and about the place, fine weather or foul, and for months past I had encountered smiles where there used to be scowls. One bright June morning I descended the cliff and reached the great chalk rock, where I undressed, stood for a few moments with the early sunshine full upon me and reflected from the high cliff, as I gazed down into the dark depths of the clear water before making my dive. Then I leaped right out, parted the cool, bracing fluid, and dived right down to see how long I could stay below before rising again, and repeating the performance, feeling for the moment what an excellent diver I was, and directly after how feeble my efforts were as compared with those of a seal.

"I ought to have gone right to the bottom," I said to myself, as I was dressing; "who knows but what the jewels may have been thrown in there. Not a bad hiding-place," I mused, "but no, not likely."

I walked back sharply, and, as of old, the rushing and splash in the well-house saluted me as I crossed the yard, thinking that if it had not been for my old friend's heavy loss I should have persuaded him to let me design new machinery for raising the water supply.

Brayson's words had so impressed me that it had grown into a habit to take my glass of cold water after my bath, and one was kept on a shelf on purpose for my use, one of the men thrusting in the winch-stop when a bucket was level, and filling the glass as a matter of course as soon as I was seen crossing the yard.

That morning, as I stood in the well-house, sipping the clear, cold fluid, and listening to the trickling and echoing splashing of the falling water, I gave quite a start, and involuntarily peered down into the horrible-looking black hole.

The next minute I had tossed off the remains of my draught, and hurried away, trembling lest my excitement should have been noted by the men; for, like an inspiration, the thought had come to me, "The jewels are hidden down there!"

Instead of turning into the gardens, as I generally did, I hurried in, and up to my own room, to finish dressing, but with my cheeks burning and temples throbbing, calling myself fool, madman; telling myself that it was impossible, improbable to a degree; that there were a million more likely places for the jewels to have been hidden, and that to throw them down there was to cast them away for ever.

But all these arguments were vain against the hourly growing feeling that I had at last hit upon the spot where the stolen gems were hidden.

Why had I not thought of that place before? I don't know. Perhaps it was too simple, perhaps too impossible. Suffice it, I never had till now, and the idea had suddenly become a fever, which went on increasing for quite a week, when, unable to combat the feeling longer, I gave way.

"There must be something in it," I said to myself, "or I should not be haunted in this fashion. Superstition? Perhaps; but whether it is that, or madness, or folly, I



"I LOWERED THE LIGHT."

shall never rest till I have searched that well."

As soon as I had made up my mind to this, my first thought was to consult Lord Gurtleigh, but I cast that out at once.

"He'll ridicule it," I said, "I can't make him feel as I do;" and, although I would have gladly given anything for a confidant, I felt that I must act alone, and keep my actions hidden—no easy task—from everyone about the place.

It was like a fit of insanity, quite a monomania; but I was determined, and from that hour began to think out my plans.

The simplest thing would have been to empty the well; but that was impossible. No amount of drawing water had the slightest effect, for the diggers had tapped the huge reservoirs extending beneath the mighty chalk range running east and west of the vast spur upon which the castle stood dominating the sea. There could be no draining the well, and, even had it been possible, I should not have felt disposed to propose such a thing; for I wanted to keep my actions secret in case it was all a fancy engendered by the sight of the place.

That night, with a feeling of certainty that I had as good as found the jewels which had been hidden there for the reasons I had already settled, I made my way to the well-house after everyone had retired for the night.

I had provided myself with a lantern, matches, and a reel, upon which were a hundred yards of salmon line from Lord Gurtleigh's tackle, and, lastly, a heavy plummet, beneath which I hung a little grapnel formed of hooks securely bound back to back.

The place looked very grim and repellent as I carefully closed the doors. All was silent and black, and when a drop of water dripped from the great cistern overhead it fell with a splash far below, which echoed from the slimy sides of the well in a peculiar way that was almost startling. But I was too hot upon my project, and, carefully lighting my lantern in one corner, I tried to keep it covered over till I had attached the end of the line to the lantern-ring, and swung it down over the side into the well.

"Nobody is likely to be watching the place," I thought, as I lowered the light for ten or a dozen feet; and then, as I looked over the rail, I began to search for what I expected to find, to wit, a string attached somewhere to the side—a string that I had settled in my own mind would be attached to the packet lowered down.

But I walked slowly round, examining carefully, and specially about the massive oaken cross beams which supported the

bucket wheel, and there was no result. I could see nothing but the stout rope, which rose up from the darkness, passed over the wheel by the cistern, and went down again into the black depths—two ropes, as it were, three feet apart, about the centre of the great shaft, nothing more.

I drew the lantern a little higher, then lowered it; and again more and more, but there was no string, and, bitterly disappointed, I let the light go down and down, stopping several times, and listening, in fear lest the clicking made by the salmon winch might draw attention to my task; and at last the echoing sound seemed so loud that I twisted the line about the railing, and stole to the door and listened.

All was still, and I went back to peer down at the lantern swinging softly to and fro fully fifty feet down. And now, after loosening the line, I let it run out with the lantern descending, past the buckets, till I caught a faint gleam just beneath it, and then I could just see part of a wheel standing out of the black water, the beams which held it being beneath the surface, the light burning clearly and showing that there was no foul air.

As I rapidly wound the lantern up, I saw once more the two buckets about halfway down. Then, as I went on winding, they seemed to be descending, but of course it was the lantern coming up, and directly after I had it in my hand, untied it, and attached my grapnel. This I held over the well, and the weight ran it out rapidly. I heard it strike the water, and then on and on it went to what seemed to be a tremendous depth, before it touched bottom.

Then I began to drag here and there, pulling it in all directions, expecting every moment to feel a check, and when at last I did, my heart seemed to leap; but, as I lifted, it was only to find that a hook had caught against the bottom.

I kept this up for about a couple of hours, passing from one side of the draw wheels to the other after hauling up; but my efforts were in vain. I hooked nothing, and at last, in despair at my ill-success, I wound up, meaning to put the work off for another night, when all at once there was a sharp check, which nearly snatched the wheel out of my hand, and I knew that I had caught against one of the cross-beams that supported the lower wheel beneath the water. After a great deal of snatching and tugging the line was free, but at the expense of many yards left below, and my plummet and grapnel left sticking in the beam.

"Enough for to-night," I said to myself, opening my lantern and blowing out the candle.

Then throwing back the doors, I stood listening, fancying I had heard a step, but all was silent, and I crossed the yard, let myself in, and went to bed, but not to sleep. For I lay tossing from side to side, more convinced than ever that the jewels lay at the bottom of that well.

Why? I don't know: I only tell you what I thought, and, though I had dragged so unsuccessfully, and felt that I was not likely to recover them in that very primitive way, feeling as I did that the beams would prevent me from thoroughly searching the bottom, I was more determined than ever, and by sunrise had made up my mind what to do.

CHAPTER V.

I ROSE that morning an hour earlier than usual, and went down for my customary bathe.

As I reached the shore I searched about till I had found a couple of chalk boulders to my taste, and carried these to the top of the rock off which I regularly made my plunge, and laid them there.

"An Englishman ought to be as clever as a nigger," I said as I undressed, and I stooped and picked up one of the stones and gazed down into the deep water. "Seems a mad thing to do," I muttered; and then, feeling that if I hesitated I should fail, I took my leap, struck the water with a tremendous splash, and then went down like an arrow, lower and lower till quite in dismay I unclasped my hands from the stone and rose rapidly to the surface. "It's easy enough," I thought, as my head shot into the sunshine; and, climbing back, I took the other stone, contriving to glide off from close to the surface with the weight nipped between my knees.

This time I went down feet first till the water began to grow dark, when the stone slipped, and I again shot up, rather breathless, but encouraged by my success. I tried that experiment for half a dozen times more and continued it for a week, morning after morning, providing myself now with short lengths of line to tie round the stones to form a handle, and practising till I could seize a stone, plunge in with it, and let it drag me rapidly to the bottom, where I loosened



"IT'S EASY ENOUGH."

my grasp after trying how long I could stay; and towards the last, after finding that I could easily stay down a minute, I always rose with some small stones or a handful of pebbles from the bottom.

"I can go East and turn pearl diver now," I said, "if everything else fails;" and, quite satisfied with the confidence acquired by my skill in diving, I prepared one night for a venture which rather chilled me as the time approached.

It was a mad plan, and I knew it. I felt that I was quite a monomaniac; but I was blindly determined, and one night found me, lantern-armed, and provided with matches, shut up in the well-house.

I had stolen out about one, with every nerve strung to the highest pitch, and a horrible feeling of dread sending a shiver through me; but I honestly believe that, if at that moment the danger of my task had been twice as great, the bull-dog obstinacy within me would have carried me through.

But the danger was great enough, I well knew, as I set down on the humid floor the load I had brought, and then lit the lantern, and placed it on the framework of the great winch. Then lighting a piece of wax candle, I fixed that on the other side of the well by letting a little of the wax drip on the stout rail.

"So far so good," I said to myself, as I resolutely drove back horrible suggestions, set my teeth, and threw off the ulster I wore, to stand ready in an old football jersey and drawers.

I had thought out my plans to the smallest minutiæ, and made all my calculations; so that, feeling that my only chance for carrying out my task successfully was by going straight on without hesitation, I raised the load I had brought one by one—a couple of fifty-six pound weights, and after seeing that the stop was in the winch, placed them ready in one of the buckets which I had drawn up level with the rail. Then, fastening a string to the lantern, I lowered it down till it was about five feet from the water, fastened the string, and taking out the stop, let the first bucket run down with the weights till I heard it kiss the water with a hollow, echoing splash. As the sound arose I thrust the stop into the cogs of the winch once more, and the bucket was stopped, as I could see, half in the water.

The next task was perilous, but nothing I felt to what was to come, as, mounting the rail, and climbing out on the apparatus, I seized one rope, reached out, caught the other, twisted my leg round, hung for a moment over the shaft, which looked, if anything, more horrible from the dim light below, and let myself glide rapidly down.

It was the task of a very few moments, but long enough for me to be attacked by thoughts such as—suppose the rope broke—suppose the air was foul down below—suppose I could not get back to the surface—answers to which came at once, for I knew that the rope would bear double my weight; that the lantern would not have burned in foul air; and that as to returning I had but

to stand in the bucket when I reached it, and draw myself up by hauling the other rope.

No — impossible; I had fixed the machinery with the stop. The thought unnerved me for the moment, and then I laughed, as I recalled how often I had climbed a rope. Then I was level with the swinging lantern, my feet touched the water close by the partly-submerged lower wheel, and I checked myself to feel about and find, as I had anticipated, a broad resting-place, just below the surface, composed of slippery cross-beams.

Here I stopped for a few moments thinking—not hesitating — as to which side I should descend. And now, in spite of the dogged courage within me, I felt in full force the terrible risk I was about to run. It was one thing to plunge down into the open sea in broad daylight, holding one of those boulders; another to take a fifty-six pound weight from that bucket close by me, plant it by me on the beam, thrust my foot through the ring right up to my instep, and then lower myself off and let that weight drag me down into those horrible cold, black depths.

I shuddered with the shock of dread which ran through me, and then snapping my teeth together like an angry dog, I uttered a low laugh, which startled me again, as in my desperate fit I said—



"I LOOKED UP."

"Bah, what a poor soldier I should have made! Common workmen go through such risks every day as a matter of course. The jewels or——"

I did not finish my sentence, but bent down as I held on by the rope, and took one of the weights out of the bucket close by me; the water washing about and whishing against the slimy walls as if it were swarming with live creatures, disturbed by my coming, and ascending rapidly from the depths to attack the intruder upon their home.

My foot glided along over the oaken beam on which I stood, but I held on by the rope and recovered myself, planted the weight down in the water by my feet, and holding up the ring thrust my right foot through close up to the instep.

"That will do," I thought, as I raised my toes, feeling that if I descended carefully it could not slip off till I lowered the fore part of my foot. "Now, lad, no silly fancies," I muttered. "A few long breaths, then one deep inhalation; down you go rapidly; then feel about for a minute and a half, find the package, slip your foot out of the ring—no, you will be holding it then—keep your hands over your head in case you come up under the beam, and then hurrah for to-morrow."

It was a childish way of addressing myself, perhaps; but I felt bound to treat the matter lightly, so as to cloak the peril from my too active brain.

"Ready?" I said, as I kept on breathing slowly and deeply, preparatory to taking the long, deep, lasting breath.

"Yes," I said, mentally, and changing my hold to the other rope, I was about to lower myself into a sitting position on the beam, drawing that deep breath the while, when like lightning came the thought—"Suppose it is your last!" for a thrill shot down my left arm right to my heart, and I sprang back to my erect position wondering as the thrill went on.

Were my muscles quivering like that? No; it was the rope which I held in my hand, literally throbbing. I looked up, and there far above me, dimly visible by the light of the candle I had left burning, I

could see something dark reaching out from the woodwork to the rope. The throbbing went on violently, and before I could grasp what it meant, the rope gave way in my hand, there was a peculiar rushing in the water, I lost my balance, my foot in the iron ring felt as if snatched off the slippery beam, and I was rushing down through the black water rapidly toward the bottom.

CHAPTER VI.

I SUPPOSE I must have struck out involuntarily, and in the act, as the water thundered in my ears and literally jarred me as if blows had been struck over my head, the weight glided from my foot and I rose to the surface choking, panting, and grasping wildly at the first object I touched. It was rope, and it gave way beneath my grasp. I caught at something again. It was a wheel and it turned round, but, as strange sounds, shouts, and cries reached my ears, I got hold of the cross beam, and somehow, by help of the wheel, managed to reach my old position, but crouching down and holding on for dear life.

"Below there!" shouted a familiar voice, but hollow and strange, "who is it?"

"I! Help! Help!" I gasped, now thoroughly unnerved.

"Right; can you hold on till we send you down a rope?"

I did not answer for a few moments as I strove to realise my chances.

"Yes," I said hoarsely. "Don't be long."

It seemed an age before the rope came, and during the terrible waiting time I listened to words of encouragement mingled with stern orders delivered in Lord Gurtleigh's voice.

Then came a cheer, and he shouted to me—

"Hold on, lad! Rope's being rigged over the wheel. I'm coming down."

"No, no," I shouted, rousing myself now from the apathy into which I had been fast sinking. "Send it down, and I'll make it fast."

Soon after a lantern began to descend, and by its light I saw the loop of a rope gradually glide lower and lower till it reached me, when I was so numbed and cramped that I had hard work to get it over my head and arms. But I succeeded, and it must have spun round and tightened about my chest as I was hoisted up, for I was quite unable to help myself, and insensible by the time I reached the top.

When I opened my eyes again with an understanding brain, my old friend was seated by my bedside; and, after I had assured him that I was not going to die, he told me that he had been roused up by the head keeper throwing shots at his window; and, upon his opening it, the man told him that there was something wrong, for, passing near the back of the buildings, he had seen a light in the well-house through the little window.

"We were only just in time, Charley. Caught the scoundrel with the knife in his hand. He had just cut through the rope."

"Who—who was it?" I cried.

"Why, Brayson, of course!"

"Then he was the thief!" I cried, excitedly, "and the jewels are there."

"Jewels? Down the well? You were after them!"

"Of course," I said, and I told him all.

"Well," he said, as I finished my brief narrative, "I have heard about men being fit for Colney Hatch, and you're one!"

"Never mind that," I said, "if Lady Florry gets back her gems."

"And old Brayson is hung for trying to murder you," said Lord Gurtleigh. "But, I say, old fellow, I'm glad I came."

But Brayson was not hung, he only had a taste of penal servitude for the robbery of the jewels and also of some valuable plate, two packages secured in fine wire netting being brought up after proper dredging arrangements had been made.



As for myself, I was none the worse for my submersion, save that my nerves were unsteady for some time, especially when I used to lie and think—

"Suppose that keeper had not seen the light!"

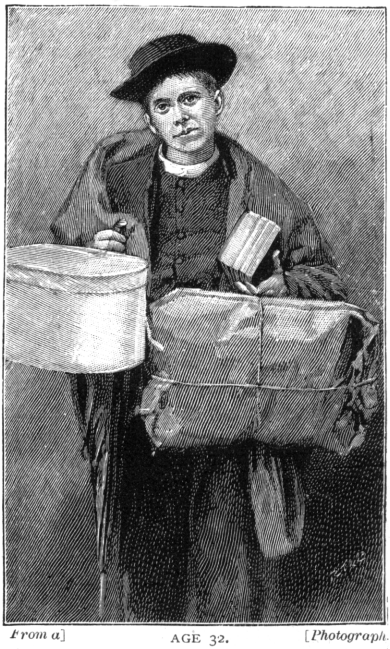


From a Photo. by] AGE 4 MONTHS. *[Denenlain & Blake.*

W. S. PENLEY.

BORN 1852.

MR. WM. SIDNEY PENLEY was born at Grove House Academy, St. Peter's, near Margate, a school kept by his father, who soon afterwards removed to Charles-street, Westminster. The boy at the age of seven was a singer in the choir of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, and in later years was principal bass in Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. He began his stage career in the burlesque of "Zampa," under Miss Litton, at the Royal Comedy Theatre:



From a] AGE 32. *[Photograph.*

[AS 'ROBERT SPALDING" IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."]

since which time his name has been a household word, especially in connection with the immortal "Private Secretary."



From a Photo. by] AGE 26 *[Bertin, Brighton.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Warwick Brookes, Manchester.*



From a Drawing] AGE 17. *[by Ingres.*

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

BORN 1818.

MONS. GOUNOD was born at Paris, and educated in music at the Conservatoire under Halévy and Zimmermann. Our first portrait represents him in his student days. At twenty-two he was appointed organist at a church in Paris, for



From a Photo.] AGE 42. *[by Petit, Paris.*

which he wrote several masses. At the age of twenty-nine he married the daughter of Zimmermann. His first opera, "Sapho," was produced in 1851, with some success; but it was not until 1859, when he was forty-one, that he suddenly attained to world-wide fame and popularity with the well-known opera of "Faust," the melody



From a Photo.] AGE 51. *[by Petit, Paris.*

and tenderness of which quite took the world of music by surprise. His two most important works since that time are the opera of "Romeo et Juliette" and the oratorios of the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita."



From a Photo. by] AGE 73. *[Nadars, Paris.*



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Thomas Roger, St. Andrews.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

BORN 1819.

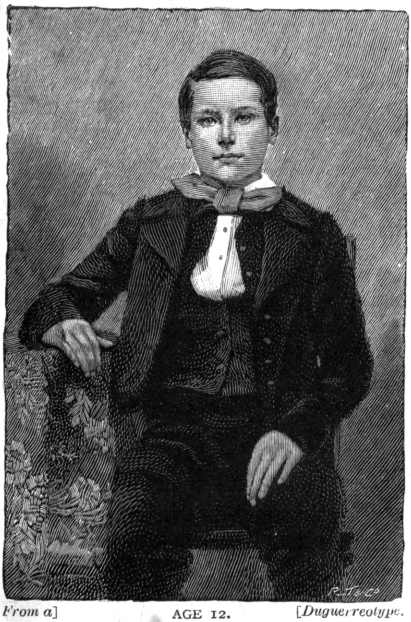
THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., the son of the late Dr. George Playfair, Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal, was educated at the Universities of St. Andrews and Giessen, and at University College, and was a favourite pupil of the celebrated chemists, Graham and Liebig. After managing for some years some calico-printing works at Clitheroe, he became, at the age of twenty-four, Professor of Chemistry in the Manchester Royal Institution, and Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University in 1856. Dr. Playfair served on numerous Royal Commissions; for instance, that of 1844, which inquired into the sanitary condition of towns, and the Civil Service Commission of 1874, of which he was president, and which produced the "Playfair Scheme," and his reports were marked by great ability. He was a Special Commissioner at the Great Exhibition of 1851, at the close of which, in recognition of his scientific services, he was made a Companion of the Bath, and received an appointment in the household of the Prince Consort. He was elected as Member of Parliament for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in 1868. He held office in the Ministry of 1873-4 as Postmaster-General, and was made a Privy Councillor. In 1880 he was appointed Chairman of Ways and Means, and Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons. During his term of office it fell to his lot to deal with the Irish question, at a time when party spirit ran high, and his suspension of the whole of the Irish members in 1882 was one of the most remarkable incidents of recent Parliamentary warfare. In 1885 he was President of the British Association. Sir Lyon Playfair is the author of numerous scientific works, as well as of numerous books on general subjects.



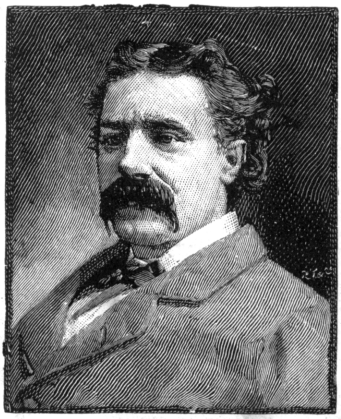
From a Photo, by] AGE 55. *[Elliott & Fry*



From a Photo. by] AGE 71. *[Elliott & Fry.*



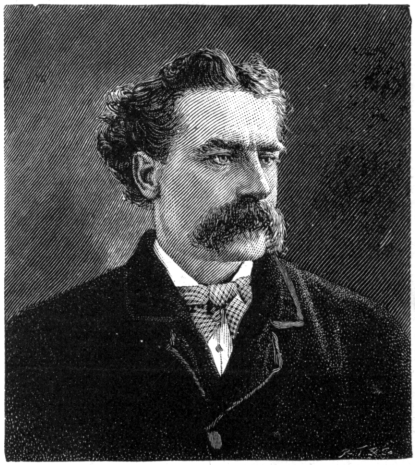
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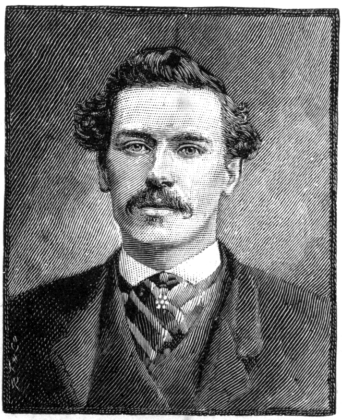
AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.

J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.

MR. MUDDOCK, whose powerful story, "For God and the Czar," has been delighting the readers of *Tit-Bits*, was educated for the Indian Government service, and was in India during the Mutiny. He has passed a most adventurous and varied life, has been a special correspondent, and a distinguished mountaineer, has written many well-known novels, and is known to thousands of readers as the author of the adventures of Dick Donovan, the Detective.



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. [Braithwaite, Ulverston.



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Rider & Barrett, Southampton.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Debenham, Regent-street, W.*

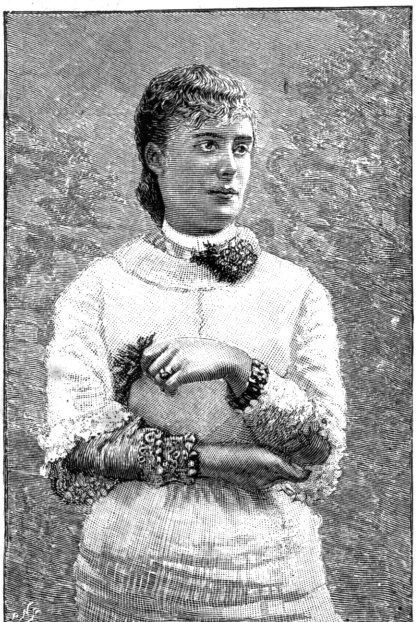
MISS HELEN MATHERS.

BORN 1852.

HELEN MATHERS was quite a girl when she achieved an extraordinary success with "Comin' thro' the Rye." Many other stories followed; and she may be said to have inaugurated the shilling novel with "Found Out." She married, in 1876, Mr. Henry A. Reeves, a well-known hospital surgeon, whose specialty is orthopædics. He is himself an accomplished author, and his favourite recreation is chess. They have one son, who inherits his mother's chief characteristic—brightness.



From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Debenham, Regent-st., W.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Debenham, Regent-street, W.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Esmé Collings, Brighton.*



From a] AGE 14. [*Drawing.*

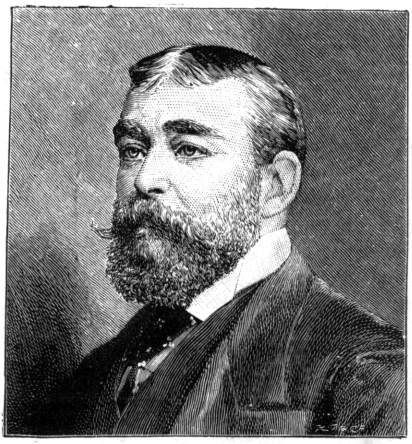


From a] AGE 20. [*Photograph.*

F. C. BURNAND.

BORN 1836.

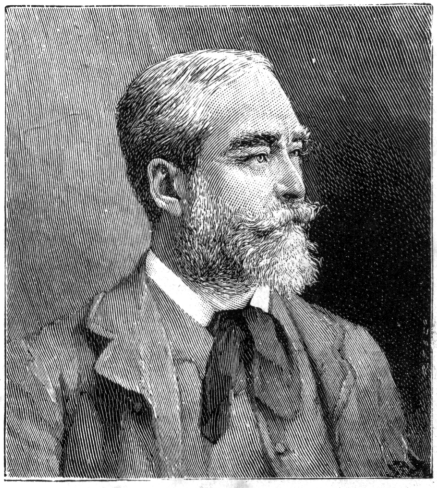
MR. FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, at the age represented in our first portrait, was at Eton; our second portrait shows him at Cambridge; the third at an age when he was already well known as the smartest writer of burlesques of the day; and the fourth just as he became editor of *Punch*. For a full account of Mr. Burnand's career, the reader is referred to the "Illustrated Interview," which appears in another part of the present number.



From a] AGE 30. [*Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 43. [*Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Walery.*

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

IX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NOBLE BACHELOR.

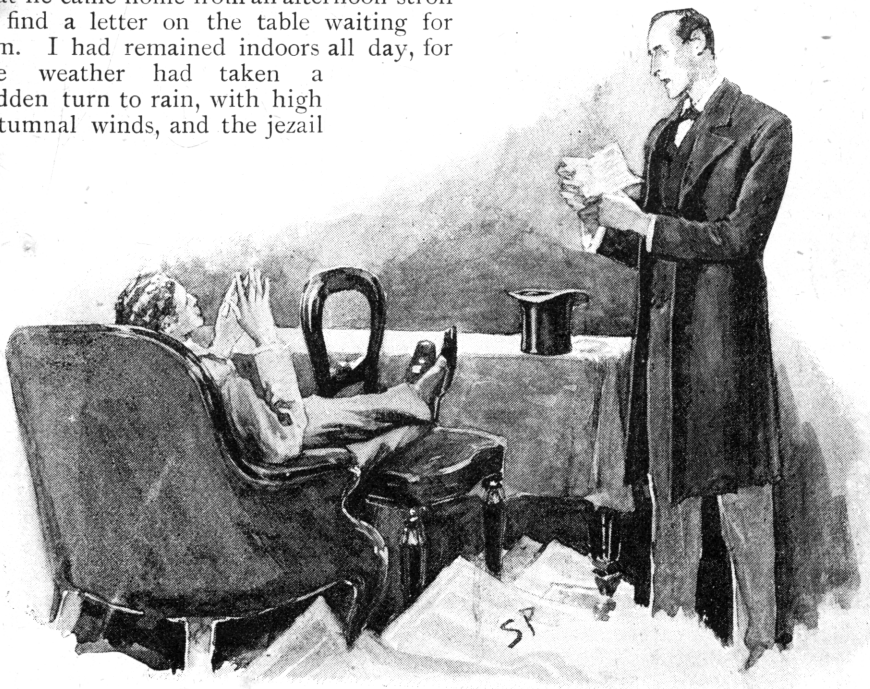
By A. Conan Doyle.

THE Lord St. Simon marriage, and its curious termination, have long ceased to be a subject of interest in those exalted circles in which the unfortunate bridegroom moves. Fresh scandals have eclipsed it, and their more piquant details have drawn the gossips away from this four-year-old drama. As I have reason to believe, however, that the full facts have never been revealed to the general public, and as my friend Sherlock Holmes had a considerable share in clearing the matter up, I feel that no memoir of him would be complete without some little sketch of this remarkable episode.

It was a few weeks before my own marriage, during the days when I was still sharing rooms with Holmes in Baker-street, that he came home from an afternoon stroll to find a letter on the table waiting for him. I had remained indoors all day, for the weather had taken a sudden turn to rain, with high autumnal winds, and the jezail bullet which I had brought back in one of my limbs as a relic of my Afghan campaign, throbbed with dull persistency. With my body in one easy chair and my legs upon another, I had surrounded myself with a cloud of newspapers, until at last, saturated with the news of the day, I tossed them all aside and lay listless, watching the huge crest and monogram upon the envelope upon the table, and wondering lazily who my friend's noble correspondent could be.

"Here is a very fashionable epistle," I remarked as he entered. "Your morning letters, if I remember right, were from a fishmonger and a tide waiter."

"Yes, my correspondence has certainly the charm of variety," he answered, smiling, "and the humbler are usually the more interesting. This looks like one of those



"HE BROKE THE SEAL AND GLANCED OVER THE CONTENTS."

unwelcome social summonses which call upon a man either to be bored or to lie."

He broke the seal, and glanced over the contents.

"Oh, come, it may prove to be something of interest after all."

"Not social, then?"

"No, distinctly professional."

"And from a noble client?"

"One of the highest in England."

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you."

"I assure you, Watson, without affectation, that the status of my client is a matter of less moment to me than the interest of his case. It is just possible, however, that that also may not be wanting in this new investigation. You have been reading the papers diligently of late, have you not?"

"It looks like it," said I, ruefully, pointing to a huge bundle in the corner. "I have had nothing else to do."

"It is fortunate, for you will perhaps be able to post me up. I read nothing except the criminal news and the agony column. The latter is always instructive. But if you have followed recent events so closely you must have read about Lord St. Simon and his wedding?"

"Oh, yes, with the deepest interest."

"That is well. The letter which I hold in my hand is from Lord St. Simon. I will read it to you, and in return you must turn over these papers and let me have whatever bears upon the matter. This is what he says:—

"'My dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes,—Lord Backwater tells me that I may place implicit reliance upon your judgment and discretion. I have determined, therefore, to call upon you, and to consult you in reference to the very painful event which has occurred in connection with my wedding. Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, is acting already in the matter, but he assures me that he sees no objection to your co-operation, and that he even thinks that it might be of some assistance. I will call at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, should you have any other engagement at that time, I hope that you will postpone it, as this matter is of paramount importance.—Yours faithfully, ST. SIMON.'

"It is dated from Grosvenor Mansions, written with a quill pen, and the noble lord has had the misfortune to get a smear of ink upon the outer side of his right little finger," remarked Holmes, as he folded up the epistle.

"He says four o'clock. It is three now. He will be here in an hour."

"Then I have just time, with your assistance, to get clear upon the subject. Turn over those papers, and arrange the extracts in their order of time, while I take a glance as to who our client is." He picked a red-covered volume from a line of books of reference beside the mantelpiece. "Here he is," said he, sitting down and flattening it out upon his knee. "Lord Robert Walsingham de Vere St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral—Hum! Arms: Azure, three caltrops in chief over a fess sable. Born in 1846. He's forty-one years of age, which is mature for marriage. Was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in a late Administration. The Duke, his father, was at one time Secretary for Foreign Affairs. They inherit Plantagenet blood by direct descent, and Tudor on the distaff side. Ha! Well, there is nothing very instructive in all this. I think that I must turn to you, Watson, for something more solid."

"I have very little difficulty in finding what I want," said I, "for the facts are quite recent, and the matter struck me as remarkable. I feared to refer them to you, however, as I knew that you had an inquiry on hand, and that you disliked the intrusion of other matters."

"Oh, you mean the little problem of the Grosvenor-square furniture van. That is quite cleared up now—though, indeed, it was obvious from the first. Pray give me the results of your newspaper selections."

"Here is the first notice which I can find. It is in the personal column of *The Morning Post*, and dates, as you see, some weeks back. 'A marriage has been arranged,' it says, 'and will, if rumour is correct, very shortly take place, between Lord Robert St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral, and Miss Hatty Doran, the only daughter of Aloysius Doran, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.' That is all."

"Terse and to the point," remarked Holmes, stretching his long, thin legs towards the fire.

"There was a paragraph amplifying this in one of the society papers of the same week. Ah, here it is. 'There will soon be a call for protection in the marriage market, for the present free-trade principle appears to tell heavily against our home product. One by one the management of the noble houses of Great Britain is passing into the hands of our fair cousins from across the Atlantic. An important addi-

tion has been made during the last week to the list of the prizes which have been borne away by these charming invaders. Lord St. Simon, who has shown himself for over twenty years proof against the little god's arrows, has now definitely announced his approaching marriage with Miss Hatty Doran, the fascinating daughter of a Californian millionaire. Miss Doran, whose graceful figure and striking face attracted much attention at the Westbury House festivities, is an only child, and it is currently reported that her dowry will run to considerably over the six figures, with expectancies for the future. As it is an open secret that the Duke of Balmoral has been compelled to sell his pictures within the last few years, and as Lord St. Simon has no property of his own, save the small estate of Birchmoor, it is obvious that the Californian heiress is not the only gainer by an alliance which will enable her to make the easy and common transition from a Republican lady to a British peeress.'"

"Anything else?" asked Holmes, yawning.

"Oh yes; plenty. Then there is another note in *The Morning Post* to say that the marriage would be an absolutely quiet one, that it would be at St. George's, Hanover-square, that only half a dozen intimate friends would be invited, and that the party would return to the furnished house at Lancaster-gate which has been taken by Mr. Aloysius Doran. Two days later—that is, on Wednesday last—there is a curt announcement that the wedding had taken place, and that the honeymoon would be passed at Lord Backwater's place, near Petersfield. Those are all the notices which appeared before the disappearance of the bride."

"Before the what?" asked Holmes, with a start.

"The vanishing of the lady."

"When did she vanish, then?"

"At the wedding breakfast."

"Indeed. This is more interesting than it promised to be; quite dramatic, in fact."

"Yes; it struck me as being a little out of the common."

"They often vanish before the ceremony, and occasionally during the honeymoon; but I cannot call to mind anything quite so prompt as this. Pray let me have the details."

"I warn you that they are very incomplete."

"Perhaps we may make them less so."

"Such as they are, they are set forth in a single article of a morning paper of yesterday, which I will read to you. It is headed, 'Singular Occurrence at a Fashionable Wedding':—

"'The family of Lord Robert St. Simon has been thrown into the greatest consternation by the strange and painful episodes which have taken place in connection with his wedding. The ceremony, as shortly announced in the papers of yesterday, occurred on the previous morning; but it is only now that it has been possible to confirm the strange rumours which have been so persistently floating about. In spite of the attempts of the friends to hush the matter up, so much public attention has now been drawn to it that no good purpose can be served by affecting to disregard what is a common subject for conversation.

"'The ceremony, which was performed at St. George's, Hanover-square, was a very quiet one, no one being present save the father of the bride, Mr. Aloysius Doran, the Duchess of Balmoral, Lord Backwater, Lord Eustace and Lady Clara St. Simon (the younger brother and sister of the bridegroom), and Lady Alicia Whittington. The whole party proceeded afterwards to the house of Mr. Aloysius Doran, at Lancaster Gate, where breakfast had been prepared. It appears that some little trouble was caused by a woman, whose name has not been ascertained, who endeavoured to force her way into the house after the bridal party, alleging that she had some claim upon Lord St. Simon. It was only after a painful and prolonged scene that she was ejected by the butler and the footman. The bride, who had fortunately entered the house before this unpleasant interruption, had sat down to breakfast with the rest, when she complained of a sudden indisposition, and retired to her room. Her prolonged absence having caused some comment, her father followed her; but learned from her maid that she had only come up to her chamber for an instant, caught up an ulster and bonnet, and hurried down to the passage. One of the footmen declared that he had seen a lady leave the house thus apparelled; but had refused to credit that it was his mistress, believing her to be with the company. On ascertaining that his daughter had disappeared, Mr. Aloysius Doran, in conjunction with the bridegroom, instantly put themselves into communication with the police, and very energetic inquiries are being made, which will pro-



"SHE WAS EJECTED BY THE BUTLER AND THE FOOTMAN."

bably result in a speedy clearing up of this very singular business. Up to a late hour last night, however, nothing had transpired as to the whereabouts of the missing lady. There are rumours of foul play in the matter, and it is said that the police have caused the arrest of the woman who had caused the original disturbance, in the belief that, from jealousy or some other motive, she may have been concerned in the strange disappearance of the bride.'"

"And is that all?"

"Only one little item in another of the morning papers, but it is a suggestive one."

"And it is?"

"That Miss Flora Millar, the lady who had caused the disturbance, has actually been arrested. It appears that she was formerly a *danseuse* at the Allegro, and that she has known the bridegroom for some years. There are no further particulars, and the whole case is in your hands now—so far as it has been set forth in the public press."

"And an exceedingly interesting case it appears to be. I would not have missed it for worlds. But there is a ring at the bell, Watson, and as the clock makes it a few minutes after four, I have no doubt that this will prove to be our noble client. Do not dream of going, Watson, for I very much prefer having a witness, if only as a check to my own memory."

"Lord Robert St. Simon," announced our page boy, throwing open the door. A gentleman entered, with a pleasant, cultured face, high-nosed and pale, with something perhaps of petulance about the mouth, and with the steady, well-opened eye of a man whose pleasant lot it had ever been to command and to be obeyed. His manner was brisk, and yet his general appearance gave an undue impression of age, for he had a slight forward stoop, and a little bend of the knees as he walked. His hair, too, as he swept off his very curly-brimmed hat, was grizzled round the edges, and thin upon the top. As to his dress, it was careful to the verge of foppishness, with high collar, black frock coat, white waistcoat, yellow gloves, patent-leather shoes, and light-coloured gaiters. He advanced slowly into the room, turning his head from left to right, and swinging in his right hand the cord which held his golden eye-glasses.

"Good day, Lord St. Simon," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Pray take the basket chair. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson. Draw up a little to the fire, and we shall talk this matter over."

"A most painful matter to me, as you can most readily imagine, Mr. Holmes. I have

been cut to the quick. I understand that you have already managed several delicate cases of this sort, sir, though I presume that they were hardly from the same class of society."

"No, I am descending."

"I beg pardon?"

"My last client of the sort was a king."

"Oh, really! I had no idea. And which king?"

"The King of Scandinavia."

"What! Had he lost his wife?"

"You can understand," said Holmes, suavely, "that I extend to the affairs of my other clients the same secrecy which I promise to you in yours."

"Of course! Very right! very right! I'm sure I beg pardon. As to my own case, I am ready to give you any information which may assist you in forming an opinion."

"Thank you. I have already learned all that is in the public prints, nothing more. I presume that I may take it as correct—this article, for example, as to the disappearance of the bride."

Lord St. Simon glanced over it. "Yes, it is correct, as far as it goes."

"But it needs a great deal of supplementing before anyone could offer an opinion. I think that I may arrive at my facts most directly by questioning you."

"Pray do so."

"When did you first meet Miss Hatty Doran?"

"In San Francisco, a year ago."

"You were travelling in the States?"

"Yes."

"Did you become engaged then?"

"No."

"But you were on a friendly footing?"

"I was amused by her society, and she could see that I was amused."



"LORD ROBERT ST. SIMON."

"Her father is very rich?"

"He is said to be the richest man on the Pacific slope."

"And how did he make his money?"

"In mining. He had nothing a few years ago. Then he struck gold, invested it, and came up by leaps and bounds."

"Now, what is your own impression as to the young lady's—your wife's character?"

The nobleman swung his glasses a little faster and stared down into the fire. "You see, Mr. Holmes," said he, "my wife was twenty before her father became a rich man. During that time she ran free in a mining camp, and wandered through woods or mountains, so that her education has come from Nature rather than from the schoolmaster. She is what we call in England a tomboy, with a strong nature, wild and free, unfettered by any sort of traditions. She is impetuous—volcanic, I was about to say. She is swift in making up her mind, and fearless in carrying out her resolutions. On the other hand, I would not have given her the name which I have the honour to bear" (he gave a little stately cough) "had I not thought her to be at bottom a noble woman. I believe that she is capable of heroic self-sacrifice, and that anything dishonourable would be repugnant to her."

"Have you her photograph?"

"I brought this with me." He opened a locket, and showed us the full face of a very lovely woman. It was not a photograph, but an ivory miniature, and the artist had brought out the full effect of the lustrous black hair, the large dark eyes, and the exquisite mouth. Holmes gazed long and earnestly at it. Then he closed the

locket and handed it back to Lord St. Simon.

"The young lady came to London, then, and you renewed your acquaintance?"

"Yes, her father brought her over for this last London season. I met her several times, became engaged to her, and have now married her."

"She brought, I understand, a considerable dowry?"

"A fair dowry. Not more than is usual in my family."

"And this, of course, remains to you, since the marriage is a *fait accompli*?"

"I really have made no inquiries on the subject."

"Very naturally not. Did you see Miss Doran on the day before the wedding?"

"Yes."

"Was she in good spirits?"

"Never better. She kept talking of what we should do in our future lives."

"Indeed. That is very interesting. And on the morning of the wedding?"

"She was as bright as possible—at least, until after the ceremony."

"And did you observe any change in her then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I saw then the first signs that I had ever seen that her temper was just a little sharp. The incident, however, was too trivial to relate, and can have no possible bearing upon the case."

"Pray let us have it, for all that."

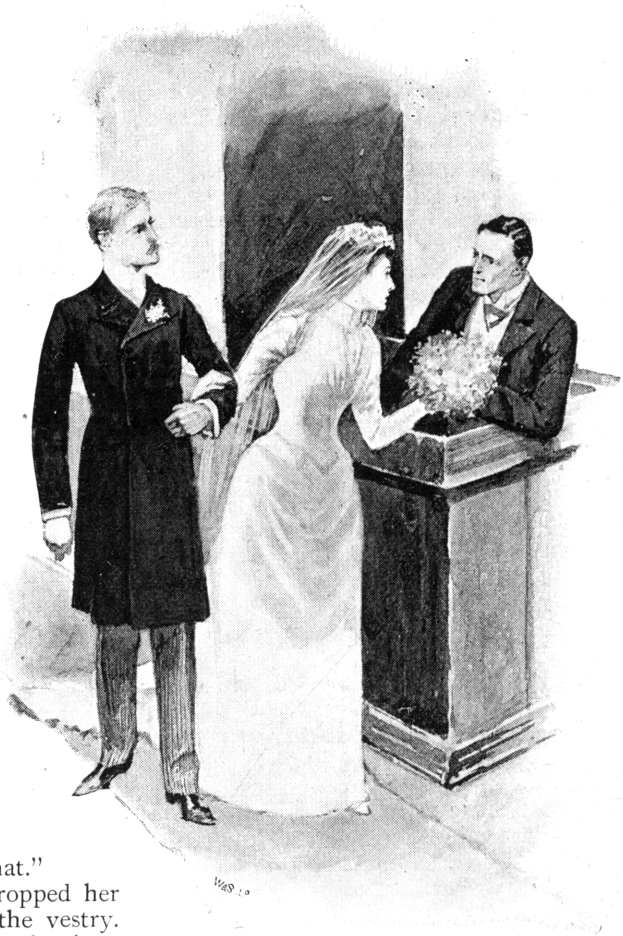
"Oh, it is childish. She dropped her bouquet as we went towards the vestry. She was passing the front pew at the time, and it fell over into the pew. There was a moment's delay, but the gentleman in the pew handed it up to her again, and it did not appear to be the worse for the fall. Yet, when I spoke to her of the matter, she answered me abruptly; and in the carriage, on our way home, she seemed absurdly agitated over this trifling cause."

"Indeed. You say that there was a gentleman in the pew. Some of the general public were present, then?"

"Oh yes. It is impossible to exclude them when the church is open."

"This gentleman was not one of your wife's friends?"

"No, no; I call him a gentleman by courtesy, but he was quite a common-looking person. I hardly noticed his appearance. But really I think that we are wandering rather far from the point."



"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PEW HANDED IT UP TO HER."

"Lady St. Simon, then, returned from the wedding in a less cheerful frame of mind than she had gone to it. What did she do on re-entering her father's house?"

"I saw her in conversation with her maid."

"And who is her maid?"

"Alice is her name. She is an American, and came from California with her."

"A confidential servant?"

"A little too much so. It seemed to me that her mistress allowed her to take great liberties. Still, of course, in America

they look upon these things in a different way."

"How long did she speak to this Alice?"

"Oh, a few minutes. I had something else to think of."

"You did not overhear what they said?"

"Lady St. Simon said something about 'jumping a claim.' She was accustomed to use slang of the kind. I have no idea what she meant."

"American slang is very expressive sometimes. And what did your wife do when she had finished speaking to her maid?"

"She walked into the breakfast room."

"On your arm?"

"No, alone. She was very independent in little matters like that. Then, after we had sat down for ten minutes or so, she rose hurriedly, muttered some words of apology, and left the room. She never came back."

"But this maid Alice, as I understand, deposes that she went to her room, covered her bride's dress with a long ulster, put on a bonnet, and went out."

"Quite so. And she was afterwards seen walking into Hyde-park in company with Flora Millar, a woman who is now in custody, and who had already made a disturbance at Mr. Doran's house that morning."

"Ah, yes. I should like a few particulars as to this young lady, and your relations to her."

Lord St. Simon shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows. "We have been on a friendly footing for some years—I may say on a *very* friendly footing. She used to be at the Allegro. I have not treated her ungenerously, and she has no just cause of complaint against me, but you know what women are, Mr. Holmes. Flora was a dear little thing, but exceedingly hot-headed, and devotedly attached to me. She wrote me dreadful letters when she heard that I was about to be married, and to tell the truth the reason why I had the marriage celebrated so quietly was that I feared lest there might be a scandal in the church. She came to Mr. Doran's door just after we returned, and she endeavoured to push her way in, uttering very abusive expressions towards my wife, and even threatening her, but I had foreseen the possibility of something of the sort, and I had two police fellows there in private clothes, who soon pushed her out again. She was quiet when she saw that there was no good in making a row."

"Did your wife hear all this?"

"No, thank goodness, she did not."

"And she was seen walking with this very woman afterwards?"

"Yes. That is what Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, looks upon as so serious. It is thought that Flora decoyed my wife out, and laid some terrible trap for her."

"Well, it is a possible supposition."

"You think so, too?"

"I did not say a probable one. But you do not yourself look upon this as likely?"

"I do not think Flora would hurt a fly."

"Still, jealousy is a strange transformer of characters. Pray what is your own theory as to what took place?"

"Well, really, I came to seek a theory, not to propound one. I have given you all the facts. Since you ask me, however, I may say that it has occurred to me as possible that the excitement of this affair, the consciousness that she had made so immense a social stride, had the effect of causing some little nervous disturbance in my wife."

"In short, that she had become suddenly deranged?"

"Well, really, when I consider that she has turned her back—I will not say upon me, but upon so much that many have aspired to without success—I can hardly explain it in any other fashion."

"Well, certainly that is also a conceivable hypothesis," said Holmes, smiling. "And now, Lord St. Simon, I think that I have nearly all my data. May I ask whether you were seated at the breakfast-table so that you could see out of the window?"

"We could see the other side of the road, and the Park."

"Quite so. Then I do not think that I need detain you longer. I shall communicate with you."

"Should you be fortunate enough to solve this problem," said our client, rising.

"I have solved it."

"Eh? What was that?'

"I say that I have solved it."

"Where, then, is my wife?"

"That is a detail which I shall speedily supply."

Lord St. Simon shook his head. "I am afraid that it will take wiser heads than yours or mine," he remarked, and bowing in a stately, old-fashioned manner, he departed.

"It is very good of Lord St. Simon to honour my head by putting it on a level with his own," said Sherlock Holmes,

laughing. "I think that I shall have a whisky and soda and a cigar after all this cross-questioning. I had formed my conclusions as to the case before our client came into the room."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I have notes of several similar cases, though none, as I remarked before, which were quite as prompt. My whole examination served to turn my conjecture into a certainty. Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example."

"But I have heard all that you have heard."

"Without, however, the knowledge of pre-existing cases which serves me so well. There was a parallel instance in Aberdeen some years back, and something on very much the same lines at Munich the year after the Franco-Prussian war. It is one of these cases—but hullo, here is Lestrade! Good afternoon, Lestrade! You will find an extra tumbler upon the sideboard, and there are cigars in the box."

The official detective was attired in a pea-jacket and cravat, which gave him a decidedly nautical appearance, and he carried a black canvas bag in his hand. With a short greeting he seated himself, and lit the cigar which had been offered to him.

"What's up, then?" asked Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye. "You look dissatisfied."

"And I feel dissatisfied. It is this infernal St. Simon marriage case. I can make neither head nor tail of the business."

"Really! You surprise me."

"Who ever heard of such a mixed affair? Every clue seems to slip through my fingers. I have been at work upon it all day."

"And very wet it seems to have made you," said Holmes, laying his hand upon the arm of the pea-jacket.

"Yes, I have been dragging the Serpentine."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

"In search of the body of Lady St. Simon."

Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Have you dragged the basin of the Trafalgar-square fountain?" he asked.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Because you have just as good a chance of finding this lady in the one as in the other."

Lestrade shot an angry glance at my companion. "I suppose you know all about it," he snarled.

"Well, I have only just heard the facts, but my mind is made up."

"Oh, indeed! Then you think that the Serpentine plays no part in the matter?"



"'THERE,' SAID HE."

"I think it very unlikely."

"Then perhaps you will kindly explain how it is that we found this in it?" He opened his bag as he spoke, and tumbled on to the floor a wedding dress of watered silk, a pair of white satin shoes, and a bride's wreath and veil, all discoloured and soaked in water. "There," said he, putting a new wedding-ring upon the top of the pile. "There is a little nut for you to crack, Master Holmes."

"Oh, indeed," said my friend, blowing blue rings into the air. "You dragged them from the Serpentine?"

"No. They were found floating near the margin by a park-keeper. They have been identified as her clothes, and it seemed to me that if the clothes were there the body would not be far off."

"By the same brilliant reasoning, every man's body is to be found in the neighbourhood of his wardrobe. And pray what did you hope to arrive at through this?"

"At some evidence implicating Flora Millar in the disappearance."

"I am afraid that you will find it difficult."

"Are you indeed, now?" cried Lestrade, with some bitterness. "I am afraid, Holmes, that you are not very practical with your deductions and your inferences. You have made two blunders in as many minutes. This dress does implicate Miss Flora Millar."

"And how?"

"In the dress is a pocket. In the pocket is a card-case. In the card-case is a note. And here is the very note." He slapped it down upon the table in front of him. "Listen to this. 'You will see me when all is ready. Come at once. F. H. M.' Now my theory all along has been that Lady St. Simon was decoyed away by Flora Millar, and that she, with confederates no doubt, was responsible for her disappearance. Here, signed with her initials, is the very note which was no doubt quietly slipped into her hand at the door, and which lured her within their reach."

"Very good, Lestrade," said Holmes, laughing. "You really are very fine indeed. Let me see it." He took up the paper in a listless way, but his attention instantly became riveted, and he gave a little cry of satisfaction. "This is indeed important," said he.

"Ha, you find it so?"

"Extremely so. I congratulate you warmly."

Lestrade rose in his triumph and bent his head to look. "Why," he shrieked, "you're looking at the wrong side."

"On the contrary, this is the right side."

"The right side? You're mad! Here is the note written in pencil over here."

"And over here is what appears to be the fragment of a hotel bill, which interests me deeply."

"There's nothing in it. I looked at it before," said Lestrade, "'Oct. 4th, rooms 8s., breakfast 2s. 6d, cocktail 1s., lunch 2s. 6d., glass sherry, 8d.' I see nothing in that."

"Very likely not. It is most important all the same. As to the note, it is important also, or at least the initials are, so I congratulate you again."

"I've wasted time enough," said Lestrade, rising, "I believe in hard work, and not in sitting by the fire spinning fine theories. Good-day, Mr. Holmes, and we shall see which gets to the bottom of the matter first." He gathered up the garments, thrust them into the bag, and made for the door.

"Just one hint to you, Lestrade," drawled Holmes, before his rival vanished; "I will tell you the true solution of the matter. Lady St. Simon is a myth. There is not, and there never has been, any such person."

Lestrade looked sadly at my companion. Then he turned to me, tapped his forehead three times, shook his head solemnly, and hurried away.

He had hardly shut the door behind him when Holmes rose and put on his overcoat. "There is something in what the fellow says about outdoor work," he remarked, "so I think, Watson, that I must leave you to your papers for a little."

It was after five o'clock when Sherlock Holmes left me, but I had no time to be lonely, for within an hour there arrived a confectioner's man with a very large flat box. This he unpacked with the help of a youth whom he had brought with him, and presently, to my very great astonishment, a quite epicurean little cold supper began to be laid out upon our humble lodging-house mahogany. There were a couple of brace of cold woodcock, a pheasant, a *pâté de foie gras* pie, with a group of ancient and cobwebby bottles. Having laid out all these luxuries, my two visitors vanished away, like the genii of the Arabian Nights, with no explanation save that the things had been paid for, and were ordered to this address.

Just before nine o'clock Sherlock Holmes

stepped briskly into the room. His features were gravely set, but there was a light in his eye which made me think that he had not been disappointed in his conclusions.

"They have laid the supper, then," he said, rubbing his hands.

"You seem to expect company. They have laid for five."

"Yes, I fancy we may have some company dropping in," said he. "I am surprised that Lord St. Simon has not already arrived. Ha! I fancy that I hear his step now upon the stairs."

It was indeed our visitor of the morning who came bustling in, dangling his glasses more vigorously than ever, and with a very perturbed expression upon his aristocratic features.

"My messenger reached you, then?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, and I confess that the contents startled me beyond measure. Have you good authority for what you say?"

"The best possible."

Lord St. Simon sank into a chair, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"What will the duke say," he murmured, "when he hears that one of the family has been subjected to such a humiliation?"

"It is the purest accident. I cannot allow that there is any humiliation."

"Ah, you look on these things from another standpoint."

"I fail to see that anyone is to blame. I can hardly see how the lady could have acted otherwise, though her abrupt method of doing it was undoubtedly to be regretted. Having no mother she had no one to advise her at such a crisis."

"It was a slight, sir, a public slight," said Lord St. Simon, tapping his fingers upon the table.

"You must make allowance for this poor girl, placed in so unprecedented a position."

"I will make no allowance. I am very angry indeed, and I have been shamefully used."

"I think that I heard a ring," said Holmes. "Yes, there are steps on the landing. If I cannot persuade you to take a lenient view of the matter, Lord St. Simon, I have brought an advocate here who may be more successful." He opened the door and ushered in a lady and gentleman. "Lord St. Simon," said he, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hay Moulton. The lady, I think, you have already met."

At the sight of these new-comers our client had sprung from his seat, and stood very erect, with his eyes cast down and his hand thrust into the breast of his frock coat, a picture of offended dignity. The lady had taken a quick step forward and had held out her hand to him, but he still refused



"A PICTURE OF OFFENDED DIGNITY."

to raise his eyes. It was as well for his resolution, perhaps, for her pleading face was one which it was hard to resist.

"You're angry, Robert," said she. "Well, I guess you have every cause to be."

"Pray make no apology to me," said Lord St. Simon, bitterly.

"Oh yes, I know that I treated you real bad, and that I should have spoken to you before I went; but I was kind of rattled, and from the time when I saw Frank here again, I just didn't know what I was doing or saying. I only wonder I didn't fall down and do a faint right there before the altar."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moulton, you would like my friend and me to leave the room while you explain this matter?"

"If I may give an opinion," remarked the strange gentleman, "we've had just a little too much secrecy over this business already. For my part, I should like all Europe and America to hear the rights of it." He was a small, wiry, sunburned man, clean shaven, with a sharp face and alert manner.

"Then I'll tell our story right away," said the lady. "Frank here and I met in '84, in McQuire's camp, near the Rockies, where Pa was working a claim. We were engaged to each other, Frank and I; but then one day father struck a rich pocket, and made a pile, while poor Frank here had a claim that petered out and came to nothing. The richer Pa grew, the poorer was Frank; so at last Pa wouldn't hear of our engagement lasting any longer, and he took me away to 'Frisco. Frank wouldn't throw up his hand, though; so he followed me there, and he saw me without Pa knowing anything about it. It would only have made him mad to know, so we just fixed it all up for ourselves. Frank said that he would go and make his pile, too, and never come back to claim me until he had as much as Pa. So then I promised to wait for him to the end of time, and pledged myself not to marry anyone else while he lived. 'Why shouldn't we be married right away, then,' said he, 'and then I will feel sure of you; and I won't claim to be your husband until I come back.' Well, we talked it over, and he had fixed it all up so nicely, with a clergyman all ready in waiting, that we just did it right there; and then Frank went off to seek his fortune, and I went back to Pa.

"The next that I heard of Frank was that he was in Montana, and then he went prospecting into Arizona, and then I heard of him from New Mexico. After that came a long newspaper story about how a miners' camp had been attacked by Apache Indians, and there was my Frank's name among the killed. I fainted dead away, and I was very sick for months after. Pa thought I had a decline, and took me to half the doctors in 'Frisco. Not a word of news came for a year and more, so that I never doubted that Frank was really dead. Then Lord St. Simon came to 'Frisco, and we came to London, and a marriage was arranged, and Pa was very pleased, but I felt all the time that no man on this earth would ever take the place in my heart that had been given to my poor Frank.

"Still, if I had married Lord St. Simon, of course I'd have done my duty by him. We can't command our love, but we can our actions. I went to the altar with him with the intention that I would make him just as good a wife as it was in me to be. But you may imagine what I felt when, just as I came to the altar rails, I glanced back and saw Frank standing looking at me out of the first pew. I thought it was his ghost at first; but, when I looked again, there he was still, with a kind of question in his eyes as if to ask me whether I were glad or sorry to see him. I wonder I didn't drop. I know that everything was turning round, and the words of the clergyman were just like the buzz of a bee in my ear. I didn't know what to do. Should I stop the service and make a scene in the church? I glanced at him again, and he seemed to know what I was thinking, for he raised his finger to his lips to tell me to to be still. Then I saw him scribble on a piece of paper, and I knew that he was writing me a note. As I passed his pew on the way out I dropped my bouquet over to him, and he slipped the note into my hand when he returned me the flowers. It was only a line asking me to join him when he made the sign to me to do so. Of course, I never doubted for a moment that my first duty now was to him, and I determined to do just whatever he might direct.

"When I got back I told my maid, who had known him in California, and had always been his friend. I ordered her to say nothing, but to get a few things packed and my ulster ready. I know I ought to have spoken to Lord St. Simon, but it was dreadful hard before his mother and all those great people. I just made up my

mind to run away, and explain afterwards. I hadn't been at the table ten minutes before I saw Frank out of the window at the other side of the road. He beckoned to me, and then began walking into the Park. I slipped out, put on my things, and followed him. Some woman came talking



"SOME WOMAN CAME TALKING ABOUT LORD ST. SIMON."

something or other about Lord St. Simon to me—seemed to me from the little I heard as if he had a little secret of his own before marriage also—but I managed to get away from her, and soon over took Frank. We got into a cab together, and away we drove to some lodgings he had taken in Gordon-square, and that was my true wedding after all those years of waiting. Frank had been a prisoner among the Apaches, had escaped, came on to 'Frisco, found that I had given him up for dead and had gone to England, followed me there, and had come upon me at last on the very morning of my second wedding."

"I saw it in a paper," explained the American. "It gave the name and the church, but not where the lady lived."

"Then we had a talk as to what we should do, and Frank was all for openness, but I was so ashamed of it all that I felt as if I would like to vanish away and never see any of them again, just sending a line to Pa, perhaps, to show him that I was alive. It was awful to me to think of all those lords and ladies sitting round that breakfast table, and waiting for me to come back. So Frank took my wedding clothes and things, and made a bundle of them so that I should not be traced, and dropped them away somewhere where no one should find them. It is likely that we should have gone on to Paris to-morrow, only that this good gentleman, Mr. Holmes, came round to us this evening, though how he found us is more than I can think, and he showed us very clearly and kindly that I was wrong and that Frank was right, and that we should put ourselves in the wrong if we were so secret. Then he offered to give us a chance of talking to Lord St. Simon alone, and so we came right away round to his rooms at once. Now, Robert, you have heard it all, and I am very sorry if I have given you pain, and I hope that you do not think very meanly of me."

Lord St. Simon had by no means relaxed his rigid attitude, but had listened with a frowning brow and a compressed lip to this long narrative.

"Excuse me," he said, "but it is not my custom to discuss my most intimate personal affairs in this public manner."

"Then you won't forgive me? You won't shake hands before I go?"

"Oh, certainly, if it would give you any pleasure." He put out his hand and coldly grasped that which she extended to him.

"I had hoped," suggested Holmes, "that you would have joined us in a friendly supper."

"I think that there you ask a little too much," responded his lordship. "I may be forced to acquiesce in these recent developments, but I can hardly be expected to make merry over them. I think that, with your permission, I will now wish you all a very good night." He included us all in a sweeping bow, and stalked out of the room.



"I WILL WISH YOU ALL A VERY GOOD NIGHT."

"Then I trust that you at least will honour me with your company," said Sherlock Holmes. "It is always a joy to me to meet an American, Mr. Moulton, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a Minister in far gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes."

"The case has been an interesting one," remarked Holmes, when our visitors had left us, "because it serves to show very clearly how simple the explanation may be of an affair which at first sight seems to be almost inexplicable. Nothing could be more natural than the sequence of events as narrated by this lady, and nothing stranger than the result when viewed, for instance, by Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard.

"You were not yourself at fault at all, then?"

"From the first, two facts were very obvious to me, the one that the lady had been quite willing to undergo the wedding ceremony, the other that she had repented of it within a few minutes of returning home. Obviously something had occurred during the morning, then, to cause her to change her mind. What could that something be? She could not have spoken to anyone when she was out, for she had been in the company of the bridegroom. Had she seen someone, then? If she had, it must be someone from America, because she had spent so short a time in this country that she could hardly have allowed anyone to acquire so deep an influence over her that the mere sight of him would induce her to change her plans so completely. You see we have already arrived, by a process of exclusion, at the idea that she might have seen an American. Then who could this American be, and why should he possess so much influence over her? It might be a lover; it might be a husband. Her young womanhood had, I knew, been spent in rough scenes, and under strange conditions. So far I had got before ever I heard Lord St. Simon's narrative. When he told us of a man in a pew, of the change in the bride's manner, of so transparent a device for obtaining a note as the dropping of a bouquet, of her resort to her confidential

maid, and of her very significant allusion to claim-jumping, which in miners' parlance means taking possession of that which another person has a prior claim to, the whole situation became absolutely clear. She had gone off with a man, and the man was either a lover or was a previous husband, the chances being in favour of the latter."

"And how in the world did you find them?"

"It might have been difficult, but friend Lestrade held information in his hands the value of which he did not himself know. The initials were of course of the highest importance, but more valuable still was it to know that within a week he had settled his bill at one of the most select London hotels."

"How did you deduce the select?"

"By the select prices. Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry, pointed to one of the most expensive hotels. There are not many in London which charge at that rate. In the second one which I visited in Northumberland-avenue, I learned by an inspection of the book that Francis H. Moulton, an American gentleman, had left only the day before, and on looking over the entries against him, I came upon the very items which I had seen in the duplicate bill. His letters were to be forwarded to 226, Gordon-square, so thither I travelled, and being fortunate enough to find the loving couple at home, I ventured to give them some paternal advice, and to point out to them that it would be better in every way that they should make their position a little clearer, both to the general public and to Lord St. Simon in particular. I invited them to meet him here, and as you see, I made him keep the appointment."

"But with no very good result," I remarked. "His conduct was certainly not very gracious."

"Ah! Watson," said Holmes, smiling, "perhaps you would not be very gracious either, if, after all the trouble of wooing and wedding, you found yourself deprived in an instant of wife and of fortune. I think that we may judge Lord St. Simon very mercifully, and thank our stars that we are never likely to find ourselves in the same position. Draw your chair up, and hand me my violin, for the only problem which we have still to solve is how to while away these bleak autumnal evenings."



By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.

III.—RIVERS AND LAKES.

ACCORDING to the traditions of ancient times, running water was proof against all sorcery and witchcraft—

"No spell could stay the living tide,
Or charm the rushing stream."*

There was much truth, as well as beauty, in this idea. Flowing waters have not only power to wash away material stains, and to cleanse the outward body, but they also clear away the cobwebs of the brain—the results of over incessant work—and restore us to health and strength.

Snowfields and glaciers, mountain torrents, sparkling brooks, and stately rivers; pools, and lakes; and last, not least, the great ocean itself, all alike possess this magic power.

"When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in Him;" and in his quaint, old language he craves a special blessing on all those "that are true lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet and go a-angling."

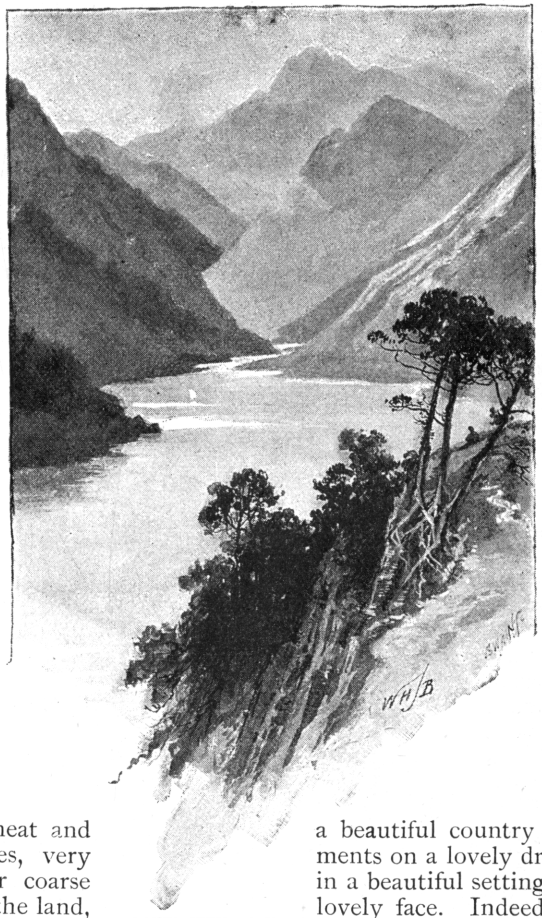
"Of all inorganic substances," says Ruskin, "acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of un-

* Leyden.

wearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul."

At the water's edge flowers are especially varied and luxuriant, so that the banks of a river are a long natural garden of tall and graceful grasses and sedges, the Flowering Rush, the Sweet Flag, the Bull Rush, Purple Loosestrife, Hemp Agrimony, Forget-me-not, and a hundred more; backed by Willows, Alders, Poplars, and other trees.

The animal world, if less conspicuous to the eye, is quite as fascinating to the imagination. Here and there a speckled trout may be detected (rather by the shadow than the substance) suspended in the clear water, or darting across a shallow. If we are quiet we may see water-hens or wild ducks swimming among the lilies, a kingfisher sitting on a branch or flashing away like a gleam of light; a solemn heron stands, maybe, at the water's edge, or slowly rises flapping his great wings; water rats, neat and clean little creatures, very different from their coarse brown namesakes of the land, are abundant everywhere; nor need we even yet quite despair of seeing the otter himself.



LAKES SEEM TO SLEEP AND DREAM.'

Insects, of course, are gay, lively, and innumerable; but, after all, the richest fauna is that visible only with a microscope.

"To gaze," says Dr. Hudson, "into that wonderful world which lies in a drop of water, crossed by some stems of green weed, to see transparent living mechanism at work, and to gain some idea of its modes of action, to watch a tiny speck that can sail through the prick of a needle's point, to see its crystal armour flashing with ever-varying tint, its head glorious with the halo of its quivering cilia; to see it gliding through the emerald stems, hunting for its food, snatching at its prey, fleeing from its enemy, chasing its mate (the fiercest of our passions blazing in an invisible speck); to see it whirling in a mad dance, to the sound of its own music, the music of its happiness, the exquisite happiness of living—can anyone who has once enjoyed this sight ever turn from it to mere books and drawings without the sense that he has left all fairy-land behind him?" *

The study of natural history has indeed the special advantage of carrying us into the country and the open air.

Lakes are even more restful than rivers or the sea. Rivers are always flowing, though it may be but slowly; the sea may rest awhile, now and then, but is generally full of action and energy, while lakes seem to sleep and dream. Lakes in a beautiful country are like silver ornaments on a lovely dress, like liquid gems in a beautiful setting, or bright eyes in a lovely face. Indeed, as we look down on a lake from some hill or cliff it almost looks solid, like some great blue crystal.

It is interesting and delightful to trace a river from its source to the sea.

"Beginning at the hill-top," says Geikie, "we first meet with the spring, or 'well-

* Dr. Hudson, Address to the Microscopical Soc., 1889.

eye,' from which the river takes its rise. A patch of bright green, mottling the brown heathy slope, shows where the water comes to the surface, a treacherous covering of verdure often concealing a deep pool beneath. From its source the rivulet trickles along the grass and heath, which it soon cuts through, reaching the black, peaty layer below, and running in it for a short way as in a gutter. Excavating its channel in the peat, it comes down to the soil, often a stony earth bleached white by the peat. Deepening and widening the channel as it gathers force with the increasing slope, the water digs the coating of drift or loose decomposed rock that covers the hillside. In favourable localities a narrow precipitous gully, twenty or thirty feet deep, may thus be scooped out in the course of a few years."



"DEEPENING AND WIDENING AS IT GATHERS FORCE."

If, however, we trace one of the Swiss rivers to its source, we shall often find that it begins in a snowfield, or neve, nestled in a shoulder of some great mountain.

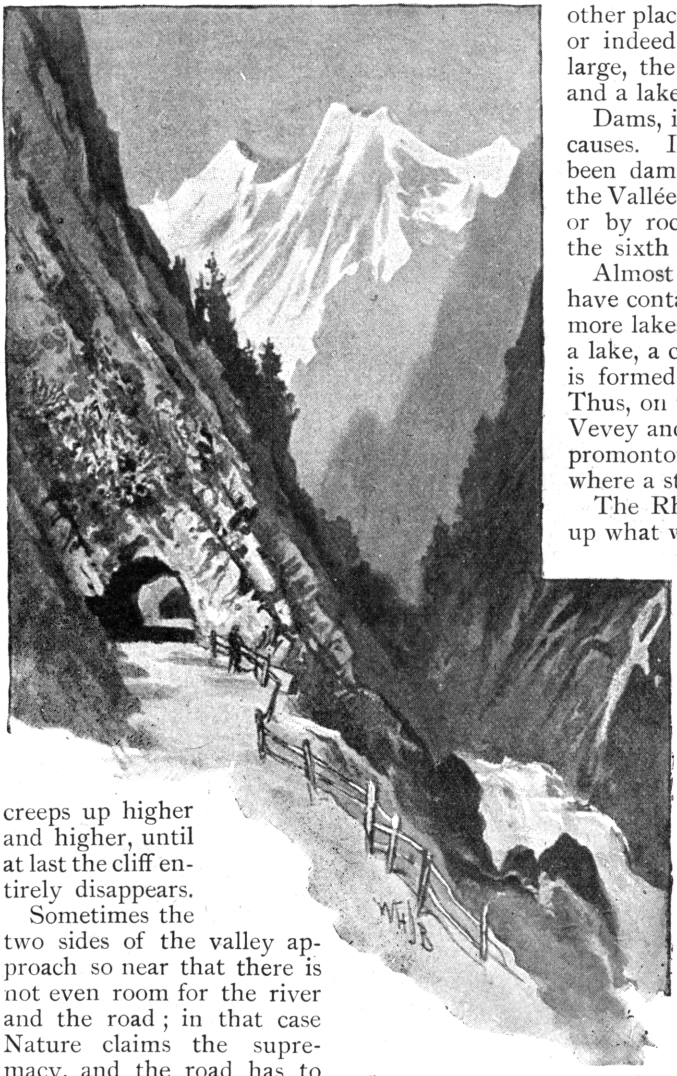
Below the neve lies a glacier—on, in, and under which the water runs in a thousand little streams, eventually emerging at the end, in some cases forming a beautiful blue cavern, though in others the end of the glacier is encumbered and concealed by earth and stones.

The uppermost Alpine valleys are perhaps generally, though by no means always, a little desolate and severe. The sides are clothed with pasture, which is flowery indeed, though of course the flowers are not visible at a distance, interspersed with live rock and fallen masses, while along the bottom rushes a white torrent. The snowy mountains are generally more or less hidden by the shoulders of the hills.

The valleys further down widen, and become more varied and picturesque. The snowy peaks and slopes are more often visible; the "alps," or pastures to which the cows are taken in summer, are greener, and dotted with the huts or châlets of the cowherds; while the tinkling of the cowbells comes to one from time to time, softened by distance, and suggestive of mountain rambles. Below the alps there is generally a steeper part clothed with firs, or with larches and pines, some of which seem as if they were scaling the mountains in regiments, preceded by a number of skirmishers. Below the fir woods again are beeches, chestnuts, and other deciduous trees, while the central cultivated portion of the valley is partly arable, partly pasture; the latter differing from our meadows in containing a large proportion of flowers.

Apart from the action of running water,

snow and frost are continually disintegrating the rocks, and thus gradually lowering the higher peaks. At the base of almost any steep cliff may be seen a slope of *débris*. This stands at a regular angle—the angle of repose—and, unless it is gradually removed by a stream at the base, gradually creeps up higher and higher, until at last the cliff entirely disappears.



"A TUNNEL THROUGH THE ROCK."

Sometimes the two sides of the valley approach so near that there is not even room for the river and the road; in that case Nature claims the supremacy, and the road has to be carried in a cutting, or perhaps in a tunnel through the rock. In other cases Nature is not at one with herself. In many places the *débris* from the rocks above would reach right across the valley and dam up the stream. Then arises a struggle between rock and river, but the river is always victorious in the end; even if dammed back for a while, it concentrates its force, rises up the rampart of rock, rushes over triumphantly, resumes its original course, and gradually carries the enemy away.

Sometimes two lateral valleys come down nearly opposite one another, so that the cones meet, as, for instance, some little way below Vernayaz, and indeed, in several other places in the Valais. In this case, or indeed by one, if it is sufficiently large, the valley may be dammed up, and a lake formed.

Dams, indeed, may be due to other causes. In some cases valleys have been dammed by ice—for instance, in the Vallée de Bagnes, in the year 1818; or by rock falls, as in the Valais, in the sixth century.

Almost all river valleys contain, or have contained in their course, one or more lakes, and when a river falls into a lake, a cone, like those just described, is formed, and projects into the lake. Thus, on the Lake of Geneva, between Vevey and Villeneuve, are several such promontories, each marking the place where a stream falls into the lake.

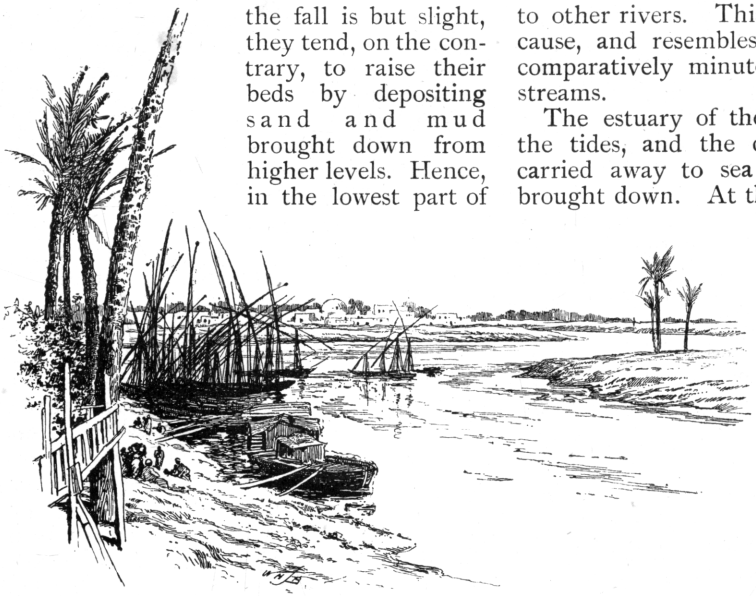
The Rhone itself has not only filled up what was once the upper end of the lake, but has built out a strip of land into the lake.

That the lake formerly extended far up the Valais no one can doubt who looks at the flat ground about Villeneuve. It is clear that the valley must formerly have been much deeper, and that it has been filled up by material brought down by the Rhone, a process which is still continuing.

At the other end of the lake the river rushes out fifteen feet deep of, "not flowing, but flying, water, not water neither—melted glacier matter one should call it; the force of the ice with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the countenance of time."*

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that rivers always tend to excavate their valleys. This is only the case when the slope exceeds a certain angle. When

* Ruskin.



THE NILE.

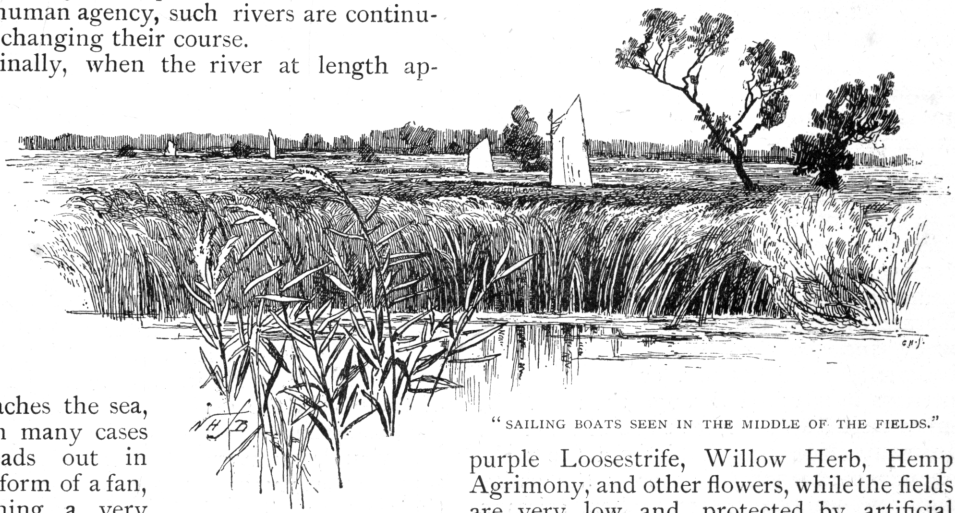
the fall is but slight, they tend, on the contrary, to raise their beds by depositing sand and mud brought down from higher levels. Hence, in the lowest part of their course, many of the most celebrated rivers, the Nile, the Po, the Mississippi, the Thames, &c., run upon embankments, partly of their own creation.

When not interfered with by man, rivers under such conditions sooner or later break through their banks, and, leaving their former bed, take a new course along the lowest part of their valley, which again they gradually raise above the rest. Hence, unless they are kept in their own channels by human agency, such rivers are continually changing their course.

Finally, when the river at length approaches the sea, it in many cases spreads out in the form of a fan, forming a very flat cone or "delta," as it is called from the Greek capital Δ, a name first applied to that of the Nile, and afterwards extended to other rivers. This is due to the same cause, and resembles, except in size, the comparatively minute cones of mountain streams.

The estuary of the Thames is swept by the tides, and the deposits of the river carried away to sea as fast as they are brought down. At the mouths of the Po, on the contrary, the tide is very small; at those of the Mississippi it never surpasses a yard, and even at the mouth of the Ganges it does not generally rise more than ten feet.

In flat countries the habits of rivers are very different. For instance, in parts of Norfolk there are many small lakes or "broads" in a network of rivers—the Bure, the Yare, the Ant, the Waveney, &c., which do not rush on with the haste of many rivers or the stately flow of others, which steadily set themselves to reach the sea, but rather seem like rivers wandering in the meadows on a holiday. They have often no natural banks, but are bounded by dense growths of tall grasses, Bulrushes, Reeds, and Sedges, interspersed with the spires of the purple Loosestrife, Willow Herb, Hemp Agrimony, and other flowers, while the fields are very low and protected by artificial dykes, so that the red cattle seem to be browsing below the level of the water; and, as the rivers take most unexpected turns,



"SAILING BOATS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS."

the sailing boats often seem as if they were in the middle of the fields.

At present these rivers are restrained in their courses by banks. When left free they are continually changing their beds; and their courses, at first sight, seem to follow no rule, but—as it is termed from a celebrated river of Asia Minor—they seem to "Meander" along without aim or object, though, in fact, they follow very definite laws.

For a considerable part of its course the curves of the Mississippi are so regular that they are said to have been used by the Indians as a measure of distance.

If the country is flat, a river gradually raises the level on each side; the water which overflows during floods, being retarded by trees, bushes, sedges, and a thousand other obstacles, gradually deposits the solid matter which it contains, and, thus raising the surface, becomes at length suspended, as it were, above the general level. When this elevation has reached a certain point, the river, during some flood, overflows and cuts through its banks, and, deserting its old bed, takes a new course along the lowest accessible level. This, then, it gradually fills up, and so on, coming back from time to time if permitted, after a long cycle of years, to its first course.

The most celebrated floods are those of the Nile. The river commences to rise towards the beginning of July; from August to October it floods all the low lands, and early in November it sinks again. At its greatest height the volume of water sometimes reaches twenty times that when it is lowest, and yet, perhaps, not a drop of rain may have fallen. Though we now know that this annual variation is due to the melting of the snow, and the fall of rain on the high lands of Central Africa, still, when we consider that the phenomenon has been repeated annually for thousands of years, it is impossible not to regard it with wonder. In fact, Egypt itself may be said to be the bed of the Nile in flood time.

Some rivers, on the other hand, offer no such periodical difference. The lower Rhone, for instance, below the junction with the Saone, is nearly the same all through the year, and yet we know that the upper portion is greatly derived from the melting of the Swiss snows. In this case, however, while the Rhone itself is on this account highest in summer and lowest in winter, the Saone, on the contrary, is swollen by the winter's rain, and falls during the fine weather of summer. Hence the two just counterbalance one another.

Periodical differences are, of course, comparatively easy to deal with. It is very different with floods due to irregular rainfall. Here, also, however, the mere quantity of rain is by no means the only matter to be considered. For instance, a heavy rain in the watershed in the Seine, unless very prolonged, causes less difference in the flow of the river, say at Paris, than might at first have been expected, because the height of the flood in the nearer affluents has passed down the river before that from the more distant ones has arrived. The highest floods are when the rain in the districts drained by the various affluents happen to be so timed that the different floods coincide in their arrival at Paris.



Two Marriage Eves.

By Richard Dowling.

"I HAVE often told you," said James Mayfield to me the evening before my marriage with his daughter Kate, "that I owed my prosperity—or more accurately, my escape from destruction—to an accident, a chance, a miracle. Stand up and look at that piece of paper let into the overmantel. Have you ever observed it before?"

"Yes," I said, rising and examining a faded document under a glass panel in the oak. "I have now and then noticed it, but have never been able to make out what it is."

"What do you take it for?"

"Well, it looks like half a sheet of business note-paper covered with indistinct figures that do not seem ordinary."

"Yes," he said, gazing with half-closed eyes at the paper through the smoke of his cigar. "They are not ordinary, nor is their history."

"It is not possible to make them out, they are so blurred and faint. Are they very old?"

"Twenty years. They are much faded since I first saw them," said he, crossing his legs. "Now you may as well know the history of that half-sheet of business paper, and what it has to do with me and your Kate's mother. Sit down and I will tell it to you."

I dropped back into my chair.

"Our Kate is nearly nineteen, as, no doubt, you are aware. It is the night before *your* marriage. You, thank Heaven! run no such risk as I ran the night before *my* marriage. There is no date on that blurred copy of figures, but if there were you would find it originated on the night before I was to be married, twenty years ago. You are short of thirty now, I was short of thirty then. You are now in what I should then have considered affluent circumstances. I am going to give you to-morrow our only child, and a fourth share in the business of Strangway, Mayfield & Co., of which I am the sole surviving partner, and that fourth share ought to bring you a thousand to twelve hundred a year. The night that document over the chimney came into existence I was accountant to Strangway & Co., at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum."



"YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW THE HISTORY OF THAT PIECE OF PAPER."

My father-in-law paused, and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"At that time," he went

on, resuming his story, "the business of Strangway & Co. was in Bread-street. We had warehouses on the ground floor and in the cellars, the offices were on the first floor, and warehouses filled from over the first floor to the slates.

"The offices closed at six; but, as I was anxious to put everything in the finest order before starting on my honeymoon, I was not able to leave at that hour. In addition to the bookkeeping I did most of the routine correspondence, and I had some letters to write. When they were finished, I should lock up the place, put the keys in my pocket, leave them at Mr. Strangway's house on Clapham Common, and go on to my lodgings in Wandsworth, and from my lodgings to my sweetheart Mary's home, in Wandsworth too.

"As I was working away, writing letters at the top of my speed, and quite alone in the office—in the whole house—Stephen Grainly, one of our travellers, rang the bell, and, much to my surprise and annoyance, when I opened the front door, walked upstairs, following my lead through the unlighted passages. I never cared for Stephen Grainly, no one in the office liked him except Mr. Strangway himself. Grainly was an excellent man at his work; but, to my taste, too smooth and good—too sweet to be sound.

"'What, Mayfield,' he cried, 'working away still! Why, when I saw the light, I made sure it must be Broadwood (our assistant accountant, who was to take my place while I was away), and, as I had a goodish bit of money, I thought I'd better bank here than in my own home in Hoxton; I am not satisfied it is safe to stow three hundred pounds in cash in my humble home.'

"'All right,' said I; 'but I wish you had come earlier. The safest place to bank money in is the Bank.' He did not know I was going to be married next day, and I was glad of it, for the man always made me feel uncomfortable, and I did not wish him to touch my little romance even with a word.

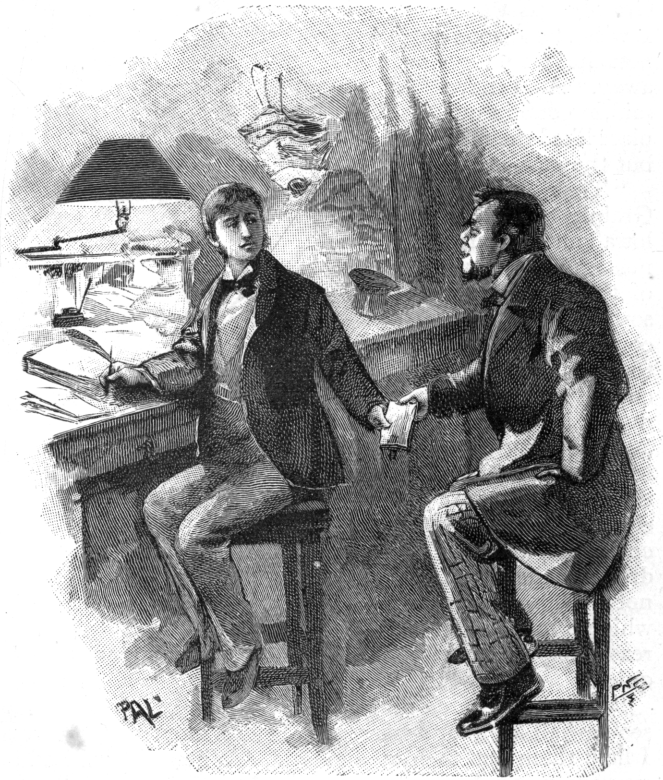
"'Be here at four o'clock!' he cried. 'My dear fellow, I couldn't do it. How could I? Why, I didn't get to King's Cross until a quarter to six! Here you are.' He produced his pocket-book. 'You needn't give me more than two minutes. Cheques, five hundred and seventy-four, eighteen six. Notes, two hundred and forty-five. Gold, forty-eight.'

"As you may fancy, I was in a hurry to get rid of him. He seemed in no hurry to go. He sat down, pulled out his handkerchief, and began wiping his forehead, although it was October, and by no means warm.

"'You will initial my book?' said he, and he handed me his order-book, part of which was ruled in money-columns, where he had a list of the money he had collected. The whole was eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence, and for this I signed.

"'Have you taken the numbers of the notes?' I asked.

"'No,' said he.



"HE HANDED ME HIS ORDER-BOOK."

"I made a list myself of the numbers on a sheet of paper, and pushed cheques, notes, and gold up to the flat, middle part of my desk. I did not want to take out any of the account-books that night, and when I had finished the letters and he was gone, I should put the money in the safe in the back room. The memorandum of the numbers I should leave with the keys at Clapham, and the whole transaction would be dealt with by my assistant, Broadwood, in the morning.

"Making out the list had taken a little time, as the notes were all small and no two in a sequence; they had been collected for minor accounts in the country. Twenty years ago banking facilities were not so great as now, and we got from country customers large numbers of notes which would in our day be considered worn-out curiosities.

"I put my list of notes on the desk beside me, and went on with my letters, several of which were now ready for the copying-press. Copying is a mechanical operation at which I could work easily while Grainly was there. I wished to goodness he would go away. As I have said, no one in our place liked the man but the governor.

"That evening Grainly talked a lot about the business and the news of the day, and all sorts of things. I could not tell him to go away, for he could see I was not myself leaving yet, and copying the letters, putting them to dry, enclosing them in envelopes, and addressing them was not occupation for which a man could reasonably claim quiet.



"I STRUCK A MATCH TO LIGHT HIM."

"When my batch of letters were ready, seeing half an hour's work still before me, I held them out to him and said, 'When you are going, I should be obliged if you would post these, as I am not nearly finished here yet.'

"'Certainly,' said he, taking the hint and rising. He caught the letters in his hand and for a moment stared at me in a peculiar way. I thought he was going to resent physically my hint that he should take himself off. If he had I should have fared badly, no doubt, for he was a much bigger and more powerful man than I. He did not, however, attempt violence. He shifted his eyes from me and turned them slowly round the room, on the desk, and towards the door.

"'Anyone in the place who could show me out? All the gas is turned off below, and I have never gone down in the darkness,' said he, moving away.

"'There's no one but ourselves here. I'll show you the way,' I said with alacrity, delighted to get rid of him.

"I had led him through the long, dark corridor and half down the stairs, when he suddenly cried out, 'My stick! I left my stick above. I won't be a minute, Mayfield. Just wait here for me!'

"He ran upstairs to fetch his stick, and was back with me in the darkness, in a few seconds.

"'I found it all right,' said he; 'it was just at the door. I got it without going in at all.'

"I struck a match to light him, and presently he was out on the asphalt of Bread-street, walking rapidly towards Cheapside.

"When I got back to the counting-house the cheques were on the flat top of the desk. The gold and notes were gone!

"I had taken the numbers of the notes on a sheet of paper, and left the list on the

sloping part of my desk to dry, before putting it into my pocket.

"The paper on which I had taken the numbers of the notes was gone also!"

As my father-in-law spoke, I rose to my feet and tapped the glass over the document let into the oak above the fireplace, saying, "And this is the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it."

"And that is *not* the paper with the number of the stolen notes on it," said James Mayfield.

"From the moment I left the counting-house to show Grainly out that night, twenty years ago, no one has ever seen the list I made of the notes. Grainly must have destroyed it the moment he was out of Bread-street."

My father-in-law finished his glass of port and resumed his story:—

"Here was I, on the eve of my marriage, simply ruined.

"Grainly had my receipt for the two hundred and ninety-three pounds cash, and he had the two hundred and ninety-three pounds cash also, and Grainly was a thief who enjoyed the favour of his employer, while I was in no particular favour with the firm. I believe up to that time I was supposed to be honest.

"The forty-eight pounds in gold was, of course, gone as much as if it had been dropped into the crater of a burning mountain; and as the numbers of the notes could no longer be produced, and they had not come direct from a bank, but had been picked up here and there in the country, the two hundred and forty-five pounds were gone as though they had been blown overboard in the Atlantic Ocean.

"It was plain there would be no use in following Grainly, even if I knew the way he had gone when he gained Cheapside. It was plain no marriage could take place to-morrow morning. It was plain my course was to go without the loss of a moment to Mr. Strangway and tell him what had happened. Whether he would believe me or not, who could say? Not I, any way. He might reasonably order me into custody. Very well, if he did I must not grumble or feel aggrieved. Our wedding was fixed for eleven o'clock next morning. By eleven to-morrow I might be in jail, charged with stealing the money or being an accomplice in the robbery.

"I locked the office, telegraphed to Mary that I had been unexpectedly delayed, jumped into a hansom, and drove to Strangway's house in Clapham.

"I told the servant to take in word that I wished to see Mr. Strangway most particularly. I suppose she had heard about my wedding; anyway she smiled very knowingly, and said: 'I hope you'll have fine weather and good luck on your holiday, Mr. Mayfield, though it is rather late in the year to expect fine weather. Gracious, Mr. Mayfield, are you ill?' she cried at the end. I daresay my face told tales.

"'Not ill,' I said, 'but very anxious to see Mr. Strangway at once, if you please.'

"She showed me into the library, hurried



"GRACIOUS MR. MAYFIELD ARE YOU ILL?

off, and in a few seconds Mr. Strangway entered smiling. He, no doubt, thought my anxiety to see him was connected with my marriage.

"When he heard my story he was grave enough. 'Two hundred and ninety-three gone?' said he, frowning.

"'Gone,' said I.

"'And the numbers of the notes gone with the money?' said he, looking me full in the face, with a heavier frown.

"'Not a trace left of the paper on which I took the numbers.'

"'Are you sure no one but Grainly could have entered the counting-house?'

"'Perfectly sure. All the doors communicating with other parts of the house were shut—had been locked for the night. I had not been outside the counting-house since luncheon.'

"For a few moments he reflected. 'The awkward part of it, Mayfield,' said he, 'is that you are to be married to-morrow. Of course, your marriage must go on. But I'll tell you what I think would be best for you. Suppose you attend the office as usual to-morrow morning: you could leave for a couple of hours later, get the ceremony over, and come back.'

"'Oh!' I said, 'with this hanging over me? I half expected to be locked up to-night. But I could not get married until the money is found, Mr. Strangway.'

"'Found! Found! The money can never be found. Why, we have nothing to go on! Anyway, I shall not take steps to-night. Perhaps it would be best to postpone your marriage. Yes, it would not do to marry under the circumstances. I am very sorry for you. But all that can be done in the interests of *justice* must be done. Keep the keys, and be in Bread-street at the ordinary time in the morning.'"

My father-in-law paused here. His cigar was smoked out, but he had not finished his story. He did not offer to move, and I sat still. After a few moments he went on:—

"I will be merciful to you, and tell you nothing of the scene at my wife's place when I called later. Her father and mother were then living. I told my story to all three as I have told it to you, and all agreed the best thing was to postpone the marriage for a month.

"Well, I'm not getting on as fast as I promised, but I shall not keep you much longer.

"When I reached the office in the morning I had another good look round, but nothing whatever was to be discovered. I turned the whole place inside out. Nothing, absolutely nothing connected with the case turned up until, to my astonishment, Stephen Grainly walked into the office. Until his appearance I had, in a dim way, made up my mind that all would be cleared up, and my innocence established by his absconding. His arrival showed that he meant to brazen the thing out with me, and I felt from that moment helpless and paralysed.

"'Grainly,' said I, as soon as I could talk, 'when you came back for your stick last night, did you notice the money you gave me on the desk where I put it?'

"'No, my dear Mayfield. I did not cross the threshold of this room.'

"'You did not see or touch the money or the piece of paper on which I had taken down the numbers of the notes?'

"'No, certainly not. I could not see your desk from the door, and I was not further than the door. You do not seem well. I sincerely hope there is nothing the matter?'

"'The cash you brought in last night—the two hundred and ninety-three pounds—has been stolen, that's all,' said I.

"'Stolen!' he cried, falling back. 'You don't mean to say that!'

"'Ay, and stolen within an hour—within half an hour—of our being here together last night.'

"'I cannot—I will not—believe such a horrible thing. Stolen! And in the very office, too!'

"I never saw better acting in all my life than his indignation and horror and astonishment. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. I had spent a sleepless night, and was half dazed and wholly stupid and in despair. For a while I felt that, after all, he might be innocent, and that I, in a moment of excitement and haste, had placed the money and the memorandum in some place of security which I could not now recall.

"Mr. Strangway, on reaching the office half an hour earlier than his usual time, gave orders for another search. It was quite unavailing. No tale or tidings of the cash came that day.

"No secret was made of the affair in the office, and as the hours went on I became confident that in Mr. Strangway's eyes I was the criminal. I don't know how it



"STOLEN!"

happened, but I did not feel this much. I did not feel anything much. I was in a dream—a stupor.

"Late in the afternoon Mr. Strangway called me into his office, and told me that, considering everything, he did not intend placing the affair in the hands of the police that day, but that if to-morrow's sun went down upon matters as they now stood, he should be obliged to take action. 'The loss of the money I could bear,' said he, 'but the ingratitude I will not stand.'

"This was as good as accusing me of the robbery. Again I wonder that I was not more put out, but I felt little or nothing beyond helpless and numbed.

"Before I left Bread-street that evening Grainly sent me a note begging me, for my own sake, not to think of bolting! 'Bolting,' said he, 'in a case of this kind would be taken as an admission of the very worst.'

"Even this daring impudence did not rouse me, did not waken me; through the whole terrible affair I do not think I was ever as much excited as I am now.

"Next day Mr. Strangway said not a syllable about employing the police, or indeed about the affair at all, nor did he, as far as I knew, take steps in the matter. On the day following he made an astonishing announcement. He called Grainly and me into his private office, and said—

"'The present is the first time in the history of our firm that anything of this kind has occurred—that we have been robbed from the inside. I have made up my mind not to do anything about it just now. I keep an open mind. Some day we may find an easy explanation of the mystery, or it may never be cleared up. I accuse no one. I will say no more of the affair until I can either put my hand on the man who did it, or tell you both face to face, as you are now, that I have discharged from my mind for ever the notion that any man who takes my money as a servant took it also as a thief.'



"MR. STRANGWAY WAVED THE TELEGRAM."

"A fortnight after the loss of the money, a telegram came for Mr. Strangway. It was sent into his private office. Presently he opened his door and beckoned me to go in, and when I had entered he motioned me to a chair.

"'Mr. Mayfield,' said he, 'I wish at the earliest moment to relieve you of what must have been a terrible anxiety. The thief has been found, and is now in custody!' Mr. Strangway waved the telegram. 'I have just got the message saying Stephen Grainly, with the bulk of the notes on his person, is in the hands of the police. He was about leaving this country—for Spain, it is supposed. He stole the money a fortnight ago, and stole the list you had made of the numbers of the notes. Knowing the way in which the notes had come into his own hands in the country, he felt confident they could not be traced from their source to him, and of course they could not be traced from him to the Bank of England, as the list of the numbers was destroyed by him.'

"'Then, how in the world, sir, *were* they traced?' said I.

"Mr. Strangway raised the blotting-pad and took from under it a piece of paper, the back of a letter.

"'The news of the robbery got about,' said he, 'and of course our customers were interested in it, Mr. Young, of Horsham, among the rest. Mr. Young, of Horsham, was one of the people you wrote to that evening, the evening of the robbery, and you sent him more than you intended.'

"'Not the missing sheet with numbers? I know I couldn't have done that, for I saw the memorandum on the slope of my desk after closing his letter and handing it with the others to Grainly.'

"'No, but you put the memorandum on the slope of your desk with the ink side up, and you copied Mr. Young's letter in the copying press and while it was damp put it down on the list of the notes in unblotted copying ink, and the numbers of the notes were faintly but clearly copied, reversed of course, on the fly-leaf of Young's letter, and

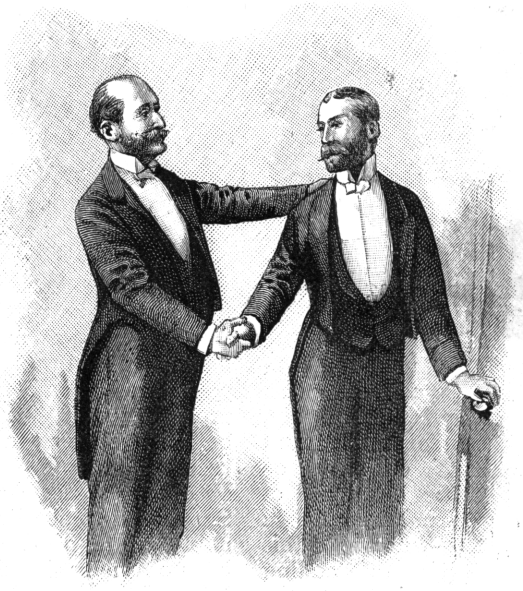
Mr. Young sent the copy back to me privately! Look.'

"Mr. Strangway handed me the fly-leaf of Young's letter, and there were the numbers of the notes, dim to be sure, but not quite as dim there as they are now under the glass let into the oak of the overmantel. Grainly had put a few of the notes in circulation, and they had been traced back to him.

"'He stole the money, Mayfield,' said Mr. Strangway to me, 'and he tried to ruin you, or anyway he wanted to saddle you with the theft, and for a while I more than suspected you. But all is clear at last, and I'll pay you handsomely one day for suspecting you.'

"And so he did," said my father in-law. "He lent me the money to buy a partnership in the firm, and I am the firm all to myself now—and shall be until the new partner comes in to-morrow."

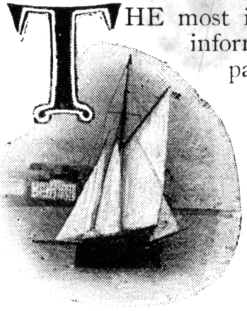
He rose and shook me by the hand and tapped me on the shoulder saying, "Your partner for life will be wondering what has kept you. Run away to Kate now, my boy."



The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.



CLANDEBOYE.



YACHT "LADY HERMIONE."

THE most interesting items of information are apt to pall if subject to too frequent repetition, and the feats of statesmanship, of diplomacy, and of oratory of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava—who spends his life in adding new letters to the "alphabet streaming behind him," as someone writes in verse—are so well known that it is refreshing to turn to less broken ground, and mingle an account of the more serious portion of his life with that which deals in anecdote and incident chiefly, if not only.

In a speech made on St. Andrew's Day, in Calcutta, two or three years ago, Lord Dufferin declared himself to be a Scotchman, though, as he admitted, "greatly improved by three hundred years' residence in Ireland." Notwithstanding this assertion and the fact that he was born in Florence, we may still look on him as the most Irish of the Irish, a statement which the remark above quoted does not tend to disprove.

As a direct descendant of Sheridan, and the son of one of the most brilliant and gifted women of her day, it must always have been held probable that Lord Dufferin would make some mark in the world, but not many might have cared to hazard so bold a forecast as to say he would in turn become Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Paris, to St. Petersburg, to Rome, and to Constantinople, arbiter of the destinies of the fellaheen on the banks of the Nile, and of the Men of the Mountain in the province of Syria, as well as "Maid of all Work to Her Majesty's Cabinet ministers," as he wittily styled himself in Parliament when appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

By the unfortunate means of the early death of his father, Lord Dufferin began life very young; he was only fourteen when he was called away from Eton to take possession of his estate.

His mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, Miss Sheridan by birth, a member of an ancient Celtic family in the county Cavan, was the grand-daughter of the great dramatist and statesman, and is still remembered through numerous beautiful and pathetic verses set to music by the hand of their talented composer, and sung by her with exquisite taste

and feeling, which include the well-known ballads of "The Irish Emigrant," "Terence's Farewell," and "Katy's Letter." It is generally said that it was to this distinguished woman, by whose friendship he was honoured, that the poet Moore addressed the following lines :—

"Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lip his true archery wings ;
And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

Another very charming and gracefully satirical production from the pen of Helen, Lady Dufferin, is entitled, in playful parody of her son's Icelandic tour, "Lispings from Low Latitudes," and relates the adventures of an English lady in Egypt. The numerous illustrations, which are very spirited and full of humour, place the heroine in every situation that drollery and imagination can suggest, and are from the same gifted hand. We are able to give a portrait of Lady Dufferin taken in the latter part of her life. The remaining two of the brilliant trio of sisters, without mention of whom no published annals of Court and social life during the first half of this century seem complete, were the Duchess of Somerset, who was unanimously elected Queen of Beauty in the celebrated Eglinton Tournament in 1839, and Mrs. Norton, a writer of romance eminent in her day, some of whose songs and verses are almost as popular now as during her lifetime, and whose story of "The Lady of La Garaye," told in verse, has rarely found its equal in simple charm and pathos in any language.

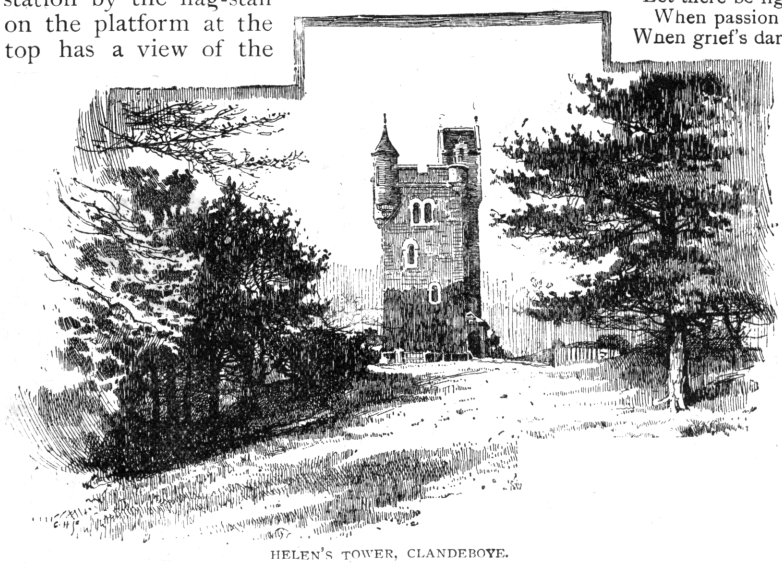


From a] HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN. [*Drawing*

The present Marchioness of Dufferin, whose family is mentioned elsewhere, is known to all for the great work she undertook in India with a view to ameliorating the condition of the native women, and introducing female medical aid into the zenanas. Only those acquainted through personal experience with the ignorance of the most common laws of nature, and the apathy shown in the presence of the most terrible and most protracted of sufferings, can have any idea of the condition of things in this respect in our Eastern empire before the noble-hearted Vicereine took the matter in hand. Of the tact and assiduity with which she induced one great Indian prince after another to permit, to sympathise with, and to aid in her undertaking, till the whole vast peninsula was working with her and for her, this is not the place to speak, more especially as an article on "Lady Dufferin and the Women of India" appeared in this magazine last November. Nor yet can more than one brief word be said of the grace and dignity with which, since she took her place by his side as a bride of eighteen, Lady Dufferin has accompanied her husband from place to place, making his many difficult tasks light in a manner which only a woman can, and adding to his popularity by the exercise of her own unquestioned charms, which have secured for her the respect and admiration of all who have known her on both sides the world.

Helen, Lady Dufferin, was her son's guardian until he came of age, but before that time he began to put his house in order by planting long avenues of trees in all directions round Clandeboye, his place

in County Down, and by cutting two large lakes, now combined, in the grounds, thus providing much-needed employment for the labouring population of the neighbourhood at the time of the great famine, when general distress was almost as rife in the North as in the South of Ireland. One of these avenues terminates at Helen's Bay, a beautiful little spot well known to sailors on the north coast, in whose proximity a pretty little bathing village has come into existence. Another of the long green alleys leads to Helen's Tower, built by Lord Dufferin in his mother's honour, and which is furnished as a residence, each story consisting of one minute room and its own portion of the spiral staircase, and it rises to such a height that anyone taking up their station by the flag-staff on the platform at the top has a view of the distant shores of Cantyre, Wigtonshire, and of the Isle of Man.



HELEN'S TOWER, CLANDEBOYE.

In a little work published for private circulation, one notices with interest that the lady to whom, in 1850, was assigned the task of christening this romantic tower, was Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, the wife of Lord Dufferin's nearest neighbour and closest friend, and whose daughter was, a dozen years later, to become the Countess of Dufferin.

Among our illustrations we give one of the monument which has been celebrated in the verse of some of the greatest writers of our day. A sonnet of Robert Browning's compares this "Love's rock-built tower" of the island in the north to that of the "Greek beauty of the Scæan Gate," while in the recent editions of Lord Tennyson's works are to be found other lines on it beginning—

> "Helen's tower, here I stand—
> Dominant o'er sea and land;
> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love engraved in gold"

Space must also be made for a short extract from the exquisite lines in which Lady Dufferin resigned her guardianship of her son, which are engraved on a marble slab fixed to the inner wall of the tower:—

> "At a most solemn pause we stand,
> From this day forth—for evermore,
> The weak, but loving human hand,
> Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
> Then as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
> And earthly beacons dimly shine,
> 'Let there be light' upon thy way,
> And holier guidance far than mine;
> 'Let there be light' in thy clear soul,
> When passion tempts or doubts assail;
> When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
> 'Let there be light' that shall not fail!
> . . . And pray, that she whose hand doth trace
> This heart warm prayer, when life is past,
> May see and know thy blessed face
> In God's own glorious light at last."

Lord Dufferin inherited a love of the sea from his father, a captain in Her Majesty's Navy, and a few years later he struck the keel of his yacht, the *Foam*, against the walls of the towers which guard the inviolate sanctuary of the Virgin of the Ice-realm. The title of that most attractive tale of the sea is "Letters from High Latitudes," and the writer, while steering his own vessel through the thick, black night of the North, and wielding with his own hand the iron bars which pushed off the ice-blocks threatening to engulf her, found time to record the legends he heard on the way. He covered a distance of six thousand miles before he returned home, came within six hundred and thirty miles of the North Pole, and re-discovered the island of Jan Mayen, which had so long been lost behind its opaque barrier of fog. Not the least interesting part of this fascinating book are the illustrations from the

writer's own hand. "Et ego in Arctis" has been written beneath one sketch, where we see a narrow lidless coffin in which rests the perfect skeleton of a man, some whaler who had perished here, according to the inscription marked on a rude wooden cross in the Dutch tongue, just a century before. Another shows us the snow-crested peaks of Jan Mayen, peeping strangely through one diminutive window cut in a dense wall of cloud, at the tiny *Foam* who has come so far to pay her morning call on this giant of the North, and who now stands curtseying gracefully outside the inhospitably-closed doors of her ill-mannered friend. A large painting in oils has been done from this little sketch, which, having crossed more southerly seas, in company with the portraits of the more renowned of the Sheridan family, to adorn the walls of Lord Dufferin's then home, the Embassy of Constantinople, has now re urned to the walls of Clandeboye. where likewise is to be seen the figure-head of the gallant little *Foam*, which has made her way so far afield.

The rush and fall of salt water has ever since his first voyage had a charm for Lord Dufferin, and he has rarely failed to snatch some hours from each of the busy years of his life for a tussle with the sea.

A distinguished sea captain was recently heard to remark that His Excellency was "again trying to make a hole in the list of Ambassadors by tempting Neptune with that water-sprite of his, which has the outward characteristics of a boat and the inward mechanism of a watch." The allusion was made to a graceful little fairy of diminutive dimensions, the *Lady Hermione*, of which we give a representation in our initial letter, and which, succeeding *The Woman in White*, *The Man in Black*, and a host of other craft owning Lord Dufferin as captain, is now disporting herself in the Bay of Naples, but which we may shortly expect to see nearer home, in one of those many harbours which own the sway of the lately-created Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Lord Dufferin is himself a good sportsman; he has shot deer in Russia, bear in the Rocky Mountains, and tiger in India, besides clay-pigeons on the Bosphorus. At his present post in Rome, being Irish, he spends his hours of recreation in the hunting field, where Jaracewski, "The Hunting Colonel," who is not unknown in the English shires, points out his manner of taking his fences to the young Roman officers who are being trained in *le sport*, and bids them do likewise. Copies of a popular illustrated paper, representing His Excellency on horseback poised in the air above a five-barred gate, and instantaneous photographs of him under similar condi-



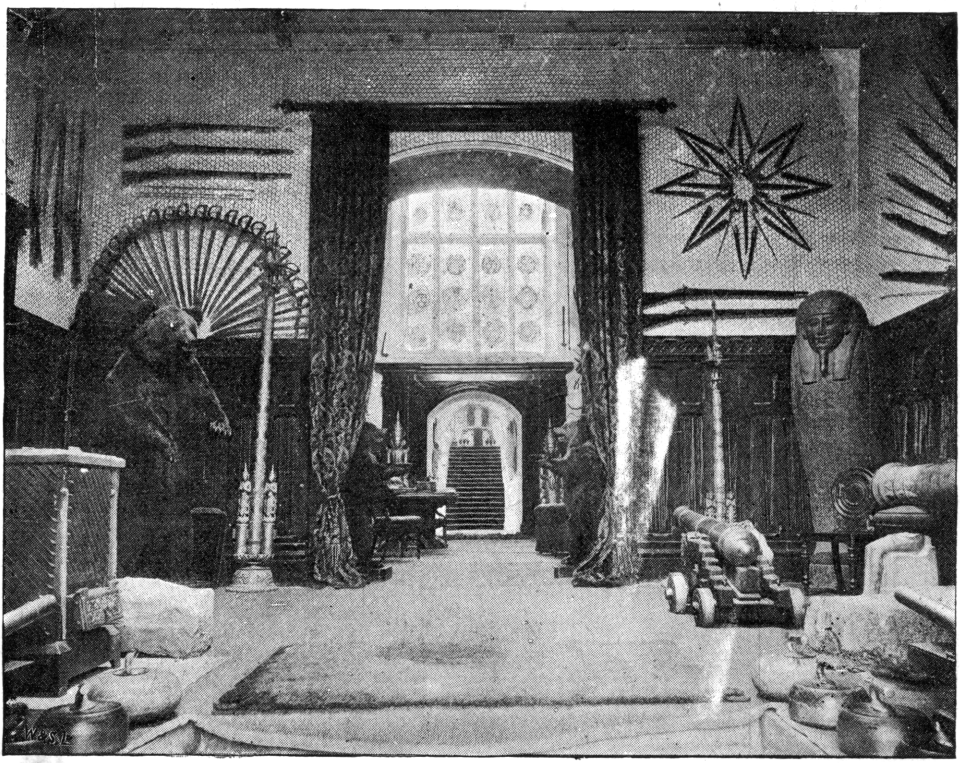
From an Instantaneous Photograph. IN THE HUNTING FIELD—ROME. *[by E. Ghezzi, Rome.*



From a] THRONE ROOM—BRITISH EMBASSY, ROME. *[Photograph.*

tions, were to be seen last season in every corner of the city on the Tiber.

Among our illustrations is included one of the British Embassy in Rome as it appears while in Lord Dufferin's hands. The Throne-room is so called from the Royal seat which is placed on a raised platform at the upper end. The arms of Great Britain and Ireland are richly embroidered in gold on the canopy above the throne, and above that again is the musicians' gallery, with a classic balustrade copied from a fine fragment of one discovered on the Palatine Hill. Spiral staircases passing upwards from either side of this daïs, lead up to the gallery, whence one has a view

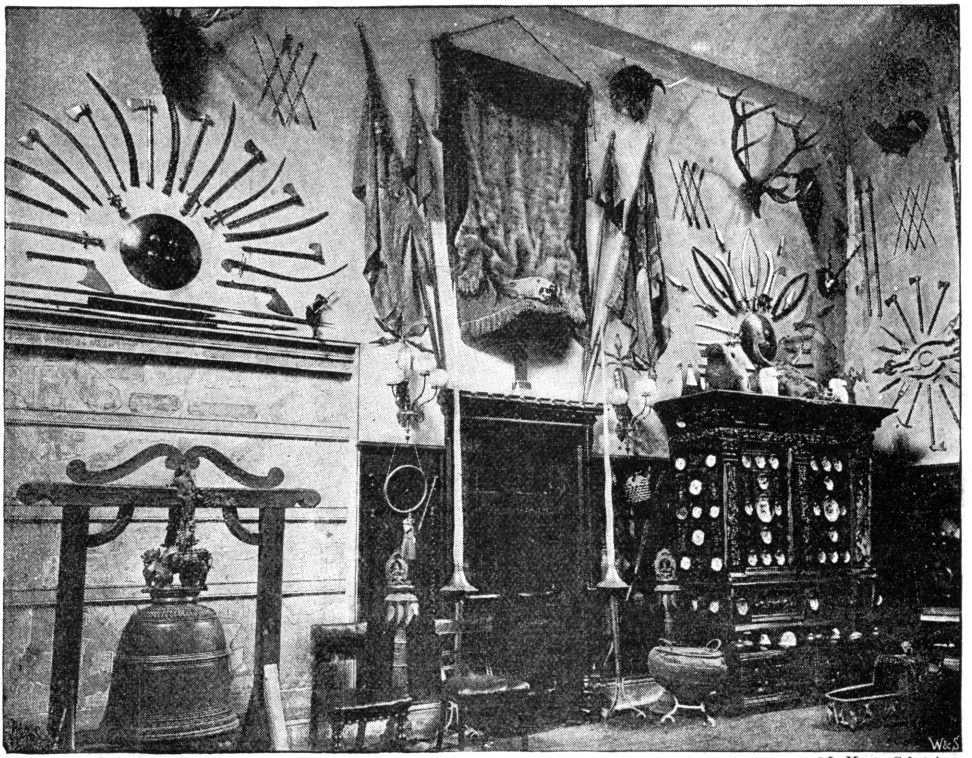


From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE HALL, CLANDEBOYE *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*

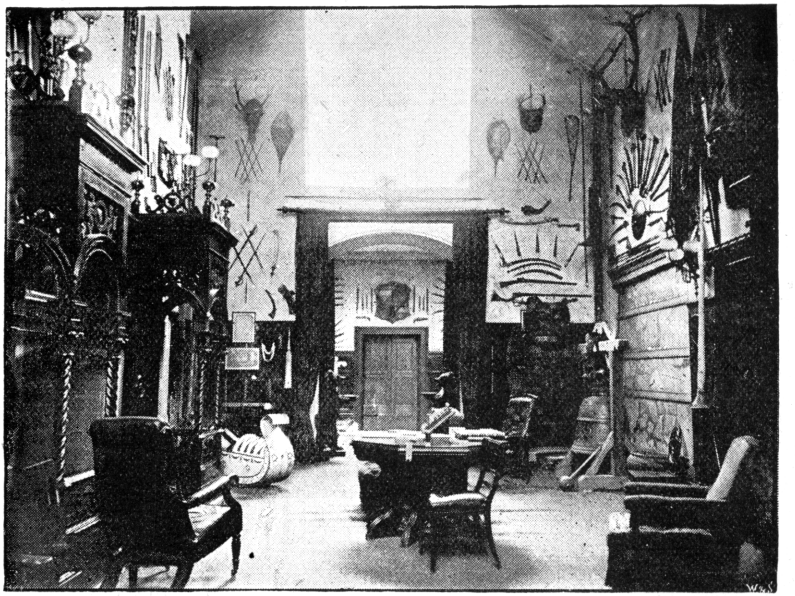
of this magnificent room, down the side of which runs a long corridor, the latter being separated from the main body of the apartment by pillars and hanging draperies. The windows on this side overlook the gardens of the Embassy, which are bounded in one part by the Aurelian wall of Ancient Rome while on the other one surveys the Via Venti Settembre, and the gates by which, twenty years ago, Garibaldi entered Rome. Under the *régime* of former ambassadors, this saloon was used only as a ball-room, but Lord and Lady Dufferin furnished it completely, and use it as their favourite sitting-room. On the walls of this and the adjoining apartments, are shields and weapons brought from India and Burmah, with a fine collection of the portraits of the great tributary princes of our Eastern Empire. On the tables lie the beautifully wrought cases of gold, silver, and ivory in which addresses were presented to the former Viceroy ; among them is the casket of gold and gems that contained the documents in which the freedom of the City of London was bestowed upon him on his return from his brilliant rule in the East.

At the foot of the staircase, which is of white marble with balustrade of the same, and branches off to right and left, is another Oriental memento, the gilded figure of an Indian god ; and behind that is the fine entrance hall, its roof resting on columns of marble, and which, under Lord Dufferin's directions, has been fitted up with divans and lounges in crimson cloth.

The rest of the interior views which we have included in our series, are those of Lord Dufferin's estate in Ireland. The mansion of Clandeboye was erected in the reign of James I., but has been frequently altered and enlarged since that time. From the terraces one has a fine view over the lake, which has already been mentioned, and of the park, which, among its other features, includes a well-grown pinetum. Within, the interesting appearance of the entrance-hall at once strikes one, as here are collected treasures from all parts of the world —stuffed seals and skins from the Arctic regions, great brown bears from the Rockies, and tiger-skins from the East. The native weapons of different savage tribes, including the tomahawks of the Red Indians, form



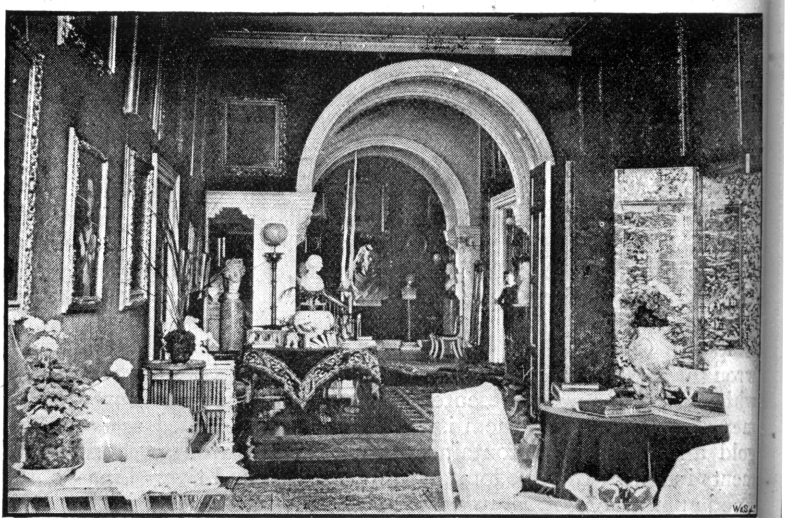
From a Photo. by] INNER HALL, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*



From a Photo. by] INNER HALL, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine*

trophies on the walls. The big round eyes of grotesque idols from the same part of the world, stand against the walls, and about their feet are curling-stones from Canada; guns from Burmah point their long tubes at the passer-by, and the rounded outlines of an elaborately decorated mummy-case from Egypt are seen beyond them. Shells brought over at a much later date from the fields of Tel-el-Khebir are grouped together in one corner, and near them is a large bronze bell in its stand, from still further East. Banners wave from the roof, hanging above the handsome chimney-piece of carved oak, which, enclosing an open hearth, makes room for two large crimson-cushioned settees beneath its wide-spreading canopy; while, looking down on the whole, is a fine portrait of Lord Dufferin in his peer's robes, by Ary Scheffer.

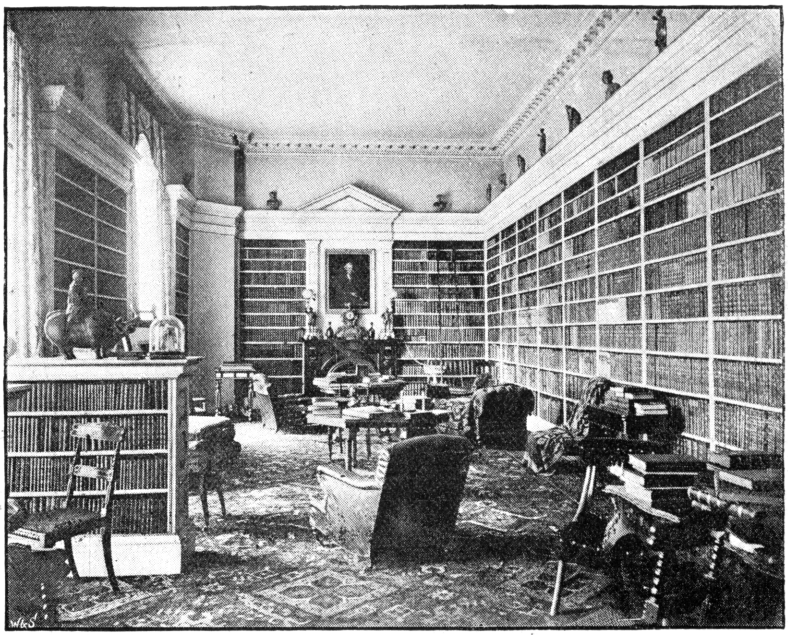
The walls of the staircase by which one passes to the principal rooms, are lined with pictures, many of them from Lord Dufferin's own hand, the pursuit of art having always been one of his favourite occupations. At the head is the alabaster figure of one of the earlier Egyptian kings, from a tomb discovered by Lord Dufferin during his explorations in Egypt many years ago. This leads one on to the picture gallery, where are excellent copies of some of the masterpieces of mediæval art. Here, also, is a bust of the Marquis when a young man, by the sculptor Macdonald; and in the neighbouring room are copies of the portraits of the female members of the brilliant Sheridan family, among whom beauty and wit have been said to be hereditary. Another staircase leads from this room, and at the point where its balustrades terminate, the tusks of narwhals, brought by Lord Dufferin from the North, rise high,



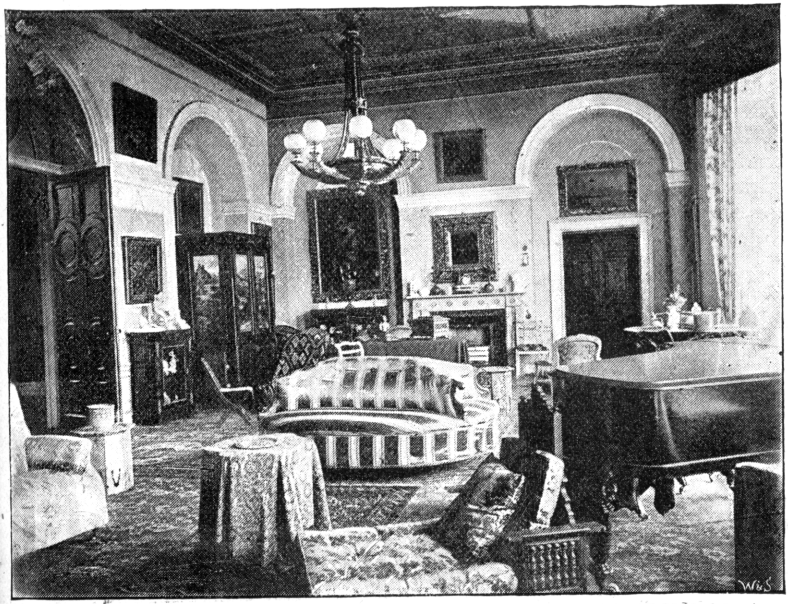
From a Photo. by] PICTURE GALLERY, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*

their counterparts being also seen in other parts of the house.

In 1860 Lord Dufferin went as British Commissioner to Syria, to regulate the home policy of the Lebanon district, then a scene of perpetual turmoil and a very maëlstrom of blood-feud, but which has since become the most peaceful and prosperous portion of the Turkish Empire. On his return, he gave a most interesting lecture, entitled "Notes on Ancient Syria," at the Young Men's Christian Association in Dublin. The address has since been published, and in it the following passage occurs:—"The first visit a man pays to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, produces a greater revolution in his ideas, a larger expansion of thought, a warmer stimulus to his imagination, than any other process his mind can undergo. . . . Along the path leading from the village of Nain," Lord Dufferin went on, "little effort is required to picture to one's self the memorable procession that once left its streets—the veiled and weeping mother, the friends and neighbours with their sad burden, and above all, that beloved and awful Presence Whose memory is associated with every step we take among the hills of His earthly home."



From a Photo. by] LIBRARY, CLANDEBOYE. *[J Mack, Coleraine*



From a Photo. by] DRAWING-ROOM, CLANDEBOYE *[J Mack, Coleraine.*

In 1872 Lord Dufferin was sent as Governor-General of Canada, when the tact and personal influence exercised during his tours through the vast provinces of the North-West, brought about the pacification of British Columbia, then



LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF CANADA.
From a Photo. by W. Notman, Montreal.

clamouring for separation from the Dominion.

We find an excellent pen-portrait in a letter from the well-known American writer, Mr. Moncure Conway, at the time of Lord Dufferin's appointment to our American colonies. He met the future Governor-General on the top of an omnibus running from Richmond Hill to Piccadilly, both, as Mr. Moncure Conway explains, having ascended to that eminence in order that they might enjoy a balmy April morning, and each, it is necessary to add, ignoring the name of his companion.

"By my side," the letter says, "there sat a middle-sized man, with a very intelligent countenance. We had a good deal of conversation. He was particularly interested in America, and indicated such an intimacy with its politics that he might have been mistaken for an American, especially as there was very little of the Englishman in his appearance. He had a face more Celtic than Saxon—a fine, intellectual forehead, a light, soft eye—in all, a face of delicate beauty, but at the same time vigorous in expression. I was much delighted with my companion's ideas of literature, art, and politics; while his charming voice and his beaming expression convinced me that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. By the time we reached Regent's-circus, cigars were ended; my new acquaintance alighted and disappeared among the millions of London, with a fair prospect of remaining with me for the time to



From a Photo. by] LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF INDIA. [*Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay*



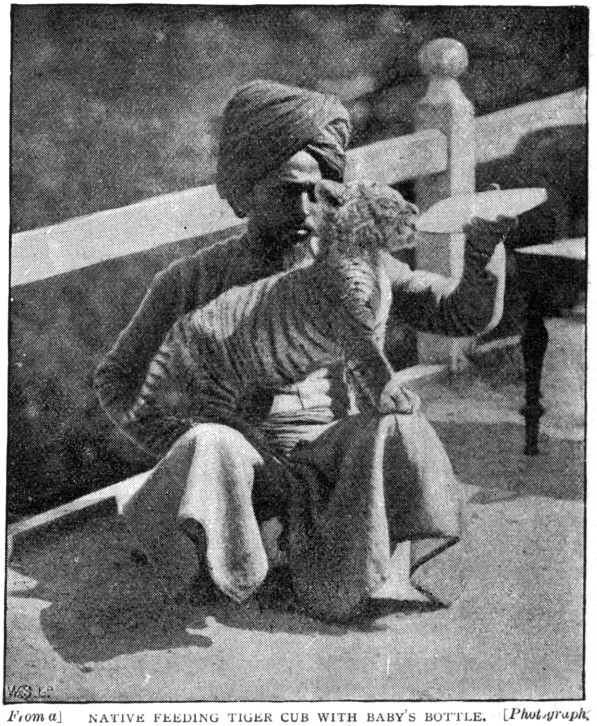
From a] THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S STATE BARGE. *[Photograph.*

come, only as a pleasant omnibus-top memory.

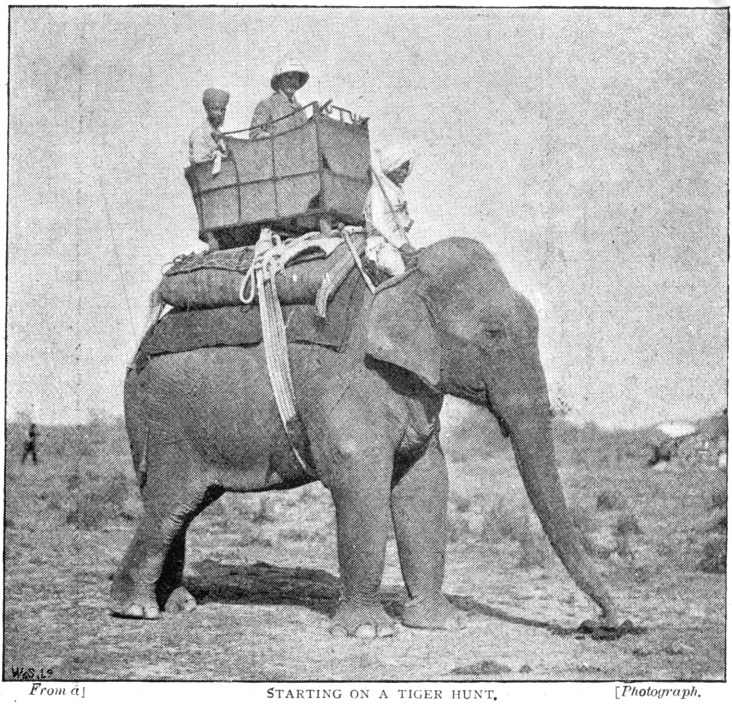
"But it was not to be so. A few evenings afterwards, I happened to be in the strangers' section of the House of Lords. My eyes were wandering about from face to face, lingering here and there upon one which seemed like an historical figure-head of ancient historic England. But a voice struck me as one I had heard before. I could not be mistaken in that low clear tone. . . . It was my friend of the omnibus-top. Dry as the theme was — I have forgotten it — the speaker had invested it with interest. He had looked deeper into it than others, knew the point on which the question turned, and in a few simple words made the statement to which nothing could be added. Since then it has been my privilege to meet Lord Dufferin in society, to listen to him, to know something of his life, and my first impression has been more than confirmed. I am quite sure there is no one among the Peers of England who surpasses him in all that goes to make the gentleman, the true-hearted man, and the refined scholar. . . . Many most influential men at once named him as the right man to succeed Lord Mayo in India. There was, indeed, a slight disappointment in some quarters, that Lord Northbrook should have been preferred for the post in question. But Canada gains a great deal by it. England could send her no better man."

In 1879, at the moment when diplomatic relations between England and Russia were strained almost to snapping point, Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg. The threatened outbreak of hostilities averted, he was transferred to Constantinople. Of his sojourn on the Bosphorus and on the Nile mention has already been made.

In 1884 he proceeded as Viceroy to India,



From a] NATIVE FEEDING TIGER CUB WITH BABY'S BOTTLE. *[Photograph.*



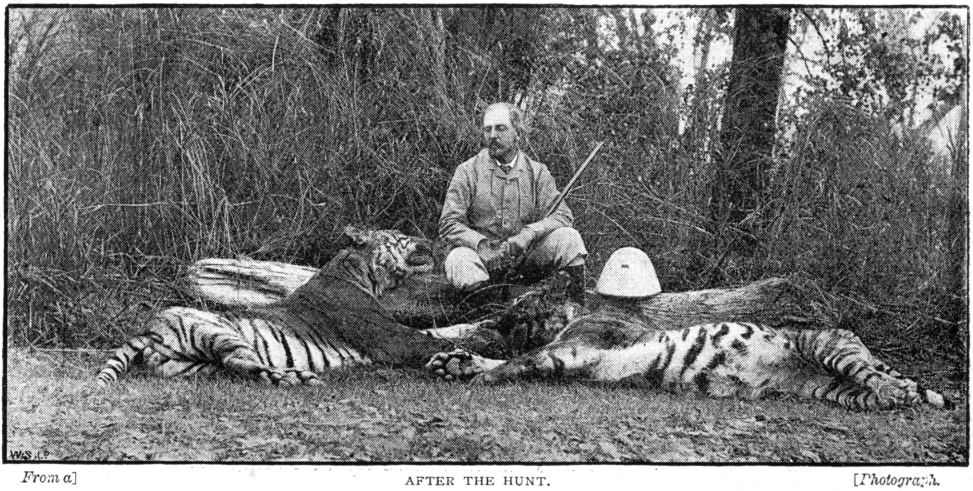
From a] STARTING ON A TIGER HUNT. *[Photograph.*

the conquest of Upper Burmah, which country he visited at the close of the war, and whence he derives his second title, being the leading event of his four years' brilliant rule in the East.

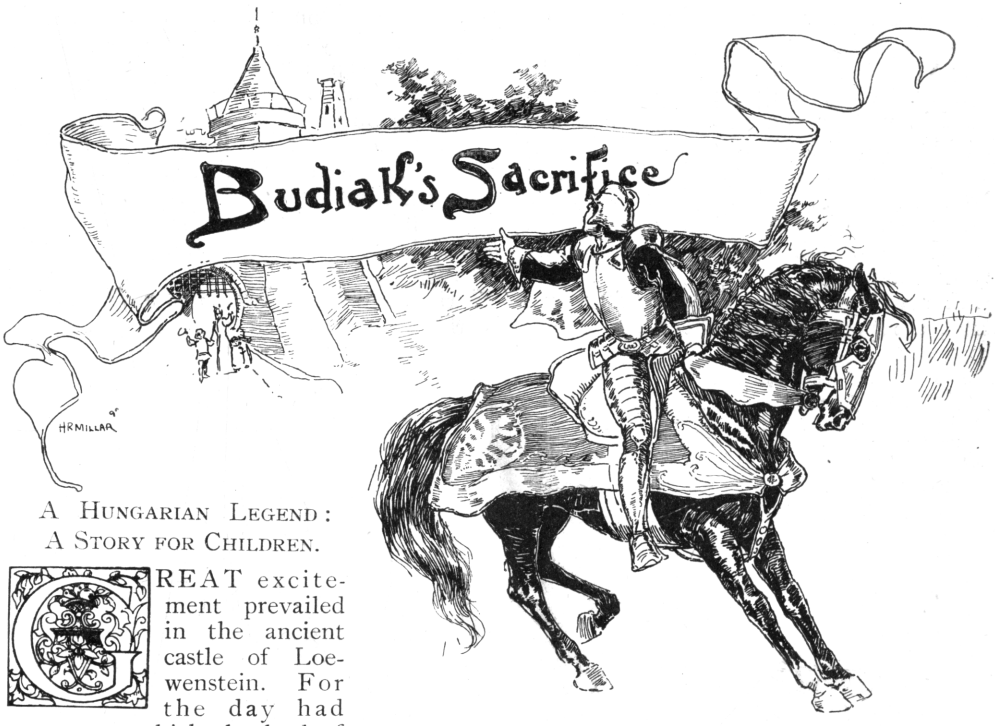
We give various illustrations of His Excellency's progress through the newly-conquered province. In magnificence and wealth of resource this journey can only be likened to the State processions of the ancient Byzantine Empire. As the *Clive*, which had conveyed the Viceroy and his staff from Diamond Harbour, Calcutta, steamed into that of Rangoon, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired, while the British men-of-war, the *Bacchante*, the *Woodlark*, the *Turquoise*, and the *Sphynx*, manned their yards, and saluted in their turn. The viceregal party then proceeded to a large temporary building, richly decorated and gilded, and which had been copied from a Burmese pagoda, after which the State carriage conveyed them to the palace. Later on, the State barge was placed in requisition to convey the representative of our Empress-Queen part of the way to his final destination, the city of Mandalay.

In 1888 Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to Rome, a post he has held till the present moment, and during his tenure of which he has, in conjunction with Sir Evelyn Baring, carried through the work of the delimitation of the sphere of British influence in Africa.

Lord Dufferin has now entered a new sphere of action. On the lamented death of Lord Lytton, her Majesty's Government appointed him as Ambassador to Paris.



From a] AFTER THE HUNT. *[Photograph.*



A Hungarian Legend: A Story for Children.

GREAT excitement prevailed in the ancient castle of Loewenstein. For the day had come upon which the lord of the castle must start for the seat of war. The time of which we are writing is that of the early Crusades, when Hungary was invaded and overrun by a powerful Tartar tribe, led by a chief named Cadan. In this emergency, the Hungarian King appealed for aid to his nobles and vassals, amongst whom one of the most loyal was Emmerick, of Loewenstein. Emmerick had armed his retainers with great celerity, and a certain exhilaration of spirit; but now that the actual moment of departure had arrived, the cloud of grief was upon his brow. For he dearly loved his wife, the noble Lady Agnes, and also his fair sons and daughters, and to part from them, never, perhaps, to see them again in this world, was a terrible trial. Lady Agnes shared in these gloomy forebodings, for she knew only too well the half-savage, barbarous character of her country's foes.

"*I* will take care of him," said Andrew Budiak, seeking to comfort his lady. Andrew was the castellan of Loewenstein. Although past the prime of life, he was still as bold in the battlefield as he was true in the castle hall, and he insisted, despite all remonstrances, upon accompanying his master to the seat of war.

At length Emmerick tore himself from his wife's embrace, and the little procession rode away.

Few chieftains had armed with the promptitude of the lord of Loewenstein, and the Magyar force was a small and inefficient one. The result was that when the Hungarians and Tartars joined in battle the former were completely overpowered and defeated by the latter.

During that fierce and terrible battle, which caused the river of Lago to run red with blood, the knight Emmerick and his trusty servant fought and fell together. All night they lay upon the battlefield; and there, at dawn of day, they were found by some of the Tartars. Both men, having

partially recovered consciousness, and given unmistakable signs of life, were raised from the ground, borne to the Tartar camp, and became the property of the chief, Cadan.

They were barely allowed a few days of rest, in which to recover from their wounds. Then, when their new master was assured there was no longer danger of their dying by the way, he ordered them to be chained together. With a score of others, also linked in pairs, and attached by the centre of their fetters to the stirrup of a Tartar horseman, who bore a lance in his hand, a bow at his saddle, and a quiver of arrows at his back, they were driven onward, with curses and rough blows, towards their captor's home.

After weary months of agonising suspense, a report reached the Lady Agnes



"THEY WERE DRIVEN ONWARD."

that her husband was dead. It is needless to say how great was her grief. Only her religion and her children afforded her any consolation.

The report, however, was a false one; Emmerick and Budiak were spending their days in toil, suffering, and tears. At last, one night, a gleam of hope visited them. As they sank down side by side upon their bed of leaves, Budiak caught sight of an axe, which had been accidentally left in their cell by one of the hired labourers employed in erecting additional sheds for the numerous and overcrowded captives; at the sight, Budiak felt a thrill of hope and gladness.

The night wore on. The watch had been set. Each prisoner had answered to his name, called by the captain of the guard, and the deep slumber of over-wrought strength had fallen upon the wretched band, ere Budiak ventured to reveal to the knight the secret of his newly acquired treasure. Each had the same thought. Chained together as they were, escape was impossible; but, if with this axe they could sever their fetters, they would have a chance of regaining their freedom. With great caution, muffling the sound of the iron links with the folds of their coarse garments, the two captives began their attempt. Alas! all their efforts were in vain; in spite of all that they could do, the ponderous chain remained intact. In despair, each turned aside to weep.

"I am so grieved for *you*, my poor Budiak!" said Emmerick. "But for your fidelity to me, you would be still free and happy. I can never forget that!"

"Never mind about *me*, my good lord," answered Budiak; "I can well support my

own misery, for I am alone in the world. With you it is otherwise, for you have your wife and children to think of. You, moreover, were born to greatness, and have lost your birthright. But," he added, as a thought struck him, "it must be regained."

"Alas! there is no hope for either of us," murmured the knight, burying his face in his hands.

He was aroused by the sound of a heavy blow. Not one which had fallen upon a hard and resisting substance; it was a peculiar, smothered crash that, although he knew not then why, thrilled the very core of his heart.

"What have you done, Budiak?" he inquired, hurriedly.



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BUDIAK?"

"My dear lord," gasped out his follower, "there was but the accursed Tartar chain between you and freedom, and we could not break it. It detains you here no longer. Go back to your wife, and be happy. Tell her——"

He paused as if in agony, and Emmerick bent over him to ascertain the cause. With a start of horror, he exclaimed: "Tell me that I dream—I dare not—will not—believe that you have done this!"

"Calm yourself, my lord, and think of flight," replied the heroic vassal. As he spoke he raised himself by a violent effort, and wrenched away from the fetter with which it had been encircled the leg which he had sacrificed to his beloved master. "Let me fling off this useless limb, which has never served me so well as it has done this day. And now, be wary, my lord, and you are free; for our captors have trusted largely to this chain, and with silence and speed your success is almost certain."

"Never!" returned Emmerick, throwing his arms around the wounded man, "never will I leave you here alone, maimed for my sake; to die, perhaps, without one friendly voice to murmur peace in your last moments!"

"Must I then know," remonstrated Budiak, with great earnestness, "that I have done this thing in vain? Will you not accept my poor service? Will you double my sufferings by your participation in them? If we are found here at dawn, we shall both be the victims of an act for which I alone am responsible. You cannot surely be so cruel? Come, my dear, dear lord, rouse yourself, I implore you, and depart. Then I shall be able to forget my physical sufferings in my prayers for your safety and success, as I follow you in thought upon your homeward path."

"I will *not* leave you thus," persisted the knight.

"Nay, then, have the truth," and once more the gallant castellan raised himself upon his arm, and struggled against the faintness that was rapidly overcoming him. "Even now I feel that I am dying. My heart flutters for a moment like a newly caged bird, and then stands still; and the life-blood is being drained from my veins. Farewell, my beloved master, farewell!"

Budiak's fast-failing strength scarcely sufficed for these last words. Utterly exhausted by the effort he had made, he fell back upon the earth cold, motionless, un-

conscious — to all appearance, lifeless. Emmerick doubted not for a moment that the brave soul had fled.

At first the knight could do nothing but weep over the body of his noble friend. But thoughts of home grew upon him. Budiak must not have died in vain. Perhaps his loving spirit was even now watching over his master, grieved and disappointed by his delay. Emmerick braced himself for action, and with but little difficulty effected his escape. But his homeward journey was a hard and toilsome one.

It was the second anniversary of the battle in which Emmerick was suppoesd to have fallen. After a solemn requiem in the chapel, the Lady Agnes, covered from head to foot in a long black veil, proceeded to the great gate of the castle, for the pious purpose of distributing alms to all such as should be there to receive them. Around her stood her children. Each recipient was expected to repay his benefactress by a prayer for her beloved dead. The distribution had begun, when her eldest son, Geysa, said, "Serve this good pilgrim soon, I pray you, mother, for he seems very faint and weary with toil and want. And he must be a good man; for, see! even amid his rags, he has preserved a picture of Our Lady, which he might have sold for food."

The lady, thus urged, turned towards the mendicant indicated by her son, and at once recognised in the relic a gift of her own made long ago to her husband. For a moment she stood speechless, gazing upon that gaunt, squalid figure; then, throwing back her veil, and displaying a countenance like that of one convulsed by a fearful dream, she gasped: "Speak! who and whence are you?"

"Agnes!" exclaimed a well-remembered voice, and the next instant the trembling woman was in her husband's arms.



"'AGNES!' EXCLAIMED A WELL-REMEMBERED VOICE."

We must now return to Budiak. Contrary to his expectation, he did not die, but recovered from his faint. In the morning, his condition at once revealed to the Tartars what had taken place. Cadan at first was furious. "Thou shalt die the death of a dog, vile slave!" cried he, "without help or pity."

"I care not," was the calm reply; "I have saved my master."

"A fine master he! He left thee to perish," sneered the Tartar chief.

"He thought me dead," said Budiak. "I rejoice to think that he is now free, and will soon be in his own halls!"

"Only tell me that thou hast repented of the rash deed, and that, were it yet to do, thou wouldst refuse," urged the wondering chief.

"I may not pass away with a lie upon my lips," replied the castellan. "With this faithful right arm I would joyfully lop off every other limb, could I by the sacrifice ensure my master's happiness. And now, let me die; I have nothing more to live for. The only boon I would crave is that you would leave me in peace to pray for my

chief and my country, while yet I have breath to do it."

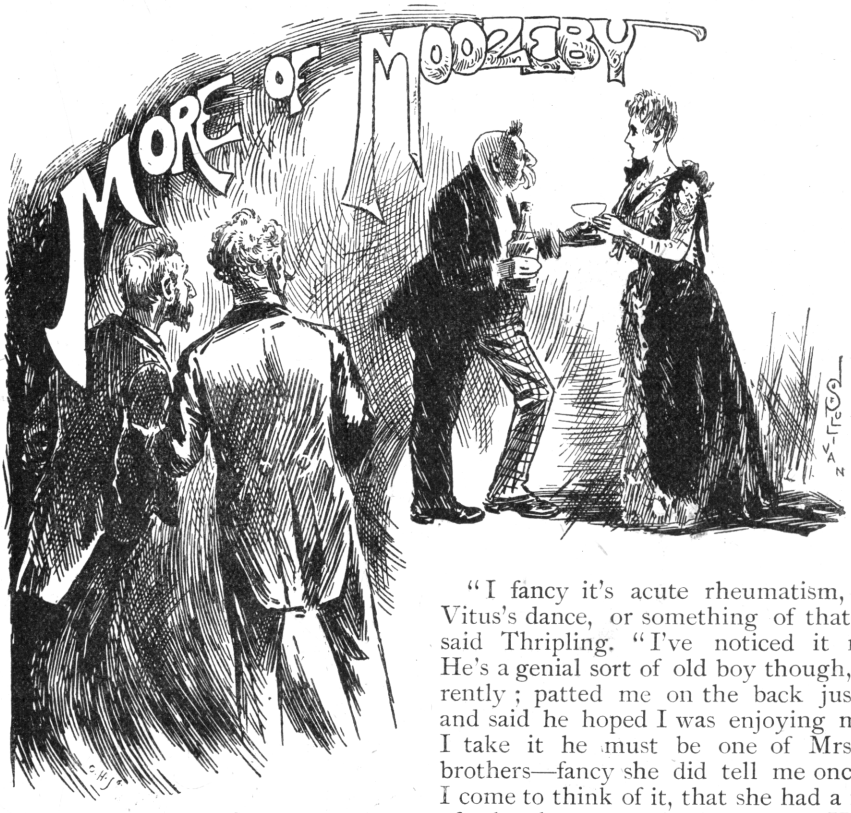
Cadan was conquered. He had never before known anything like this. With deep emotion, he said: "Christian, thou art stronger than I! The sun of success glitters to-day upon my arms, but its beam may glance off in some hour of peril, when such love as thine may be beyond all price. Strive against thy weakness, and live. Care and rest may yet restore thee; and I swear that for the sake of the noble lesson thou hast taught my followers, thou shalt no sooner be able to keep the saddle than I will give thee gold, and arms, and a steed worthy of a monarch, and send thee under a safe escort to thy own people. So shall the proud Hungarians learn that Cadan also can respect the virtue of fidelity."



"CHRISTIAN, THOU ART STRONGER THAN I."

Overcome by surprise and gratitude, the joyful Budiak endeavoured, maimed and suffering as he was, to cast himself at the feet of his generous captor; but, as he ceased speaking, the Tartar left the cell.

Hope is a potent physician. Combined with careful nursing, the prospect of home and freedom soon restored to the castellan some degree of strength. Then the Tartar chief fulfilled his promise to the letter, and the faithful Budiak, loaded with gifts, returned to his friends. As he felt himself pressed to the heart of his grateful master, who greeted him as "brother," as he beheld the Lady Agnes weeping over him, and received her children's warm kisses upon his cheek, he said to himself that here was full compensation for all his sufferings, and that his sacrifice was being amply repaid. And he was right. Legs, it is true, are very valuable appendages, but love is the *most* precious thing in the whole world.



SINCE poor Moozeby tried those experiments in precipitating trains and things, he has kept up his studies in Theosophy; but the results have not been at all encouraging.

We were all at Mrs. Moozeby's reception, and we all knew one another more or less, with the exception of one man who was a stranger to all of us. We could not help noticing him; for, besides being new to us all, his appearance and manner were rather remarkable.

"Who's that old boy?" said Pinniger to Thripling. "I never saw such a queer fish in my life. He seems to move about so awkwardly, as if he hadn't the proper use of his limbs."

"I fancy it's acute rheumatism, or St. Vitus's dance, or something of that sort," said Thripling. "I've noticed it myself. He's a genial sort of old boy though, apparently; patted me on the back just now, and said he hoped I was enjoying myself! I take it he must be one of Mrs. M.'s brothers—fancy she did tell me once, now I come to think of it, that she had a matter of a brother or two in Australia. He must be some relation, or he would hardly make himself quite so much at home, would he?"

"Tell you what," said Pinniger presently, "that old fellow is a regular study. The way he gets about is really lovely—like a crab on crutches. And his voice is so queer; every now and then it breaks and becomes a squeak, and at other times he seems to be trying to imitate Moozeby: in fact, now I come to think of it, his accent is very much like Moozeby's. I have it—he's a relation of Moozeby's, not Mrs. M.'s; there is a sort of family likeness all round. Never heard that Moozeby had a brother, but he may be a first cousin or something."

At this moment Mrs. Moozeby came up and whispered to Pinniger, "Do you know who that gentleman is? I thought he must

be a friend of Mrs. Wimbledon's; but she says she never saw him before in her life. Who has brought him? And I wonder why they didn't introduce him to me, or anything?"

Pinniger and Thripling shook their heads hopelessly.

"I don't at all like his manners!" continued Mrs. Moozeby. "He goes about as if my house belonged to him, and offers people wine and things! Just now, I do believe, he went down into the cellar and fetched up more champagne; and he addresses me as 'My dear' and 'My love'! I do wish my husband would come home! Look! look! He has actually had the impertinence to go up and fetch baby out of bed! I *won't* have it! It's *too* much! I don't care who brought him, I shall go and ask him what he means by it all!"

"It's all right, my love," said the stranger, tossing the baby up. "I'm sure baby's had a good sleep, and he wants to see the company. Don't you, Toddlums?"

"Actually knows baby's pet name!" exclaimed Mrs. Moozeby. "I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, sir; but I consider that you are taking very great liberties in my house, and I must ask you to behave yourself if you remain here. Pray, who brought you here?"

The stranger stared a little at this speech, and then broke into a laugh of great enjoyment, though still with something of puzzledom in it.



"KITCHEE! KITCHEE!"

"Kitchee! kitchee!" he said between his chuckles. "Mummy's funny, isn't she, Toddlums? Funny, wunny, wee! Fun-ny, wun-ny, widdle-de, wee!"

The infant seemed to enjoy the joke intensely, and laid a slobbery finger on the stranger's nose; but Mrs. Moozeby indignantly snatched it away, and hurried with it upstairs, exclaiming at every step, "Of all the impertinence!" "To think of it!" "Well!"

"Very extraordinary!" exclaimed the stranger. "What in the name of heaven can have put her out? Never saw her in such a tantrum." And he rushed upstairs after her; then there came a scream from above, and we hurried up, to find Mrs. M. at bay in a corner, with the baby in a safe position behind her, stamping her foot at the stranger and pouring forth volumes of wild indignation.

The stranger stood in the middle of the room scratching his head in a perplexed way, and occasionally exclaiming "My love!" and "Tut, tut!"



"IN A SAFE POSITION.

"Gad!" said Pinniger, "mad! Better send for a policeman."

"I do believe she *is* mad," said the stranger. "But I don't think a policeman would know what to do. Aren't burnt feathers, or smelling salts, or arnica, or something like that, good for this sort of thing?"

"Oh, *why* doesn't Mr. Moozeby come home?" cried Mrs. M., beating an angry tattoo with her shoe.

The stranger gazed at us and shook his head. "Mad!" he murmured; then he said, "My love, don't you know me?"

"No," cried Mrs. Moozeby, "I do not; and what is more, whoever had the impertinence to bring you here shall never enter this house again!"

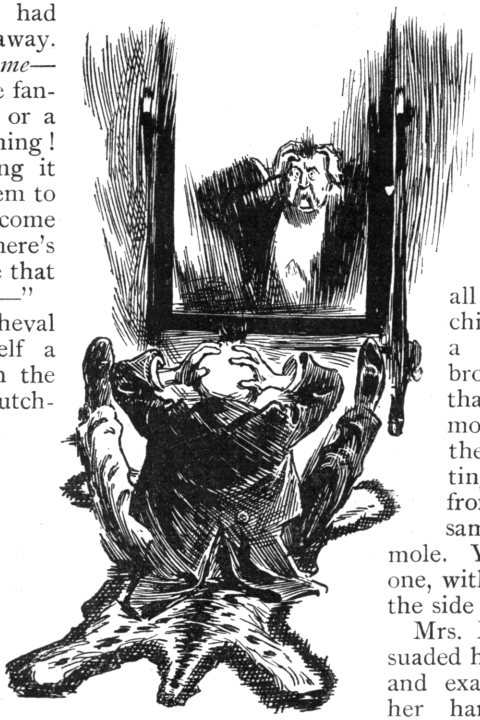
"I do hope she won't take to tearing baby limb from limb," said the stranger ner-

vously; "I think I had better try to get it away. If she doesn't know *me*—her husband—she'll be fancying baby is a rat, or a blackbeetle, or something! Kitchee, kitchee. Hang it—you fellows don't seem to know me! What's come to me? I do believe there's a something about me that—which—that isn't——"

He rushed to the cheval glass, gazed at himself a moment, then sank on the floor with his hands clutching at his hair.

"I've muddled it somehow!" he whispered to himself.

"It's all right," said Pinniger, soothingly, advancing with a Japanese fan he had hastily snatched up, and waving it gently before the stranger, to amuse and quiet him. "There's a nice cab coming to fetch you, and a man with nice, bright buttons all down his coat. So nice! Be here in a minute, if you sit nice and still."

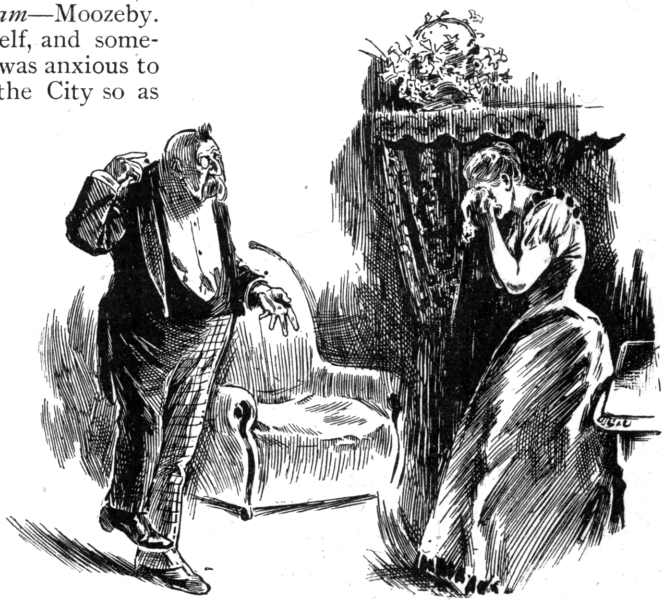


"CLUTCHING AT HIS HAIR."

"Pinniger, my dear fellow, don't!" said the stranger. "Can't you see I'm—no, I suppose you can't; but I *am*—Moozeby. I've been precipitating myself, and somehow muddled it. You see, I was anxious to get home here quickly from the City so as to receive the people; but I missed my train, so I found a nice quiet spot in the Temple Gardens and elementalised myself, so that I might re-precipitate myself here at once; but somehow (I fancy I was thinking of a business acquaintance whom I had just left at the bottom of Ludgate-hill) I muddled it, and mixed myself up somehow, and I seem to have come out something like him here and there. You see—yes—he has a little bit of hair right in the middle of his forehead, and here it is; and this is his heavy moustache; and his legs are much longer than mine, and I seem to have one of his and one of my own, and two different kinds of boots, too. Dear, dear! But look here, this mole at the back of my neck, that *is* mine. Look, my love, see? Mole! It's all right. I must really be chiefly myself, speaking in a general way and on broad lines, while I have that mole. Where that mole is *I* am; because they always used to distinguish me, as a baby, from other babies of the same size, by means of that mole. Yes, here it is; the large one, with the little tiny one by the side of it, for luck."

Mrs. Moozeby at length persuaded herself to approach him, and examine the mole; then her harrowed feelings found relief in sobs.

"I wish you had never seen those hateful Mahatma books, 'Hysteric Buddhism,' and the rest of them!" she said. "As if you had not quite enough irritating habits before, Robert! And now



"HER HARROWED FEELINGS FOUND RELIEF."

there's always this precipitating business going on ; and I always told you it was bad for your health, especially your digestion, which was always delicate, besides being wicked and flying in the face of Providence ! And *now* just see what you've done—mixed yourself up like this so that nobody can recognise you ; and a nice job for Doctor Coddles to get you right again ! And then that hateful moustache—very nice to be set against one's meals by festoons of soup and mayonnaise hanging to it ! You'll have the kindness, at least, to shave *that* off at once."

"I—really, my dear, I hardly like to. The fact is, I don't feel as if it were altogether my own property. You see, if I returned the other parts to Mownde—that's that business acquaintance, my dear—without the moustache, he mightn't altogether like—but, then, after all, I suppose this one is only a duplicate of his, and he's all right and complete as it is, and knows nothing about it. Oh, dear, it *is* puzzling ; I don't quite understand all the bearings of the thing yet——"

"No," said Mrs. Moozeby. "And it will come to having to keep an inventory of yourself, and go through it every morning to see if you are all there ; a nice waste of time, and pretty late it will make you for town ! Besides, the untidiness of leaving pieces of yourself all about in different places ! I'm sure George and Mary have quite enough work as it is, folding up your clothes that you throw all over the place ; and then what a nice example for baby to grow up with before its eyes ! How can you expect the servants to be tidy, and put things away, with you for ever asking where your legs are, or whether anyone has seen your nose? I'm sure if these hateful Mahatmas had to manage a house themselves, they would have thought twice before inventing this detestable nonsense !"



"'WHERE IS MY LEG? HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY NOSE?'"

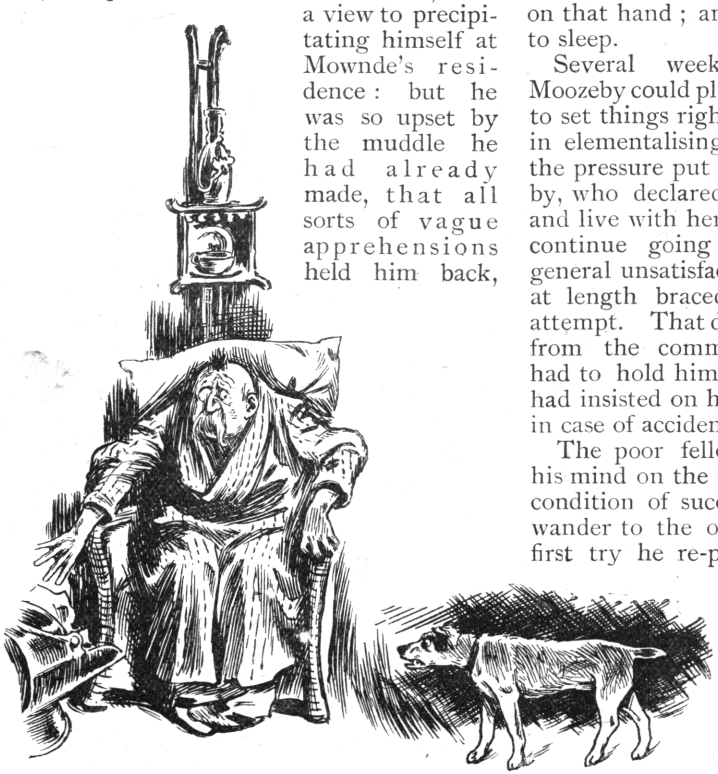
Altogether that reception of Mrs. Moozeby's was a failure, and we all left early ; for we could not feel that Moozeby, in his existing state, was a proper substitute for himself ; and it was difficult to regard him as our host. It is true that the poor fellow did his very best to pull himself together and try to make us at home ; he came down and tried to get up some extempore *tableaux vivants*, but we could perceive that he was tired and out of sorts—in fact, he experienced a great deal of pain in the leg which was not one of his own, and came to the conclusion that that business acquaintance of his must suffer badly from gout or rheumatism, and we thought it would be a relief to him if we all went away.

Next day, being rather anxious about poor Moozeby, I called for Pinniger, and we went together to see how he was getting on. We found him at home as we had expected ; for, as he said, it would not be of much use to go to town, as neither the clerks nor anyone else would recognise him ; besides which, he had a morbid sensitiveness about venturing out and showing himself, being jerky and spasmodic in his movements in consequence of a difficulty in working the parts which were not his own, and which required practice to get used to.

He was very miserable, poor fellow ; among other things, he had developed a violent cold in his nose—or rather, in his business acquaintance's nose. He recollected having noticed Mownde standing in

a violent draught in town, and warning him against taking cold; and evidently he had taken cold. Then there was another thing—Moozeby's right hand, which was Mownde's, would keep taking out his watch and holding it up to be looked at, which convinced Moozeby that Mownde had some important engagement that morning; and Moozeby's misery was increased by the uncertainty whether Mownde was really complete in himself, or whether he was waiting for the missing parts before he could keep his appointment.

Poor Moozeby was fearfully perplexed how to act for the best. Several times he was tempted to elementalise himself, with a view to precipitating himself at Mownde's residence: but he was so upset by the muddle he had already made, that all sorts of vague apprehensions held him back,



"MOOZEBY AND HIS FOX-TERRIER."

one of them being that he might lose Mownde's pieces irrecoverably on the way, thus doing irreparable harm.

The worst of it was, Moozeby's fox-terrier would spend his whole time in walking round and round Moozeby on the tips of his paws, and with his legs rigid like those of an automaton, and growling; and the possibility of his deciding on a bite was increased by Mownde's intense aversion to dogs, which caused Moozeby's right hand (in the intervals of taking out the watch) to seize all sorts of objects with the purpose of flinging them at the dog. As this would be absolutely certain to precipitate the threatened attack, Moozeby was forced to keep incessantly on the watch for the vagaries of that hand, which would occasionally (being very quick) seize a lump of coal or something while Moozeby's eye was turned away, and all but succeed in hurling it. Then that hand of Mownde's had a nasty twitch in it—some sort of paralysis—and would, every now and then, pinch Moozeby's ear, or pull his whiskers, causing him to grunt with pain. At length he settled matters for the time by sitting on that hand; and presently the dog went to sleep.

Several weeks passed before poor Moozeby could pluck up courage to attempt to set things right by a further experiment in elementalising himself; but, what with the pressure put upon him by Mrs. Moozeby, who declared her determination to go and live with her mother if he intended to continue going about *that* guy, and the general unsatisfactory state of the case, he at length braced up his nerves to the attempt. That dog resented the operations from the commencement, and Pinniger had to hold him back; and Mrs. Moozeby had insisted on having Dr. Coddles present in case of accidents.

The poor fellow could not concentrate his mind on the operation, a most essential condition of success. His thoughts *would* wander to the objects he saw; and at the first try he re-precipitated himself fairly all right, with the exception of the right leg, which was the leg of a table — a *facsimile* of those supporting the dining table in front of him. Then, while he was trying to concentrate his thoughts on that leg, the rest of him grew nebulous, and faded right away; and we feared the worst. But his voice, apparently from the centre of the earth, murmured: "All right, you fellows, I'm all here in the form of air; only I wish you would put a newspaper or something in front of the fire to prevent some of me being drawn up the chimney by the draught."

We waited breathlessly for a quarter of an hour, then we heard Moozeby's voice



"THE LEG OF A TABLE."

saying: "I say, just get down that book, 'Every Man his own Mahatma.' I think it's in that little bookcase by the window. That's it. Now, just turn to page 392, where it tells you how to unravel your elements when you've got 'em in a tangle. Thanks."

More suspense, and then a condensing nebula; and finally the form of Moozeby sitting on the mantelpiece. It *was* Moozeby this time, but with one strange—very strange—peculiarity; he had one black-and-tan ear like the terrier!

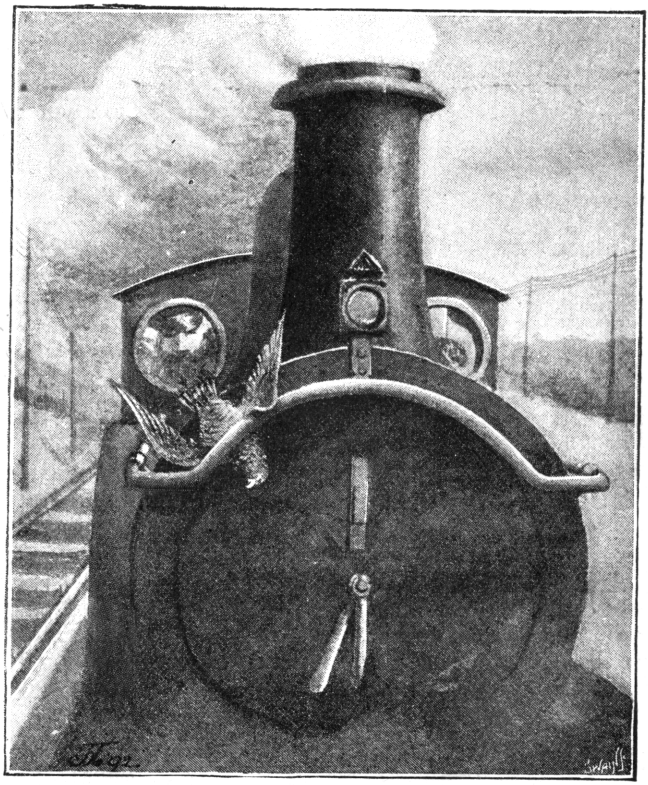
Mrs. Moozeby was dreadfully upset by that ear; and poor M., with a sigh of despair, offered to try again, but his wife put her foot down this once and for all, and absolutely forbade any more of the nonsense.

"We shall have you turning out next," she said angrily, speaking of him as if he were a blancmange, "with the door-knob for a nose, or something of that sort, which would show more! No, you must brush your hair down over that ear and make the best of it, and it serves you right!"

And we left poor Moozeby in a very despondent state, with his black-and-tan ear drooping, ruefully watching Mrs. M., who was employed in burning his collection of Theosophical pamphlets on the fire, while the terrier, who had already detected that ear, sat with one bright eye threateningly fixed upon it, making up his mind. J. F. SULLIVAN.



"A VERY DESPONDENT STATE."

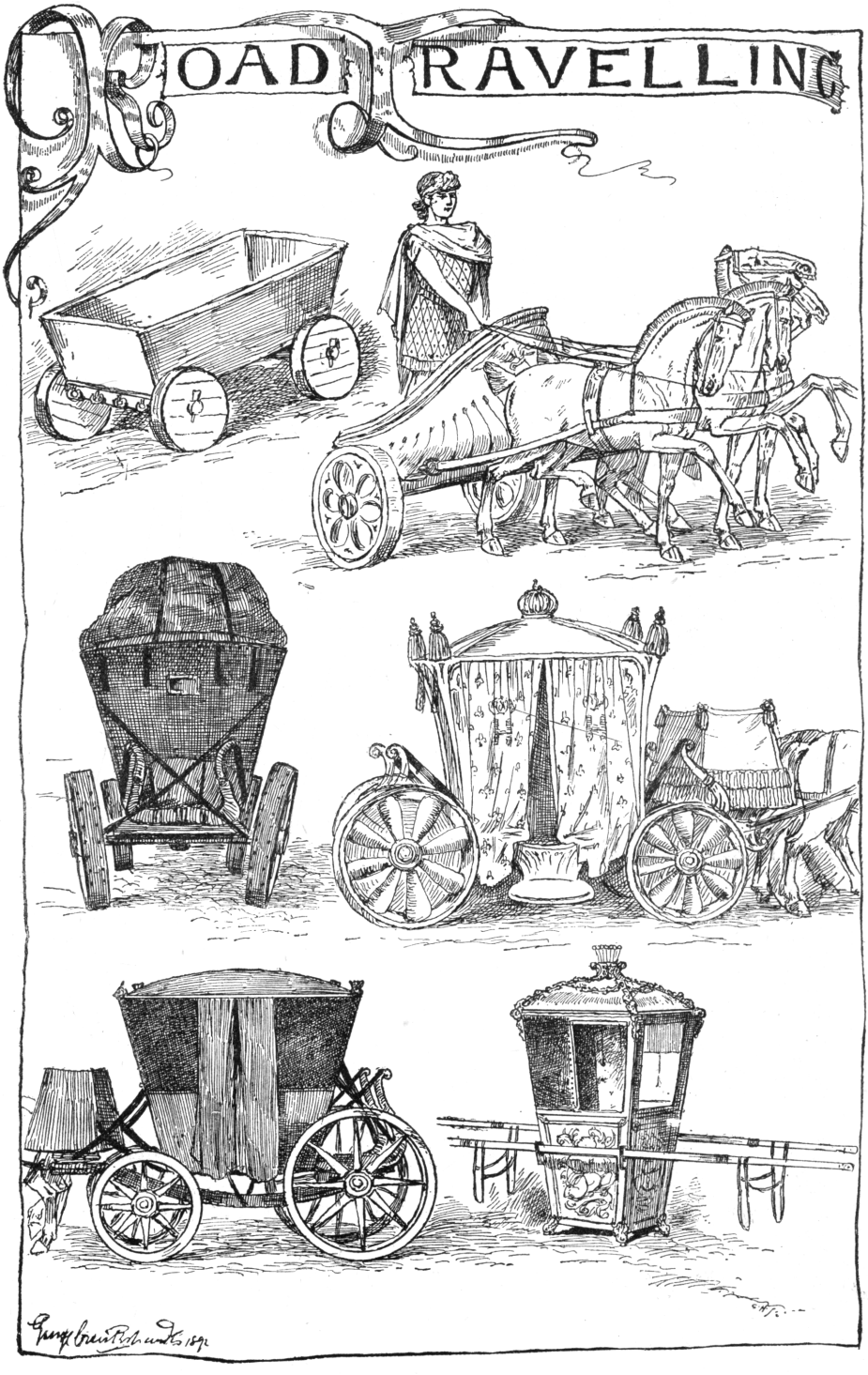


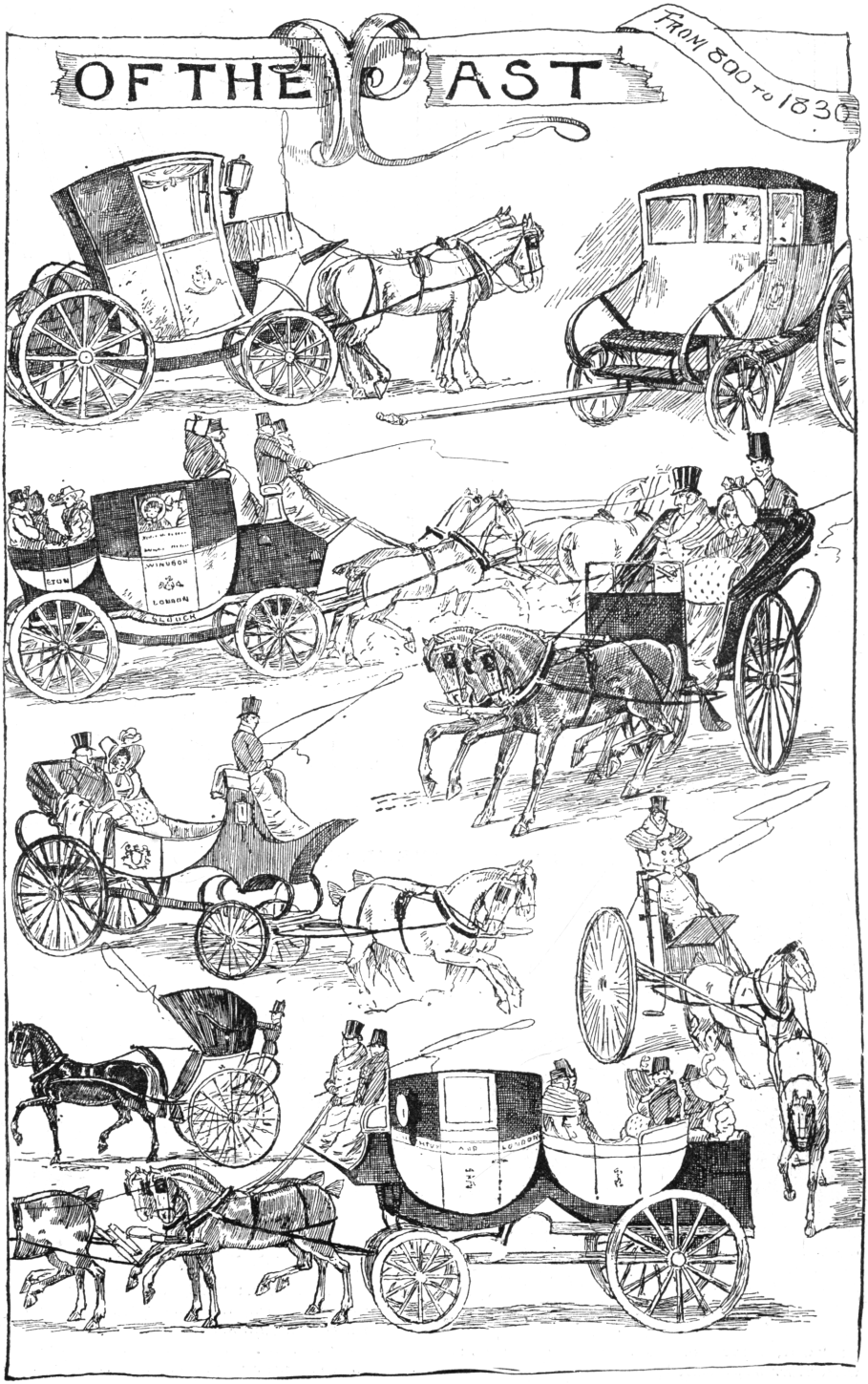
HAWK KILLED BY TRAIN.

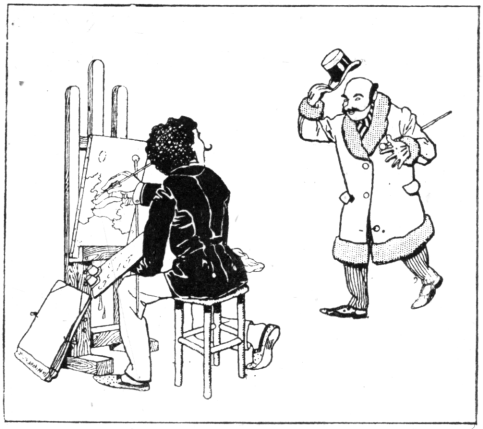
TO railway officials it is a well-known fact that the engines of high speed expresses kill small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A few months ago the writer was shown by a locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines, a dead bird which, strange to say, though a very rapid flyer, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow-hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton-road Board School Museum, Kentish Town. The driver of the train relates that he was travelling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when, just on the point of entering a long tunnel, he observed, fluttering in front of the engine, some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when, on leaving the tunnel, he went forward, he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow-hawk which had become entangled between the hand-rail and smoke-box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not quite dead when taken out of this curious death trap, though one eye had been destroyed. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest trains travel—so the drivers say, who often observe them flying low down in the hedgerow and keeping up with the train till some unwary small bird, frightened by the noise, flies out of the fence, when the hawk pounces on it and devours it. This instance of a hawk being killed by a train on the above-mentioned line is unique, and will most probably be new and interesting to our readers.



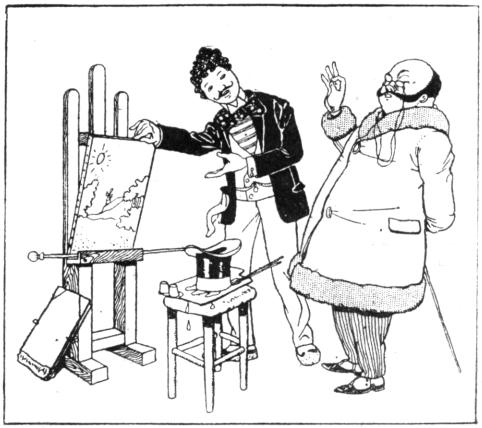
FIND THEIR RESPECTIVE LORDS.


ROAD RAVELLING

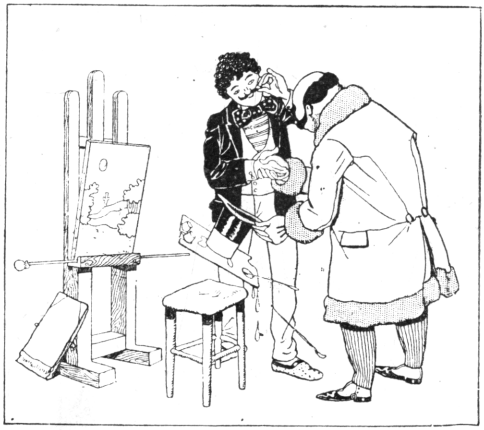

OF THE PAST
FROM 800 TO 1830
WINDSOR
ETON
LONDON
SLOUGH



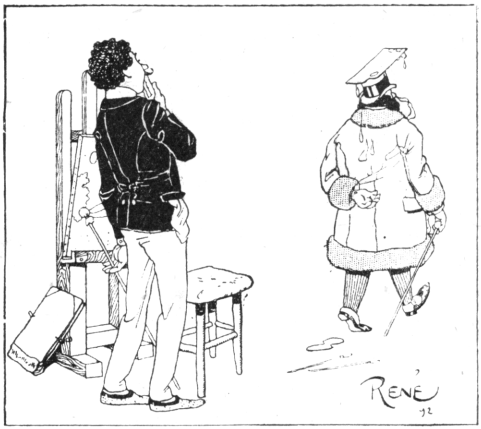
I.



II.

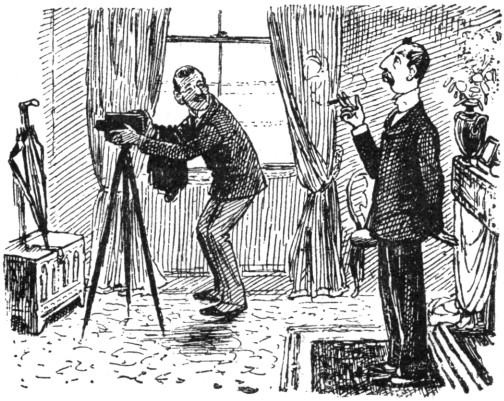


III.



IV.

HOW I LOST PALETTE AND PATRON.



A LONG FAREWELL.

VISITOR: "WHY, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT UMBRELLA?"

HOST: "I AM GOING TO LEND IT TO YOU, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER IT BY."



BY INADVERTENCE.

THOUGHTLESS VISITOR: "YES, YOU KNOW, MRS. GRAYMAIRE, THE THEOSOPHISTS HOLD THAT THE SOUL, IN ITS MIGRATIONS, INHABITS ALTERNATELY A MALE AND A FEMALE BODY. NOW, FOR INSTANCE, YOU YOURSELF, IN YOUR LAST EXISTENCE, WERE A MEMBER OF THE GENTLER SEX—AH—ER—THAT IS, I MEAN TO SAY MR. GRAYMAIRE WAS.